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A HOT MOVIE
SCANDAL

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PLAYBILL

FOR YEARS, we've rooted for the home teams without a score card. No more, thanks to Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook**. Cook, who has baseball in his blood and a pretty successful Rotisserie League team in his pocket, has produced *Playboy's Baseball Preview*. If you want to argue with his choices, good luck. As Cook points out: "I live within an hour's drive of the Dodgers', Angels' and Padres' home parks, so anyone who needs to reach me will have to do it before April third. Oh, yes, Oakland will get even in 1989." Speaking of score cards and getting even, those are also bywords of **Geraldo Rivera's** TV show. It is go-for-the-jugular entertainment, peppered with Nazis, flying chairs and plenty of macho fireworks. We sent Contributing Editor **Bill Zehme** to profile Rivera (painted by **Ed Paschke**, who was just honored with a retrospective show at the Art Institute of Chicago) in *Just Don't Call Him Jerry*. Zehme caught up with Geraldo on a skiing vacation in Utah. The bucolic setting slowed down TV's terror long enough, says Zehme, to get some perspective on why Rivera is the guy media critics love to hate. Of all the people who have tried to take him on, Geraldo gives **Jay Leno** high marks for doing it best. Rivera says he's "not afraid to be zesty." Neither is Zehme.

Zest makes us think of sex as well as controversy, and in this month's installment of **Steve Chapple** and **David Talbot's** book *Burning Desires: Sex in America* (to be published by Doubleday in June), the intrepid reporters tackle teenaged sex. A little **Tipper Gore**, a little **Beastie Boys**, a little sex education and a whole bunch of provocative ideas.

In the fiction department, we have stories by two of our best regular contributors: *Here's Looking at You*, by **Donald E. Westlake**, about a space landing on the planet Matrix in the year 11406, and *The Human Fly* (illustrated with a painting by **Roger Brown**), by **T. Coraghessan Boyle**, whose last story in *Playboy* was March's *King Bee*. What is it with Boyle and the insect world?

A lot of movie fans think the sexiest, smartest actress working today is **Susan Sarandon**. To get the goods for this month's *Playboy Interview*, we sent **Claudia Dreifus**, who interrogated Sarandon wherever she could catch up with her, including on a bus filled with movie people en route to a Dukakis rally in Queens. For more bright talk, **Dick Lochte** gets comedian **Richard Lewis's** views on **Dr. Ruth**, **David Letterman** and his plans for the nearly perfect **Jamie Lee Curtis** in *20 Questions*.

Rod Stewart once sang, "Every picture tells a story." This month, ours actually do. Did you ever ask yourself what *détente* pushed to the max might be like? The answer lies in Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson's** words and Contributing Photographer **Army Freytag's** photos of Russian actress **Natalya Negoda** in *That Glasnost Girl*. Negoda's film *Little Vera* caused considerable noise all over the globe with its depiction of subjects previously taboo in the Soviet Union: drugs, nudity and domestic violence. After some serious negotiating by Williamson and West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, we are able to bring you Natalya in all her glory. **George Bush** should only have our light touch. Our other photographic coup this month is photos from *Scandal*, an upcoming movie starring **Bridget Fonda** (that's **Peter's** daughter), **Joanne Whalley**, **John Hurt** and **Britt Ekland**. It is the story of Britain's juiciest modern scandal, the **John Profumo/Christine Keeler/Mandy Rice-Davies** affair, which brought down the Conservative government of Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan** in 1963. The Brit tabloids had a field day then; now American moviegoers will have their chance. The screenplay, and our memoir, were written by **Michael Thomas**, an Australian who contributed *The Decline and Fall of Olkey Chic* to *Playboy's* March 1987 issue. Thomas says a youthful obsession with Keeler drove him to it. You may occasionally have asked yourself what drives Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**. Assignments such as shooting May Playmate **Monique Noel's** pictorial. Finally, check out our story about Italy's incredible **Giorgetta Giugiaro**. The Da Vinci of design has created cameras for Nikon, watches for Seiko, cars for Isuzu and even pasta. This is a knockout issue. Be there or be square.



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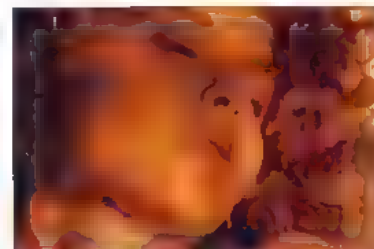
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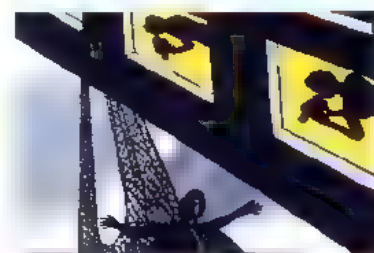
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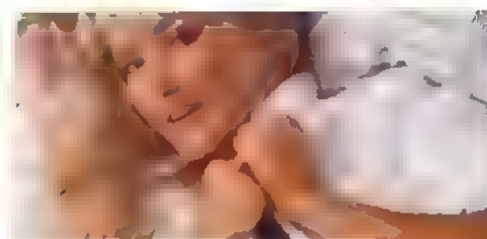
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COVER STORY

Say hello to glamorous glasnost girl Natalya Negado, the Red-hot sex star who's wow'ing 'em from Minsk to Minneapolis. The sultry Soviet actress was photographed by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley for our cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. Natalya's hair was styled by Patrick Swan for Schumi, London; make-up by Dima for A La Mode Agency/I. A. On, and be on the watch for our Rabbit

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WOODWARD INTERVIEW

One of the most fascinating parts of the *Playboy Interview* with Bob Woodward (February) is the question about the "appearance of hypocrisy," as your interviewer, J. Anthony Lukas, puts it, of a reporter who may have committed adultery or used recreational drugs writing an exposé of some public figure who has done the same thing.

Woodward's answer is something to the effect that whoever was writing the story on Friday shouldn't have shacked up with some friend on Thursday. Sounds good to me, but I have a scenario in my mind of Ben Bradlee's assigning someone to cover such a story. It might go something like this:

"Hey, guys. Any of you who haven't made it with some bimbo in the past ten years? How about five? Since January? Well, last week, then? OK, Woodward, you're doing the piece on Gary Hart."

Iled C. Slack
Miami, Florida

LOSING YOUR HEAD

I enjoyed your February Love Issue, both text and pictures. But the last line in Denis Boyles's *A Thinking Man's Guide to Losing Your Head* left me bothered. To let the scene drop with "She's your problem, not theirs" leaves the poor bloke alone in the rough. I want to add the following two paragraphs:

"Keep a good set of friends running. Better yet, have several sets—at work, at play, at church or at whatever institution serves a churchlike function in your life. Have friends of both sexes. Then when one scene collapses, you have two to fall back on. I'm sure you have seen people make stupid decisions because they were lonely. You are no different. The insurance policy of multiple friendships is worth the effort.

"When you spot a pattern, when a series of relationships all go sour, when you figure you'll never meet the right person, take a good look at the common factor in all of your relationships you. Skip the fast cars, the wild vacations and the expensive

scenes for a year or so and hire a professional to help you understand how you are screwing yourself. Personality change is a well-documented process. Yours, too, can be updated any time you want. Your company health insurance and the IRS will help leverage your investment."

Lauren V. Merritt
Sunnyvale, California

MEN'S HEARTS

I must start by saying I think I'm a pretty average guy. Not rich, not poor; not strong and handsome, not weak and ugly, no genius, no idiot.

At 35, I have spent nearly half of my life in and out of one "meaningful" relationship after another. Now, just two months before entering into marriage for the first time, I read an article that expresses what I've tried for years to explain to friends and lovers around the globe.

Michael Crichton's *Men's Hearts* in your February Love Issue is the most accurate statement on humankind that I have ever seen. Maybe someday men and women will stop blaming one another for their own problems and weaknesses, but until then, I suggest *Men's Hearts* as required reading for any creature walking upright on this planet.

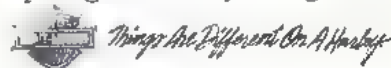
Thank you, Michael, and thank you, *Playboy*.

Richard Eberhardt
Seattle, Washington

Michael Crichton's article *Men's Hearts* is very interesting but doesn't come anywhere near where the problem really lies in relationships and marriages. It is not a matter of whether men are sensitive or intimate. Men are men and women are women, and "Vive la différence." The real reason so many women leave their men is that they are tired. They work all day, then are expected to get the steaks for dinner, fix the meal, clear the table, load the dishwasher, do a couple of loads of laundry, iron the shirts, make sure Tommy and Suzi do their homework, make sure there is enough milk and cereal for tomorrow's



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breakfast and, if there isn't, go out to the store in a blinding snowstorm and get what is needed—all of this while the husband sits comfortably in the recliner and watches TV.

Any grown, able-bodied person who doesn't do 50 percent of the work—and that means any kind of work there is to do around the house (statistics show that the great majority of husbands don't help with the housework)—when both partners work is, quite simply, a louse. It is no wonder to me that women are bailing out of marriages at a record rate. It is no wonder that women get depressed much more often than men do. Women are tired, just tired; that's all.

Helen D. Kirtley
Indianapolis, Indiana

I have always been a fan of Michael Crichton, from *The Andromeda Strain* right through *Travels*, and I think his article *Men's Hearts* is, for the most part, thoughtfully and sensitively expressed. He loses big points, though, when he writes: "Most child abuse occurs in single-parent homes headed by women." Well, no shit, Sherlock! What a revelation! Has he forgotten that most single-parent homes are headed by women? Or that the reason for this fact is that the men involved can't or won't accept responsibility or make a commitment, either emotionally or financially, to their own children?

Debra J. Bednasz
Clemmons, North Carolina

MAKING OUT WITHOUT SHAME

Congratulations to *Playboy* and to Dan Greenburg for *The Shame-Free Natural History of Making Out* in the February issue. The scene in the 1956 Ford convertible is beautiful. It brings back memories of my own courting car, a 1932 Ford three-window coupe, though we didn't use the term making out.

Frank D. Hammer
Groveland, California

Dan Greenburg's pictorial essay brings back fond memories, except that mine date back as far as the rumble seats of the Thirties.

Just tell me, who is the lovely blonde with the gorgeous chest in the pictorial?

James L. Lawson
Ocala, Florida

The model is Laurie Carr, Miss December 1986.

FAN MALE

Grapevine is the best regular feature in *Playboy*. If I could read only one part of the magazine every month, *Grapevine* would be it. No kidding.

Where was the photograph of Meg Tilly in the February *Grapevine* taken, and which photo agency supplied it?

John Heckel
The Library of Congress
Washington, D.C.

The photo of Meg, shot on location in Miami for the movie "The Girl in a Swing," was provided to us by Gamma Liaison.

HEARTTHROB COVER

Your February cover with Michelle Smith dressed up for Valentine's Day makes me wish she were my valentine.

Bruce Bender
Houston, Texas

Your February cover is simple and very effective. Its message is clear, concise and



heart-warming. It is a classic valentine.
W. Donald Newton
State University, Arkansas

Putting Michelle Smith on your cover could cause a riot at any newsstand! Move over, Vanna, there's a new goddess of love.

Jeff Andrews
Reidsville, North Carolina

EDEN REVISITED

Wow! Simone Eden, your Playmate of the Month for February, is absolutely marvelous. Where was she when you were searching for Miss Right for your 35th Anniversary Issue? I believe I've gotten my year's subscription's worth in this one issue. Simone has my vote for Playmate of the Year.

John Funk
Gridley, Illinois

It just so happens that Simone Eden was born on my wedding day. Thanks for finally making me feel old.

Martin T. Standel
Danville, California

Your pictorial of Miss February, *Eden Revisited*, is incredible, leaving me speechless and spellbound. Playmate of the Year candidates will have a tough time topping this lady. Simone Eden is almost enough to make me give up my life as a 43-year-old hermit in the hills of Oregon and pursue a career giving slow, slippery massages.

J. Davis
North Bend, Oregon

MAKING (IT UP TO) WHOOP!

I have always enjoyed your magazine, particularly the accuracy with which you have reported various items. Having been interviewed by *Playboy* and quoted correctly, I thought I could count on that accuracy. Alas, no! An item in your February issue (*The Year in Sex*) bearing my photograph and photographs of my former husband and a man you identify as my partner shows me that in your zeal and zest to report my marital status, you let accuracy go by the wayside.

The gentleman you identify as Ed Gold is, in reality, my publicist, Brad Cafarelli.

You get two more chances with me—then you're out on your ear, along with the *National Enquirer*.

Whoopi Goldberg
Los Angeles, California

Dear Whoopi: Whoops!

EXPLOSIVE MATCH?

From a comment by Andrea Marcovici in *20 Questions* (*Playboy*, February), I concluded that she is one self-centered, closed-minded b——. She tells *Playboy* what disqualifies a man as far as dating her is concerned: He doesn't know who Cole Porter was and subscribes only to *Guns and Ammo*. She should be more open-minded. I am 22 years old and enjoy all varieties of music, but I had to ask my father who Cole Porter was and I happen to subscribe to *Guns and Ammo*. I guess she wouldn't be able to stand a guy like me singing Elvis songs, like *Hound Dog* and *Suspicious Minds*, and reading *Guns and Ammo* all day long. As far as I'm concerned, she can marry Cole Porter and subscribe to *Psycho* magazine.

Brett Ashner
Overland Park, Kansas

When it comes to the late Cole Porter, we have to side with Miss M. Along with a zillion brilliant songs, he wrote one of our favorite lyrics: "Cold Cape Cod claims 'gamst' they wish do it, / Even lazy jellyfish do it." It's from "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love," and it's worth a listen, as is most of what Porter wrote, even though none of it has a back beat.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN ON THE ACT

I was outraged to read, in your otherwise terrific 35th Anniversary Issue, that Buck Henry thinks he invented *Playboy*. That's absolutely not true. I did. Although I can't claim to have actually met Hugh M. Hefner, I did spend a lot of time in Chicago hot spots in the mid-Fifties, living the sexually adventurous, jazz-loving, tuxedo-sporting, bachelor-pad life that was the very model of the modern *Playboy* lifestyle. And, unlike Mr. Hefner, I've still managed to avoid marriage. So, you tell me, who's the real playboy?

Jon Parr
Chicago, Illinois



*Taste and
Compare!*



LOW
PRICE

Cambridge

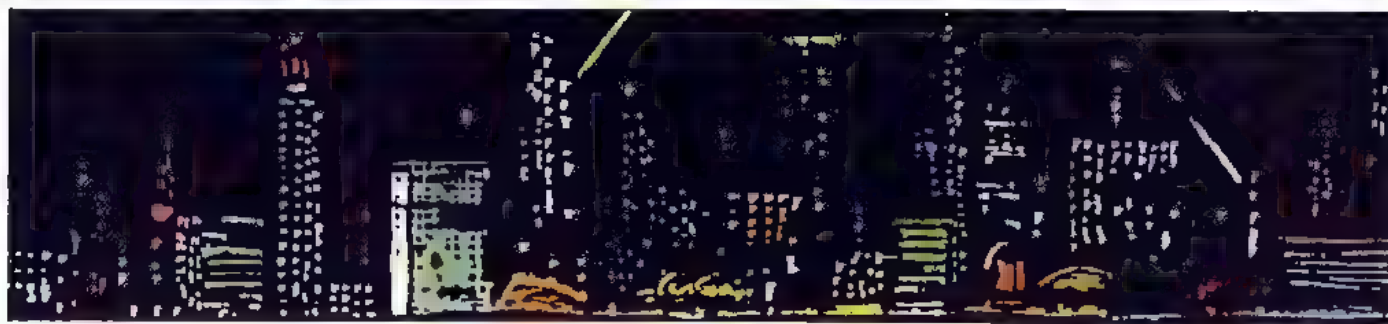
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THEATER PEOPLE

One of the fun things about celebrating an anniversary year at *Playboy* is that it gives us a chance to go spelunking in our own files. We found an *After Hours* column in the September 1979 issue advising the rest of the country that Chicago was where theater was really happening. One of the authorities quoted was a rising young playwright, David Mamet.

Unknown to national audiences but toiling away in the Windy City around that time were such actors as John (*Dangerous Liaisons*) Malkovich, Joan (*Tucker*) Allen, Glenn (*Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*) Headly, William L. (*To Live and Die in L.A.*) Petersen, Elizabeth (*Big*) Perkins, Joe (*Things Change*) Mantegna, Gary (*Midnight Caller*) Cole, Kevin (*Orphans*) Anderson, Dennis (*Hill Street Blues*) Franz, Dennis (*Crime Story*) Farina, D. W. (*The Oldest Rooker*) Moffett, Aidan (*Desperately Seeking Susan*) Quinn, Laurie Metcalf (underutilized in *Roseanne*) and the ubiquitous John Mahoney, who has appeared in an astonishing ten movies, including *Moonstruck*, in a three-and-a-half-year period. And on Broadway, Mahoney, Allen and actress L. Scott Caldwell have each won a Tony Award. Behind the scenes, former Goodman Theater artistic director Gregory Mosher heads New York's Lincoln Center Theater, and the Organic Theater's Stuart Gordon has moved on to directing such cult film classics as *Re-Animator*. Both Steppenwolf Theater Company (barely on the horizon in 1979) and Wisdom Bridge Theater have taken their shows on the road and out of the country, and this spring marks the beginning of an unprecedented three-year cultural-exchange agreement between Chicago's theater community and its counterparts in Moscow and Leningrad. Steppenwolf's powerful production of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* stumbled temporarily on the road to Broadway when Chicago's senior drama critic inexplicably panned it, but it's on its way to London.

All of which has emboldened us to venture some new predictions, with a little help from our friends. Look for these theatrical talents to burst onto the national

scene. Directors: the Goodman's Robert Falls and Frank Galati; Steppenwolf's Ronci Reed. Actors: Jim True, Yvonne Suhor, Don Franklin, Tim Hopper. Playwrights: Rick Cleveland, Charles Smith, Claudia Allen. Screenwriter: Galati (who adapted *Grapes of Wrath* and co-wrote the screenplay for *The Accidental Tourist*). Check us in another ten years.

STAND AND DELIVER (or sit at your PC)

Scholastic Aptitude Test, the college entrance exam, is now available in software for your personal computer. Instead of subjecting yourself to the stress of going to a test site, equipped with proper identification and many, many well-sharpened pencils, as you did in high school, you can boot up a full simulation to practice for the real thing or to see how you stack up against the average high school senior.

We didn't bother with any of the practice disks, which include entire sections devoted to stuff like antonyms. We jumped right to the timed, simulated S.A.T. A nice feature of the computer version is the fact that you can pause at any time during

the three-hour exam. Even with that advantage, however, our math score reconfirmed our decision not to apply for work at NASA. The following question was one of the many to which we responded by hitting F—and we all know the symbolism inherent in the letter F.

An antique dealer bought a dozen silver trays for n dollars a dozen and sold them for $n/10$ dollars per tray. What was her profit, in dollars, on each tray?

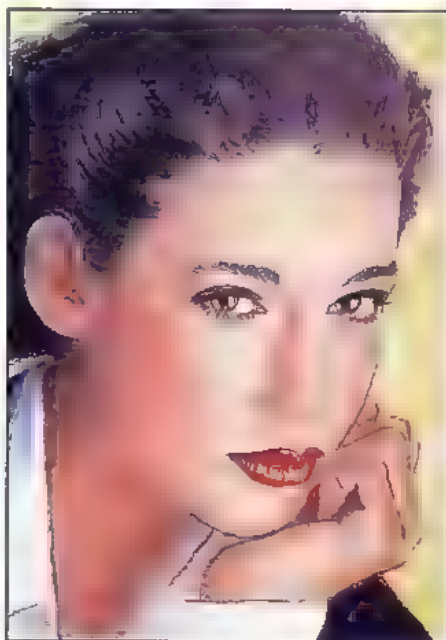
- A. $n/48$
- B. $n/60$
- C. $3n/6$
- D. $2n/8$
- E. $n/24$
- F. Skip this question

The Perfect Score/S.A.T. by Mindscape comes with a textbook/manual. It consists of six disks and is available for the IBM PC, the Mac and the Apple. If, instead, you want to risk your cash on silver trays, her profit was B— $n/60$.

HEAD-HUNTING

Way back in 1975, *Playboy's* Craig Vetter exposed Dr. Timothy Leary as a Government snitch. The article was titled *Bring Me the Head of Timothy Leary*.

Guess what? Art really does imitate life sometimes. Late last year, *Playboy* contributor Ken Kelley pointed out to us, Leary had, in a minor burst of media hoopla, agreed to donate his severed head upon his death to the cryonics mavens, who believe in freezing the head so that in a future century, the medical community will be able to attach it to another body. Well, it's one way to keep a cool head.



SPOTLIGHT

Singer Karyn White came out of the gate so fast that our eyes didn't pick her up until she had already taken a lead on the fast track, which, in recording-industry language, is the *Billboard* listing of the top 100 records. Within a few months of the release of her first album, *Karyn White* (Warner Bros.), she had the number-one

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"We are dangerously close to being referred to as an intelligent talk show. If that happens, we're doomed. Please do not call me intelligent. Call me outrageous. I'd rather have it suggested that we occasionally go too far, and I'd rather be called sleazy than to be identified as intelligent."—Phil Donahue, quoted in *The Washington Post*

JOE

The five market areas with the highest per-capita coffee consumption in America: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Albany/Schenectady/Troy, New York; Kansas City, Missouri; Grand Rapids/Kalamazoo, Michigan; and Charleston/Huntington, West Virginia.

The areas with the lowest per-capita coffee consumption: Norfolk/Richmond, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina/Savannah, Georgia; Raleigh/Greensboro/Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Los Angeles/San Diego, California; and New Orleans, Louisiana.

PHONIES

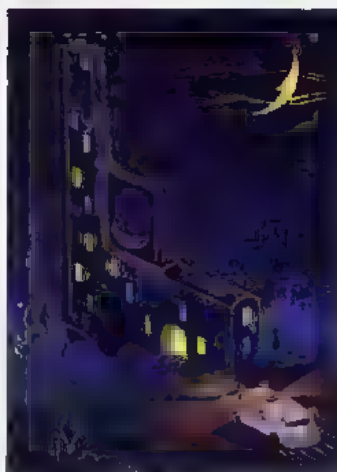
Percentage of Americans who enjoy talking socially on the phone: 55.

Percentage who feel compelled to do it: 39.

Percentage of men who enjoy talking socially on the phone: 41. Percentage of women: 68.

Average amount of time on a week-day spent on social phone calls by men, 15 minutes; by women, 33 minutes.

Average amount of weekend time spent on social phone calls by men, 17 minutes; by women, 36 minutes.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Treating gun-related injuries in the United States costs \$429,000,000 per year in hospital expenses alone; of that, 85.6 percent is paid for by taxpayers.

in every 6500 tested).

Average fee charged for the test: \$35.

Amount collected per AIDS carrier detected: \$228,000.

Number of Illinois couples married across the state line in Kenosha County, Wisconsin, in 1988, the year premarital AIDS testing became mandatory in Illinois: 1073.

Number of Illinois couples married in the same county in 1987: 58.

RUNNING MONEY

Cost per mile to operate an M-1 Abrams tank: \$74.

Cost per hour to fly an Apache helicopter gunship, \$2728; to fly a Blackhawk helicopter troop carrier, \$1667; to fly a B-1 bomber, \$5480; to fly a B-52 bomber, \$4450.

Cost per hour to run a Ticonderoga-class cruiser at sea: \$5027.

Percentage of the Pentagon's budget allocated to operating and support costs in fiscal 1988: 55.

PENNY PICKERS

Percentage of Americans under 35 who say they would pick up a penny lying on the ground, 58; percentage between 35 and 49, 72; percentage between 50 and 64, 84; percentage 65 and over, 80.

WEDDING TEST

Number of states that require premarital AIDS testing: one (Illinois).

Number of fiancés tested by Illinois' program in its first 11 months: 150,000. Number found to be infected with the virus: 23 (about one

record on the black charts (*The Way You Love Me*). A second single, *Superwoman*, was a hit on both the pop and black charts.

White started as a backup vocalist at 16 and went on the road a year later with O'Brian. Over the next five years, she sang with such luminaries as Julio Iglesias, the Commodores, Ray Parker, Jr., Shalane Wilson, Richard Marx, Bobby Brown, Sheena Easton, Howard Hewitt and Randy Jackson. Now that she's up front, White is making the most of it. When we caught up with her, she was in the middle of her first national tour. Our first, and most obvious, question was, How much of the woman she sings about in *Superwoman* is Karyn?



Superwoman White

"Well, maybe half. Let's put it this way: The woman in the song cooks breakfast for her man, goes to work, comes home and then cooks his dinner. I cook breakfast—all kinds of breakfasts—but I don't cook dinner. I usually order out for I hate food, which is my favorite cuisine."

We asked if she could give us her assessments of Ray Parker, Jr., Howard Hewitt and Randy Jackson, as she knew them in the recording studio.

"Well, Ray likes to start recording about midnight and wrap up around sunrise. I kept telling him, 'Ray, I've got to get some sleep. But he's very cool, laid back, low key to talk to. Howard Hewitt is silly. He likes to talk in a variety of cartoon characters' voices. Randy Jackson is a sweet person who, like all the Jacksons, talks real soft. He's so cautious. When he'd want to do another take on a song, he'd almost whisper to me, 'Uh, Karyn, could we try that again?' I think it's his religious upbringing."

White, in addition to having a great voice and a luscious face, has great legs from running track. With those assets, we figure she can get just about any man she wants, so we asked for her criteria.

"He's got to be self-assured, secure, humorous, sensitive and have high morals. Also pretty teeth, smooth skin and dark hair, he must be tall, slim, clean-cut and well dressed. No flabby behinds. No gaudy jewelry. Don't come dressed like a rapper. I can't stand that look. Oh, yes, and don't show up without roses and a card."

Tough standards, Karyn.

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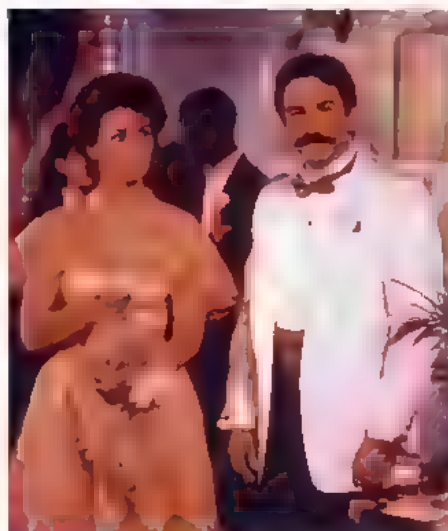
MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AT FIRST GLANCE, Cineplex Odeon's *Jacknife*—the moviemakers' spelling, not ours—would seem to be another drama about troubled Vietnam vets. That it is, but the movie, adapted by Stephen Metcalfe from his play *Strange Snow* and acted with melting warmth by Robert De Niro and Kathy Baker, works best as a contemporary love story. Baker is a Connecticut high school biology teacher who has neglected her own biological needs to keep house for her brother, De Niro's old Army buddy (Ed Harris). He's working as a truck driver and still drowning his sorrows in six-packs 15 years after 'Nam. Harris is volatile, vulnerable and every inch a match for his earthy co-stars. De Niro dominates, though, playing a violence-prone ex-GI nicknamed Jackknife who has the soul of a solite under his come-out-slugging façade. His gruff, tender scenes with Baker infuse saving humor and spontaneity into a screenplay that's sometimes muddled, sometimes a bit polemical. England's David Jones, who directed, wisely lets his camera dwell on performers so persuasive and engaging you'll be glad to forgive some confusion between the lines. ★★★

The restored, remarkable, re-released *Lawrence of Arabia* (Columbia), David Lean's 1962 masterpiece, still wins the gold. Every civilized film buff must know by now that corrective surgery by a corps of devotees has brought *Lawrence* back in all its big-screen glory. No historical spectacle before or since has so challenged a viewer's intelligence without stinting on the sky's-the-limit physical grandeur. This, of course, is also the epic in which Peter O'Toole strode through the sand to super-celebrity with his penetrating psychological portrait of a fascinatingly imperfect hero. Small-minded film makers may argue that less is more—but for Lean, more spells pure magnificence. ★★★★★

Last year, Morgan Freeman won an Oscar nomination as Best Supporting Actor for playing the wily pimp in *Street Smart*. This year, he achieves above-the-title star billing, and earns it, as high school principal Joe Clark in *Lean on Me* (Warner). Clark is the Paterson, New Jersey, educator who won fame for playing hardball—occasionally wielding a bat—at a problem school where remedial reading, rioting and drug abuse appeared to top the curriculum. Freeman's multifaceted Clark is a fiery, embattled idealist; there's also good work by Beverly Todd and Robert Guillaume as his allies against illiteracy. Michael Schiffer's screenplay, directed by John G. Avildsen (an Oscar winner for *Rocky*), hard-sells every aspect of the story, and the movie's title song and fictionalized grand finale are



Jackknife's Baker, De Niro.

De Niro and Freeman exude star power, but O'Toole's Lawrence is still tops.

carefully rigged to make the crowd roar. There was half the hype, twice the honesty in *Stand and Deliver*, a 1988 tale of enlightened education in the L.A. barrio. Despite moments of radiantly burning truth supplied by Freeman, *Lean on Me* is half hokum. ★★

A slight case of reincarnation results in the teaming of older woman Cybill Shepherd with younger man Robert Downey, Jr. in *Chances Are* (Tri-Star). She's a glamorous Washington widow, perennially wooed but never won by her late husband's loyal best friend (Ryan O'Neal, consistently winning as the lover in waiting). Cybill's sexual reawakening is left to Downey, a recent Yale grad who's supposedly smitten by her daughter (Mary Stuart Masterson). Inside his young hunk's body, though, lurks the soul of the girl's dad, Mom's dear departed mate. As the reborn lover with hard choices to face—at least one concerning incest—Downey careens through this fast and loose romantic romp like a man on a tightrope, leaving little doubt that from now on, he will have to be taken seriously as a fine screwball comedian. Director Emile Ardolino, who kept *Dirty Dancing* on its feet, performs similar airy trickery from a frothy but pungent screenplay by Perry and Randy Howze, a savvy sister team. Chances are you'll forget about logic and walk away smiling. ★★

Hanky-panky in high places is presented as pure (well, semipure) nostalgia by the creators of *Scandal* (Miramax). Re-

member John Profumo? Christine Keeler? Mandy Rice-Davies? Headline stories, circa 1963, about randy British aristocrats, Soviet spies and party girls? (For a show-and-tell refresher course, see the pictorial on page 86.) The movie version is a teasing melange of sex, politics and hypocrisy assembled by writer Michael Thomas and director Michael Caton-Jones. Joanne Whalley and Bridget Fonda portray Christine and Mandy, the pair of well-connected doxies who seemed to think *Burke's Peerage* was a posh private club for voveurs. Both actresses score as sleek facsimiles of the originals, but *Scandal* belongs lock, stock and sniew to John Hurt as Dr. Stephen Ward, the hedonistic osteopath who made all the orgies happen. Hurt is brilliant, managing to be simultaneously sleazy and sympathetic, and finally achieving some pathetic dignity in his role as a sacrificial scapegoat. In this deluxe pageantry of parliamentary Johns and foxes, the pimp steals the show. ★★★

A cynical, uncensored portrait of life in the Soviet Union, *Little Vera* (International Film Exchange) is a landmark movie. Its pace is relatively slow, and the film's controversial sex scenes are tame compared with the boffing taken for granted by U.S. and western European audiences. Still, *Little Vera* has come light-years from pre-Gorbachev Russian film exports, which ran to classics, wartime heroics remembered or idealized Soviet youth happily harvesting crops. Director Vasily Pichul, 28, is obviously an angry young man worth listening to, and Natalya Negoda, this month's cover girl and pictorial star, richly earns the attention she's getting for her moody, vivacious performance in the title role. Vera, stuck in a seaside factory town that appears to be permanently basking in smog, has more than sufficient cause to rebel. Her father's an alcoholic truck driver, her mother an embittered shrew. Their loftest aspirations for Vera involve getting her into a school for phone operators and marrying a local navy recruit. So she hangs out with a fast crowd, streaks her hair, smokes and drinks too much and one night falls into bed with a handsome, randy student metallurgist named Sergei (Andrei Sokolov). Sergei moves out of his student dorm and into her family's dreary flat, where Dad subsequently stabs him. Hardly a pretty picture, *Little Vera* (screenplay by Maria Khmelik, director Pichul's wife) scores as a passionate slice of sociology, far more honest, poignant and affecting than any do-gooder TV documentary that labors ingenuously to tell us the Russians are human, too. ★★½

Just when it seems safe to write off the movie musical as a lost art, preserved only on video, along come a handful of tuneful



Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air traffic control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

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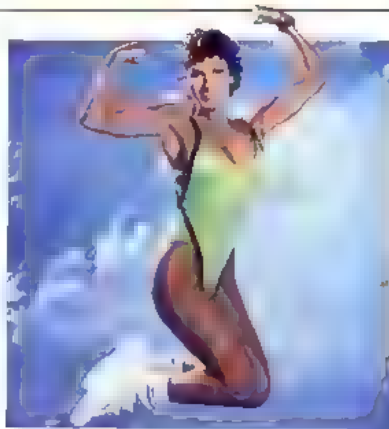
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Rah, Raquell

OFF CAMERA

Raquel Welch has always been a *Playboy* favorite, but she hasn't been seen in a major Hollywood movie since 1976's *Mother, Fugs and Speed*. Elsewhere, she has been doing amazingly well—her fitness videos are hot, she has starred in foreign films, triumphed in TV dramas and wowed Broadway in the tuneful *Woman of the Year*, a warm-up for her sizzling music video *This Girl's Back in Town*—and now her puzzling absence from the screen may be about to end. Raquel has just won the appeal on a \$10,000,000 lawsuit, including punitive damages, against the MGM moguls who fired her in 1980 from the cast of *Cannery Row* and replaced her with Debra Winger. The film flopped; Raquel fumed and filed charges. "They maligned me, saying I was difficult and couldn't cut it as an actress. Being a so-called sex symbol made me an easy target." As for Winger, Welch says, "No sour grapes. I hear she was worse on the set than I ever dreamed of being, but she's very talented." Now that the MGM business, which Raquel believes "pretty much black-balled me" in Hollywood, is settled, she expects to develop some movie projects of her own. "Being a woman doesn't make it any easier, though. It's different for, let's say, Clint Eastwood. Maybe I should get myself a cowboy hat and a .44 Magnum and blow some heads off." She'd like to play high comedy but also hopes to do a serious film bio based on the stormy life of the late torch singer Abby Holman, whose career featured not only such hits as *Moon in Low* and *Body and Soul* but charges (later dropped) of murdering her husband, an heir to the Reynolds tobacco fortune. Her own legal hassles behind her, Raquel vehemently notes, "Please understand, I am not a victim." Just ask MGM.

new contenders. While none of them seems likely to displace *Cabaret* or *Singin' in the Rain* on the classics shelf, film buffs with a yen for romance and rhythm should relish *Tango Bar* (Manley). Raul Julia stars in this Spanish-language treat that has a fringe of plot—a triangle in a Buenos Aires cabaret—to set the stage for a tango revue, including vintage film clips featuring tangos by everyone from Laurel and Hardy to Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire. Not easy to resist, *amigos*. **WV**

Written and directed by Carl Reiner, *Bert Rigby, You're a Fool!* (Warner) provides a showcase for the considerable talents of Robert Lindsay, star of the London and Broadway musical hit *Me and My Girl*. Lindsay is winning as an English coal miner who sings and dances his way into showbiz. When the music stops, though, so does *Bert Rigby*. There's a flattish stint by Corbin (L.A. *Law*) Bernsen as a vain movie star, and a far worse one has Anne Bancroft overacting wretchedly as a producer's predatory wife. Highlight: Bert doing a dreamy Fred-and-Ginger take-off with his very pregnant girlfriend (Cathryn Bradshaw). **W**

Some younger and older hoofers, from Sammy Davis Jr. to Sandman Sims, join Gregory Hines in *Tap* (Tri-Star). The story, believe it or not, concerns Davis' brain storm: bringing tap dancing into the MTV era by installing live mikes in tap shoes. Never mind. Old or young, the dancers are dynamite, and Suzanne Douglas shines as Hines' swinging partner who has been tapping her fingers and toes waiting for him to get out of jail and jam. **WV½**

Voices of Sarafina! (New Yorker) is even better, in some respects, than the Broadway show imported from Johannesburg with a lively cast of young South African blacks singing songs of anti-apartheid protest as if they'd invented them on the spot. The movie is enriched by combining excerpts from the musical itself with interviews—spotlighting the youthful troupers whose personal stories of prejudice bring a new dimension to what was already a ringing indictment of injustice. **WV½**

Flagrant infidelity is celebrated as good, clean fun in *Cousins* (Paramount), director Joel Schumacher's amiable Americanization of the 1975 French comedy *Cousin, Cousine*. While the original had more worldly sophistication, the remake (adapted by Stephen Metcalfe) sparkles on its own, with a galaxy of young stars charming their way into higher orbit. Isabella Rossellini and Ted Danson play the illicit romantic couple, distantly related by marriage and brought together because their respective mates (William Petersen and Sean Young, philandering stylishly) are having an affair. *Cousins* pushes easygoing amorality to the edge. Moral Majority picket lines form to the right. **WV**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Accidental Tourist (Reviewed 3/89) Fine romance, by the book. **WVWV**
The Adventures of Baron Munchausen (4/89) Gilham's over-the-moon comedy from an 18th Century classic. **WVWV**
Bert Rigby, You're a Fool! (See review) Lindsay saving a silly musical. **WV**
Chances Are (See review) Boy meets girl whose mom he wed in another life. **WV**
Cousins (See review) If not up to the French original, still fine fun. **WV**
Dangerous Liaisons (3/89) Sex as a deadly weapon welded by Malkovich and Close as vintage French villains. **WVWV**
Forewell to the King (4/89) Going native with Nolte in World War Two. **WV**
For Queen and Country (4/89) As a black British war hero home from the Falklands, Denzel Washington scores. **WV**
High Hopes (4/89) Neat, satirical slice of life from England today. **WV**
Jacknife (See review) GI blues with De Niro, Harris and Baker. **WV**
Lawrence of Arabia (See review) The one and only. Do we need to tell you? **WVWV**
Lean on Me (See review) Morgan Freeman saves a school—and the movie. **WV**
Little Vera (See review) From Russia with sex appeal, for a change. **WV½**
The Mighty Quinn (4/89) More Denzel Washington, down in the tropics. **WV**
Mississippi Burning (2/89) Lots of controversy, lots of heat and a sizzling performance by Hackman. **WVWV**
Parents (Listed only) They eat meat, but where does it come from? With Randy Quaid, Mary Beth Hurt. **WV**
Pelle the Conqueror (3/89) Wintry drama in Scandinavia of yore, with Von Sydow in his customary top form. **WV½**
Rain Man (3/89) Leaders of the pack for 1988, Hoffman and Cruise as long lost brothers on the road. **WVWV½**
Scandal (See review) Where do bad little girls go? Everywhere. **WV**
See You in the Morning (4/89) Barely making it the second time around. **WV**
Slaves of New York (Listed only) From Tama Janowitz' slight story, an even slighter comedy unsalvageable even by Bernadette Peters. **WV½**
Tango Bar (See review) Nice footwork down Argentine way. **WV**
Tap (See review) Ditto, in New York. **WV½**
True Believer (Listed only) One more tour de force by James Woods, as a crusading liberal lawyer. **WV½**
Voices of Sarafina! (See review) A song-and-dance cry for freedom. **WVWV½**
The Winter People (Listed only) Star crossed lovers take to the hills. **WV**
Working Girl (2/89) Melanie Griffith makes out on Wall Street. **WV**

WVWV Outstanding

WV Don't miss

WV Worth a look

WV Good show

W Forget it

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DAVE MARSH

THE CD CRAZE has inspired American record labels to splurge on lavish boxed sets for rock artists who used to get such heady treatment only abroad. Unfortunately, the mere existence of a box doesn't ensure the best representation of an artist. Sometimes less is more.

After MCA acquired the Chess catalog, it reissued an all-but-perfect Chuck Berry compilation, *The Great 28*, that it later issued on CD with lousy sound. Berry has been an immeasurably gifted performer with an equally immense lazy streak; 28 tracks define him ideally and you can get all of those on a single CD. To have an event, you need the multi-CD box set, so MCA put together *The Chess Box*, which features not only Chuck's definitive rock and roll but his mediocre Chicago blues, his second-rate ballad singing and his filler instrumentals. You should know this music, and here's hoping that the label decides to use these fine-sounding masters on a reissued *Great 28*.

Willie Dixon hasn't been nearly as important an artist as Chuck Berry—but who has? Dixon is a great songwriter and a good bassist, if a less-than-mediocre performer. Yet his *Chess Box* provides a definitive portrait of one of the key behind-the-scenes figures in both rock and roll and Chicago blues. Its 36 selections include Dixon material made into hits by Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter and Bo Diddley and such great one shots as Willie Mabon singing *Seventh Son*, Koko Taylor, *Wang Dang Doodle* and Little Milton, *I Can't Quit You Baby*. If that sounds like not only the story of postwar blues but of English rock from the Stones to Led Zep as well, congratulations.

NELSON GEORGE

LeVert has the potential to be the most important vocal group of the Nineties. The pedigree is there. Two of its members, Gerald and Sean, are sons of Eddie LeVert, the dynamic lead vocalist of the O'Jays. The LeVert kids join their friend Marc Gordon for the thick, muscular harmonies that power such hits as *Pop, Pop, Pop (Goes My Mind)*. But what makes LeVert particularly exciting is its members' growing stature as producers. Their work on Troop's *Mamachula* and on their own material (*Lasamva*) shows they have a natural feel for blending aggressive, hip-hop beats with true soul singing. On *Just Coolin'* (Atlantic), Gerald's gutsy vocals ride herd over the slamming dance music of *Pull Over*, *Addicted to You* and the title track, extending soul music for Nineies ears.

In a genre full of eccentrics, rap's Slick Rick may take the cake. His childlike deliv-



Chuck in a box

Naughty boys
check in: Chuck Berry
and Guns n' Roses.

ery and penchant for inserting bits of pop songs into his raps have been much imitated, but his viewpoint on the world is unique, though often offensive, on *The Great Adventures of Slick Rick* (Def Jam). *Children's Story* and *The Moment I Feared* (for example, are song stories of troubled teens told in a disturbingly offhand manner. More straightforward, and quite sexual, are *Indian Girl (An Adult Story)* and *Treat Her like a Prostitute*—songs that are either misogynist or ribaldly humorous, depending on your disposition.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

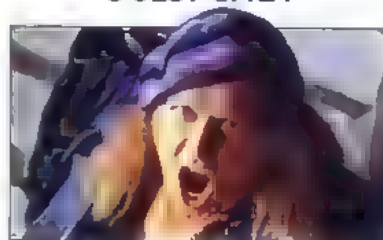
Guns n' Roses has that special magic the Stones had in the late Sixties. If its members live long enough, it can become the most important band in the world. It has melodies, riffs, humor, energy, danger and honesty. *GN'R Lies* (Geffen), essentially a marketing ploy to keep the band hot until its next album is complete, combines four cuts from a live, independently produced EP of 1986 with four new, more-or-less acoustic songs. Compared with *Appetite for Destruction*—surely the hard-rock album of 1988—*Lies* is a hand grenade next to an H-bomb. Nonetheless, it is instructive to hear a band just prior to its achieving greatness, and there are many raucously charming moments. There are also raucously offensive moments in the song *One in a Million*, when singer Axl Rose complains about "niggers" "xing in the way

and "faggots" and "immigrants" spreading disease. If they mean the song as a portrait of a guy who would think this way, they provide no clear distance from the character's sentiments. If they mean the song to be taken at face value, they are setting up the karma by which social conservatives can attack G&R for exactly the problems G&R would attribute to oppressed minorities. He who lives by scapegoating dies by scapegoating, and any band that talks freely about shooting heroin and messing around on the road should be careful of whom it accuses of spreading disease.

VIC GARBARINI

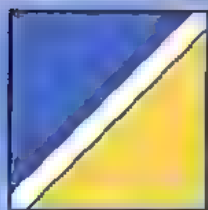
You're a big-time record company that has decided to celebrate your 40th

GUEST SHOT



YOU'D KNOW him with your eyes closed—nobody in show business screams quite like monster turned comedian Sam Kinison. Currently touring, writing a screenplay and recording a third LP (on the heels of his classic version of the golden oldie "Wild Thing"), Kinison chose to review—are you ready for this?—*"American Dream,"* by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

"I'm glad they were smart enough to come together for a reunion album while they still sound so good. They'll probably have trouble topping this as solo artists. Maybe they'll be smart and do another group LP right away. The clarity of their voices and harmonies is as amazing as ever—and the songwriting chops are holding up, too. You could place *American Dream* on the same shelf as their classic *Déjà Vu*. I like the political tone of *American Dream*—they hit it just right for where the world is now. As for Crosby—coming back from the abyss to do work this strong is astonishing. I met him around 1984, and he was in such tough shape that he looked at me like I was a federal agent! Hey, the facts, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young are the real Traveling Wilburys."



PLAYBOY PRESENTS OUTBOARD MARINE'S

BOATING BASICS



by Charles Plueddeman, BOAT Magazine

I was in the basement laundry room of my apartment building innocently cleaning lint from the dryer filter when my neighbor walked in.

"Hey Charlie, been meaning to talk to you. I've got this *friend* ..."

I already know the rest of the question. The *friend* wants to buy a boat, and which one, in my expert opinion, should he buy?

"... and he wants to buy a boat. What's a good boat to get these days?"

Special Advertising Section

PLAYBOY PRESENTS OUTBOARD MARINE'S

BOATING BASICS

We talked through two dryer cycles. His friend and his friend's wife had spent several fun-filled weekends last summer water-skiing and cruising with another couple aboard their runabout, and now wanted to get in on the fun of boating themselves this season. But they didn't have a clue on where or how to start shopping.

Next, consider the size of your new boat and where you plan to store it. The water you boat on will help determine what size boat you need. A 17-foot boat will be comfortable most days on inland lakes, but it will be too small for all but the calmest days on large lakes or the ocean. Conversely, if you want to fish in shallow backwa-

ge is becoming more popular. A dry-storage marina will store your boat under cover, usually on a rack in a building. When you want to go boating, the marina will place the boat in the water for you. Some dry-storage marinas offer catering services (lunch and beverages will be on board when you arrive) and will refuel and clean your boat when you return.



The bass boat is a specialized fishing machine that can double as a ski boat.

Most adult Americans have purchased a new or used automobile, and today, buying a new boat is as easy as buying a car. You don't need to be an "old salt" or even know your port from your starboard. As in buying a car, you start by asking yourself some basic questions.

First, what boating activities interest you? Are you a fisherman? If so, the type of water you fish on (small lakes or the Great Lakes) and your geographic location will dictate what boat is best for you. Salmon fishermen in the Pacific Northwest need more protection from the elements than do bass fishermen in Texas, for instance. If you're interested in water-skiing, look for a good-handling boat with plenty of power. If you want to do some overnight cruising, you'll need cabin accommodations and perhaps a modest galley. Your boating activities will define what type of boat is best for you.

ters, a small, light aluminum jon boat will be more suitable.

It's easy to keep small boats on a trailer, which gives you the ability to travel to many bodies of water. If you plan to keep the boat on a trailer, where will you park it? Be sure to measure that empty stall in your garage so you know exactly how much room you have before you start to shop. Also check the tow rating of your car or truck and plan to stay within that limit (or buy a new vehicle).

You can also rent slip space or dry storage for the season, but check the rates and slip availability at your local marina. With slip space at a premium in many parts of the country, dry stor-

age is becoming more popular. A dry-storage marina will store your boat under cover, usually on a rack in a building. When you want to go boating, the marina will place the boat in the water for you. Some dry-storage marinas offer catering services (lunch and beverages will be on board when you arrive) and will refuel and clean your boat when you return.

With your focus narrowed, it's time to start shopping. Let's say you've decided on an 18- to 20-foot runabout, powerful enough to pull a skier and within your car's 2,500-pound towing capacity. Do some market research. Several boating magazines offer information on all types of boats under 24 feet in length. Study both the articles and the advertising, and use reader-response cards to gather brochures on boats that interest you.

One of the best ways to shop for a boat is at boat shows, held at arenas, fairs grounds and convention centers in most cities between January and



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PLAYBOY PRESENTS OUTBOARD MARINE'S

BOATING BASICS

April A boat show is like a boat supermarket. Most dealers and every brand of boat available in your area will be captive under one roof. Most

decision for him. A package boat eliminates this decision-making process because the boat manufacturer chooses the power and trailer for you. Mass production of package boats also helps keep the price down.



A small, light aluminum boat is ideal for fishing or hunting in shallow backwaters.

shows start on a Wednesday or Thursday and run through the weekend. If you can, attend during the day on a weekday to avoid the crowds. The sales staff will be less rushed, and you'll have the boats to yourself. Grab a salesperson and climb around on the boat you're interested in. Then go look at another one. Narrow your choices and then begin to negotiate. Shopping the boat show saves a lot of driving around, and dealers often offer extra discounts in conjunction with shows.

Resist buying from a dealer located some distance away from where you'll be boating. In most cases, you are better off spending a few more dollars with the local dealer, especially if you need service. If you buy in the off-season, most dealers will store the boat for you until warm weather arrives.

The advent of "package boats" has made buying a new boat easier than ever before. A package boat is a boat, motor and trailer combination created at the factory and sold as a single unit. Before package boats, a marine dealer carried several brands of boats, one or two brands of outboard motors, and trailers from another company. It was up to the dealer and customer to match the boat to the proper horsepower engine and the best trailer, which required that the customer know exactly what he wanted, or trust the dealer to make that

Package boats originally were aimed at the "entry-level" segments of the market. They were mostly small, inexpensive (under \$6,000) runabouts for beginners. The package concept has spread, however, to larger boats aimed at more experienced boat owners. Today, full-size bass boats and center-console offshore fishing boats are available as packages.

Some package boats include everything you need but gasoline, but with most new boats you'll need to buy some additional mooring and safety gear for the boat. This includes a PFD (personal flotation device—what used to be called a life jacket) for each person on board, the boat running lights, a fire extinguisher, a sound signal device (horn or whistle), an anchor and anchor line, dock lines, a compass, and a

paddle. You will also have to pay a modest registration fee in most states. Your dealer can help make sure you have all gear on board required by Coast Guard regulations. If you plan to boat offshore, you'll also need signal flares and a VHF radiotelephone.

Many new boat owners are surprised to find that there is no licensing requirement to operate a boat in most states. No license also means that there is no "driver's ed" for boats. You can just head out on the water and learn from your mistakes, but you'll enjoy your boat much more if you take a course in boat operation before you hit the high seas. One of the best is offered free of charge in most metropolitan areas by the U.S. Power Squadron. Since they began this service in 1914, more than 2.5 million people have completed the basic boating course. Taught by volunteers, the Power Squadron course covers all the basics, including boat handling, Rules of the Road, compass and chart work, piloting, knots, engine trouble-shooting and seamanship. For the location of the nearest Power Squadron course, call (919) 821-0281. The U.S. Coast Guard and the American Red Cross also offer boating instruction. Your state DNR may also offer a course. ■



A center-console boat offers plenty of deck room for offshore fishing.

FAST TRACKS

anniversary with a boxed set of your "classic rock" FM-radio staples. But how do you freshen things up? You play it safe, round up the usual suspects and slip in a few clever choices along the way. That's what you get from Atlantic Records' *Classic Rock 1966-1988*. I'm delighted to find plenty of singles here that I'd love to have on CD without having to spring for the albums they came from. Namely, J. Geils's *Give It to Me*, INXS' *New Sensation*, Crosby, Stills and Nash's *Southern Cross* and, with Young, the passionate *Ohio*. And, yeah, if I could have only one song by Pete Dinklage, Bad Company and Peter Gabriel, these would be the ones. On the down side, *In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida* is fun but not all 17 agonizing minutes. Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Alice Cooper and Yes are all itty bands represented by even ither choices. And how can you include Foreigner without offering *Urgent* or *I Want to Know What Love Is*? The stuff from the Stones, Led Zep, AC/DC, Cream and Buffalo Springfield is all respectable, but whatever happened to Abba, King Crimson and Lou Gramm's nifty *Midnight Blue*? With all its faults, CR '66-'88 provides an intriguing mix that I'm mildly hooked on, enough to keep it nearby for some unchallenging but enjoyable listening—just like the radio.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

By now, you know about New Age, the quasi-semiclassical pap whose aura of familiarity is augmented by repetition after cunningly varied repetition designed to lull rather than motivate. It's the Extra-Strength Tylenol of dinner music. Like any rock-and-roller, I find the shit repulsive. That doesn't mean there's no place for it.

New Age has taken it out of quiet weirdo Brian Eno, whose Opal label promotes music that's evolving from what he once dubbed "ambient" minimalism toward wimp and gush—compare 1984's *The Pearl*, on which pianist Harold Budd plays so deliberately there's room to meditate in its spaces, with Budd's current *White Arcodes* (Opal), arranged to evoke a background sonata devoid of anything as troublesome as content.

Trumpeter Jon Hassell never approached the hypnotic ethnomusicology of his 1980 Eno collaboration, *Fourth World, Vol. 1*, until he cut loose from his semipopular mentor with 1986's *Power Spot*. Relatively speaking, *Power Spot* was abrasively electric, a sawmill heard at middle distance, while *Fourth World* was more like a cabaret after the customers had gone home. *The Surgeon of the Night Sky Restores Dead Things by the Power of Sound* (Capitol/Intuition) goes down a little easier. Replete with Miles-style keyboards milked for sustain rather than percussion, *Surgeon* compromises with the soft textures favored by the New Age audience. If your weakness is soporifics, you could sink lower.



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bobby Brown <i>Don't Be Cruel</i>	7	7	8	7	5
Debbie Gibson <i>Electric Youth</i>	3	6	6	5	3
Guns n' Roses <i>GN'R Lies</i>	0	7	7	6	6
Slick Rick <i>The Great Adventures of Slick Rick</i>	3	5	7	5	6
Tiffany <i>Hold on Old Friend's Hand</i>	4	5	5	4	6

MONEY'S TOO TIGHT TO MENTION DEPARTMENT: Yoko Ono has announced an agreement with Marigold Enterprises to market John Lennon prints, scarves, aprons, stationery, coffee mugs, watches and more. What, no lunch boxes?

REELING AND ROCKING: A movie about the Woodstock Festival called *The Village at the End of the Universe* is being shot in New Zealand. . . . Sting will have a role in the film version of Tom Stoppard's play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. . . . Kool & the Gang want to do a movie about their group, which is currently celebrating 20 years together. . . . The movie *Hal Ashby* was working on at the time of his death was a treatment of Danny Sugarmann's novel *Wonderland Avenue*, "Tales of Glamor and Excess." Sugarman, who spent his childhood hanging out with the Doors, wrote the script with Ashby.

NEWSBREAKS: Chuck Berry and Willie Dixon are two of many supporters who want to have the Chess Records Building in Chicago declared a landmark. Says Chuck, "I recorded some of my biggest hits at that address." Dixon would like the building to be used as national headquarters of his Blues Heaven Foundation, which raises money for music scholarships and a possible blues museum. . . . Just so you'll know, *Band Aid* still has about \$10,000,000 to disburse in long-term development projects in Africa. The work continues. . . . It looks as though the *Average White Band* will tour this year. . . . Yes is making a new album and after its release will begin a yearlong world tour to mark the band's 21st year of making music. . . . Stewart Copeland and Stanley Clarke's new band, *Animal Logic*, is on the road now, and Copeland's opera *Holy Blood and Crescent Moon* will premiere in Cleveland in October. The two-act

production is set against a background of the Crusades. . . . Sting, David Bowie and moviemaker David Puttnam have formed a group called *Ark* to focus on the relationship between environmental destruction and the way people eat. Sting is trying to interest other stars in doing a concert for the organization. . . . Eric James is working on her autobiography, which will cover her rise in the Fifties, her fall to drugs and her rise again, happy in her life and her work. Buy her album *Seven Year Itch* and you'll see why you should care. *Jody Watley* will tour any day now. . . . *Dirty Dancing* has now sold 10,000,000 copies, making it the second biggest-selling sound-track album of all time. . . . If you happen to be around Northern California right about now, you'll want to check the dates of the Fourth Annual B. R. Cohn Winery Invitational Golf, Rock and Wine tournament being held in Sonoma Valley. So far, members of Iron Maiden, the Doobie Brothers and W.A.S.P. have confirmed. How can *Tipper Gore* be mad at guys who golf? . . . There is a Free James Brown Movement afoot. For more information, write to Guardian Productions, 161 West 54th Street, New York 10019. . . . Morton "the Mouth" Downey, Jr., lent his voice to a record called *Zip It (The Mighty Mouth Rap)*, but after the tune started to get a little airplay, his media company stepped in and called a halt. How can that happen? The media company owns the rights to Downey's voice. If that's true, can it tell him when to shut up? . . . Finally, we got this from Dave Marsh's great rag *Rock & Roll Confidential*. There's a kid at Kissimmee, Florida's, Gateway High, a hot college quarterback prospect, whose name is—*Rock Group*. If we're lying, we're dying.

—BARBARA NELSON

VIDEO

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

With the 1988 Oscars a thing of the past, here are some small-screen citations for recent releases that the home viewer may take with a bowl of popcorn, a can of beer and a grain of salt:

BEST MAFIA SPOOF *Married to the Mob* has Michelle Pfeiffer showing her flair for high comedy in the zaniest of last year's Cosa Nostra comedies, outwitting *Things Change* and *Spike of Bensonhurst*.

BEST OVERLOOKED PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS *Kathy Baker* in *Clean and Sober*, doing drugs and keeping pace with Michael Keaton's knockout, noncomedic dramatic fireworks.

BEST OVERLOOKED PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR *Nick Nolte* in *Weeds*, for his powerful performance as an ex-con who parlays his prison term into a stage hit about life behind bars. Nolte just edges out Keaton (above) and Jeff Bridges as Tucker.

BEST EYEFLI AND EARFUL *The Moderns* says at times with its pretentious twaddle about American expatriates (Keith Carradine, Linda Fiorentino) in France during the Roaring Twenties. But the photography is gorgeous, and Mark Isham's haunting musical score casts the silvery spell of a spring rain in Paris.

BEST TRASH WITH FLASH *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark* stars the busty TV hostess of horror flicks, undulating across the big screen in a barrage of boobs and sexual innuendo likely to burnish her reputation as the Mae West of the Eighties.

GUEST SHOT



These days, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* chronicler Robin Leach is saving his pennies to build a dream house in the Caribbean. The main room, he says, will be for video viewing.

He'll need the space: Leach has 500 video titles in his collection. "My tastes are eclectic and eccentric. I've got my two favorites of all time—*Breakfast at Tiffany's* and Orson Welles's *The Third Man*. I love Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, the Marx Brothers' *A Day at the Races* and I own the entire James Bond series. I also own videos from the golden age of TV—*The Best of Ernie Kovacs*, the Steve Allen shows, *Your Show of Shows* with Sid Caesar." Eclectic, for sure, but where's the eccentric part? "British oddball comedies," says Leach, smiling, "like the sexy English series about a girls' school called *St. Trinian's*." So much for champagne wishes and caviar dreams.

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Shirley MacLaine's Inner Workout: The old lady of New Age teaches the Oriental method of aligning your chakras—the human body's seven energy centers, which control an individual's sense of well-being. Beats the hell out of doing deep knee

bends. Shirley, phone home (Vestron) **Contra Conspiracy:** Lo Reagan, they were Freedom Fighters; to the video industry, they're a quick buck. Here's a potboiler about "drug-smuggling gunrunners that swap arms for dope and women for sport." It's supposed to be fiction (City Lights)

TITILLATING TITLES

Although the adult-film industry often takes a rap for the quality of the videos it cranks out, it sure can come up with some inspired titles. Any of these ring a bell?

La Boomba
Bright Lights, Big Titties
Broadway Fanny Rose
Empire of the Sins
For Your Thighs Only
Friday the 13th: A Nude Beginning
Gonad, the Barbarian: In Search of Uranus
King Dong
Mad Jack: Beyond Thunderbone
Mommy Queerest
My Bare Lady
Ramb-Ohh
Romancing the Bone
Sinset Boulevard
Throbbin' Hood
Yank My Doodle, It's a Dandy

Even TV isn't safe.
Ballin' for Dollars
Dickman & Throbbin
Falcon Breast
The Horneynooners
The Long Ranger
Max Bedroom
Moonlusting
Thrill St. Blues

—ANNETTE HAMMEN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
a guide to how we really choose what to watch	
MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING PENSIVE	<i>Imagine: John Lennon</i> (lovely look back at the music, lyrics and life of the legendary Beatle); <i>Au Revoir les Enfants</i> (Louis Malle's touching portrait of Jewish schoolboys hiding out from the Nazis); <i>Dominick and Eugene</i> (soon-to-be released feature about med student and retarded brother; early Rom Man)
FEELING FAMISHED	<i>Tampopo</i> (nutty, sexy satire set in Japanese noodle shop; the scene: the egg-yolk kiss); <i>Eating Raoul</i> (asexual couple lures swinger home—kills and eats him; outrageous); <i>Babette's Feast</i> (French lady turns on prim Danish town with erotic joys of haute cuisine)
WANT TO SCREAM	<i>Shadow of a Doubt</i> (Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten in Hitchcock's widow-killer classic); <i>The Wicker Man</i> (eerie cult film by the author of <i>Sleuth</i> ; stars TV's Equalizer, Edward Woodward); <i>White of the Eye</i> (Cathy Moriarty as prey of psycho-serial killer, socko finale)
WANT TO SING	<i>U2 Rattle and Hum</i> (from Ireland to Graceland to Harlem—the hit musical journey); Bruce Springsteen's <i>Video Anthology: 1978-88</i> (100 minutes of the Boss— <i>Rosalita</i> , <i>Tunnel of Love</i> , the works); <i>Live from the Met Highlights, Vol. 1</i> (Domingo does Don Carlo and more)

SHORT TAKES

Best Thrill-a-Minute Video. *Ankle Injuries*, *Windest Video Title*. *Awakening to Life Through Truthful Relationship & On Pain, Perfection, & the Work to Relieve Suffering*. Best Jim-and-Tammy-Alternate Video. *Pests & Diseases*. *Bottom-of-the-Barrel Horror Video*. *Dracula's Dog*. Best It's-a-Living Video. *Filipino Stick Fighting*.

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Screen Test: While video fanatics await HDTV (high-definition television), Sony is offering us IDTV (improved definition television) monitor/receiver. Priced at \$4000, the KV-27FN10 uses digital magic instead of standard interlace. On a standard TV, two separate sets of scanning lines alternate every 60th of a second. Sony's IDTV memory puts all the lines on screen at once. The result: a near-perfect picture ("After Hours" concluded on page 42)



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of one of America's greatest...and rarest...automobiles

Cadillac

The 1932 V-16
Sport Phaeton



Shown smaller than actual size of 9 3/8"



UNDERCARRIAGE:
The springs, axles, transmission, differential and frame are detailed. The components are hand-assembled.

"Sixteen cylinders." The very words imply an automobile of extraordinary proportions. Indeed, at the time, the engine of the 1932 Cadillac V-16 Sport Phaeton was hailed as a work of art.

The massive engine, housed beneath a strikingly beautiful body, effortlessly propelled this huge automobile to incredible speeds. The grandiose luxury of this fabulous custom-made Cadillac made its cost dear indeed—\$4,945, equal to more than \$100,000 in today's terms!



MOVING DETAILS. All four doors open smoothly as do both sides of the engine compartment. The front wheels turn with the steering wheel.

Perhaps the best Cadillac ever built.

Of the 300 V-16 automobiles Cadillac built in 1932, only two were Sport Phaetons. They are certainly among the rarest cars ever built, and many automobile historians agree they were the best looking, most powerful and luxurious classic cars ever built by Detroit.

This 1:24 scale, die-cast metal replica of the 1932 Cadillac V-16 Sport Phaeton captures all the special details that made the original car so extraordinary.

Like a fine, spring-run watch, this collector's model will astonish you with its working detail: all four doors open smoothly, the front wheels respond to the steering wheel, and both sides of the hood can be raised on precision hinges.

Over 130 scale parts go into the making of this replica. All the important components—the body, chassis, drivetrain and engine block—are crafted in metal. The seats are covered with leather and the tires are rubber.

Each metal part is polished before painting. Every single component is inspected before the replica is assembled by hand. When at last a replica is complete, it is hand-waxed before being released for shipment.

Available only from the Danbury Mint.

This extraordinary replica is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint. It is not being sold in stores.



ENGINE The detail of this 452 cubic inch, sixteen-cylinder overhead cam engine is authentic.


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For your convenience, you may charge your installments to MasterCard, VISA or American Express.

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First-come first-served.

Production of this superb, hand-assembled, hand-finished model can not be rushed. Reservations are being accepted on a strict first-come, first-served basis. To avoid disappointment, please mail your reservation today.

Reservation Application



The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return promptly

Please accept my Reservation Application to the 1932 Cadillac V-16. I need send no money now. I will pay for my Cadillac in three monthly installments of \$29.50 each—the first in advance of shipment.

My satisfaction is guaranteed. If I am not completely satisfied with my replica, I may return it within 30 days of receipt for prompt replacement or refund, whichever I prefer.

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Allow 8 to 12 weeks after initial payment for shipment

839

PLAYBOY'S COMPLETE BARBECUE GUIDE



As spring turns to summer, an interesting phenomenon takes place. Just as the fireflies begin to dot the evening sky, the air slowly becomes filled with a distinct aroma—rich, smoky and delightful. Before long, a sound accompanies the smell—the ringing of happy voices, the trickle of laughter. Then it all becomes clear: Barbecue season has begun.

But if the sight, the sound and the smell of barbecue are alluring, it's the *taste* that finally gets you. Whatever the fare—be it a fiery rack of Texas-style ribs, an exotic array of seafood kabobs or a classic batch of grilled burgers—the taste of a barbecued feast is a magical one, lasting long after the meal is through.

Then again, a barbecue is more than just a meal—it's a *celebration* in which all the joys of family, food and fun come together as one. So in honor of those millions of chef hats being donned across the back yards and campgrounds of America, *Playboy* presents its Complete Barbecue Guide—a step-by-step reference book perfect for tucking into your apron.

Enjoy—and happy grilling!

PLAYBOY'S COMPLETE BARBECUE GUIDE

FIRE AWAY!

Where there's smoke, there's fire, and where there's fire, there's usually a great barbecue! First, a few basics.

Direct-Heat Cooking: Food is prepared directly over the flame of the barbecue fire. An ideal way to cook thinner cuts of meat (or foods that cook in less than half an hour) this method of barbecuing is quick, easy and possible on all types of grills.

Indirect-Heat Cooking: Must be done on a covered grill. Charcoal or wood chunks are arranged on the outer sides of the charcoal grill and a drip pan is situated in the middle. Food is then placed on the cooking grill so that drippings from the food fall into the drip pan. Circulating heat creates a convection oven-like atmosphere and, consequently, the food does not have to be turned during cooking. This method is better for cooking larger meats.

Building Your Fire: Hot Tips

- Charcoal briquettes are probably the most popular choice of today's barbecue fire-builders. They're easy to use, conveniently found and economical. Remember to keep them dry—charcoal absorbs moisture readily and does not burn well when damp.

- For a direct fire, build your briquettes into a pyramid at the center of your grill (about two dozen of them for the average portable grill, almost twice as many in larger grills). For indirect-heat cooking, place two equal amounts of briquettes as far as possible to the outside edges of the charcoal grill with a drip pan in the center.

- To ignite, apply liquid fuel to bottom charcoals and wait five minutes before lighting. You can also use a chimney fire-starter—a vented metal cylinder filled with charcoal and bottomed with newspaper—or an electric starter that when placed beneath a mound of coals will ignite it in approximately ten minutes. *(Do not use liquid fuel, jelly starters or treated briquettes with an electric starter.)*

- Briquettes usually take 20–30 minutes to ignite properly. You can begin cooking once white ash has formed on the outside of at least 80

percent of the coals. *(At night, glowing red coals will indicate that your fire is ready.)*

- In order to determine the specific type of heat your fire is generating, spread the coals evenly over bottom of grill and hold your hand at cooking height above them. If you can hold your hand over the heat for only two seconds, your fire is **hot**. *(Holding your hand in place for three to four seconds indicates a medium fire and five seconds indicates a low fire.)*

- If you are building a wood fire, it's best to use wood chunks, uniform in size, approximately as big around as your fist. You can begin cooking after about 30–45 minutes—or once the fire is reduced to red-hot embers.

- When working with gas or electric grills, allow approximately 10–15 minutes of preheating time before you begin cooking. *(With gas grills, pre-*



Above: the Weber One-Touch Plus grill, a classic kettle loaded up with extras—including Char Basket fuel holders, Tuck-Away lid and One-Touch cleaning system.

Winston

WINNING

heat on a high setting and then adjust to the appropriate setting for the food you are preparing.)

BRING ON THE FOOD!

Now that you have your fire going, you're ready to explore the wide world of barbecuing!

Open Grilling: Food is prepared on an open grill over a charcoal, wood or gas fire—sometimes as hot as 700°F. Preparation can take anywhere from several seconds to 20 minutes, and the results are tasty, attractive and often low calorie. (Best method for quick-searing hot dogs, burgers, steaks and chops.)

Covered Grilling: Food is prepared beneath a grill hood or cover, allowing heat reflection and reduced cooking time. The cover also prevents flare-ups, because there is not sufficient oxygen inside the grill to allow a flame. Foods cooked in a covered grill retain their tenderness and often have an intense flavor not possible with open grilling. (Best method for preparing whole birds, roasts and casseroles.)

Smoking: Food is marinated, basted or dry-seasoned and then placed in an enclosed area such as a barbecue pit or a water smoker. Uses

heat from 170°F–325°F and takes anywhere from 20 minutes to all day to complete. Al-



Whether you plan to throw a Texas-style barbecue bash or serve an intimate dinner for two, you can count on one thing: the taste of barbecued food is simply like no other. So what are you waiting for? Start grilling!

though the process takes longer than ordinary grilling, it effectively permeates meat with smoke

and mannade flavors. (Best results are achieved by using an aromatic hardwood—such as hickory or mesquite—in the barbecue fire.)

Spit Roasting and Rotisserie Cooking: Cooking processes in which food is trussed and balanced on a battery-operated or electrical spit and then rotated over indirect heat. Meats cook evenly and retain their juiciness and flavor. (Spit should be rotated away from cook so that fat falls into drip pan on upward motion.)

Ember Cooking: Food is cooked directly in glowing coals, either wrapped in foil (baked potatoes or corn) or unwrapped (onions or squash). (When not using wrapping, remember to oil food first and remove charred skin after cooking.)

THE GRILL OF IT ALL!

No matter which barbecue method you call your own, there's always a grill that can do the job for you.

Portable Grills: Small, convenient and not too expensive, these grills are ideal for tableside, terrace, camping and dinner-for-two barbecuing. Cooking surface is usually only about a foot long (often enough space for a complete meal for two) and its use of direct heat permits a lot

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

TASTE

of food to be cooked in a short amount of time
The Brazier: This is the first classic grill design (dating back to the Fifties) and the one you often find in today's department and discount stores. It comes in many sizes, prices and styles—

some open, some hooded, some half-hooded—and is often equipped with one grill for cooking (charcoal sits on the bottom of the unit), wheels and an electric or battery-operated spit.

Covered Cookers and Kettle Grills: Now you're getting into serious barbecuing. These grills are equipped with hoods or covers that shield your fire and food from the wind, help reduce flare-ups and make barbecuing possible in all types of weather. With covered grills, cooking can take one quarter to one third the time of open grilling, and their ovenlike atmosphere makes it possible to cook foods quickly and without that watch-every-second hassle. With kettle grills, the shape ensures that heat is reflected evenly and also allows food to bathe in the smoke. Dampers above and below the grill rack enable you to maintain control over your cooking.

Water Smokers: These grills are becoming increasingly popular with today's barbecuers—those who want deep-down American smoke-house flavor in their meats. Often about three feet high and a foot and a half wide, the water smoker is simply a metal cylinder with a fire pan on the bottom, a pan of water halfway up and a grill or two on top. Heat rises from the fire and passes through the water, slowly and gently cooking your food while flavoring it with steam and smoke. Cooking

time is considerably longer, yet it's a good grill choice for smoking fish and larger game and most effective when aromatic wood is used in the fire.

Gas Grills: Also a favorite of today's outdoor

Tabletop Electric Grills: The kind of grill that's perfect for both indoor and outdoor dining. With a hinged cover and an electric coil on cast-iron plates, it's the ideal choice for those who don't want the hassle of making a fire. Simply turn it on and cook away!

PLAYBOY'S PICK: Whether you're whipping up a quick meal or barbecuing a banquet, Weber has the grill you're looking for. For the dealer nearest you, call 1 800-99-WEBER.

ACCESSORIES

Just some of the tools of the barbecue trade.

Apron: Rule of thumb: The flashier the better. And best when emblazoned with the name of the chef.

Charcoal Rails: For keeping charcoal away from the drip pan during indirect heat cooking.

Cooking Mitts: For direct manipulation of barbecue hardware and tools. They are most protective when made of heavy-duty material and should reach all the way to the elbow.

Drip Pans: For catching grease during indirect-heat cooking, thereby preventing sudden bursts of fire. Also for catching and keeping those delicious barbecue juices!

Foil: Can be used for a wide variety of purposes—from making your own drip pans to wrapping those delicious barbecue leftovers. Best when heavy-duty.

Grilling, Spit-Roasting and Tumbling Baskets: Usually

made of wire and designed for handling small, hard-to-turn foods such as fish and franks.

Long-Handled Utensils: Tongs are probably the number-one barbecuing utensil. They allow for easy manipulation of both food and char-



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Now you can hear the traditionally natural Advent® sound in a totally different environment. Outside.

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cooking time is considerably longer, yet it's a good grill choice for smoking fish and larger game and most effective when aromatic wood is used in the fire.

Gas Grills: Also a favorite of today's outdoor chef the gas-operated grill. Not only is it practical and economical but its convenient heat controls make cooking as easy as on your kitchen stove. It can be connected to a main gas line or a portable liquid propane bottle.

made of wire and designed for handling small, hard-to-turn foods such as fish and franks.

Long-Handled Utensils: Tongs are probably the number-one barbecuing utensil. They allow for easy manipulation of both food and char-

GRILLING CHART

Some basic guidelines for barbecuing your favorites.

FOOD	FIRE	COOKING TIME	EXTRAS	SIDE DISHES
1/2-in. burger	Medium-hot, direct	Open Grill: 10–12 minutes for rare Covered Grill: 3 minutes per side for rare	Stuff with peppers or cheese top with bacon or pizza sauce	Mixed green salad, cucumbers with dill
1-in. lamb chop	Medium, indirect	Open Grill: 20–25 minutes for medium Covered Grill: 5–6 minutes per side	Mustard-dill marinade pineapple-chutney baste	Grilled mushrooms, tomatoes and squash
1-in. steak (sirloin, porterhouse, T-bone)	Medium-hot, direct	Open Grill: 12–18 minutes for rare Covered Grill: 2–3 minutes per side for rare	Red wine marinade tarragon-butter topping	Ember-cooked baked potatoes
5–6 pounds pork ribs	Medium, indirect	Covered Grill: 1 1/2 hours for well done	Ginger marinade, Texas-style barbecue sauce	Cole slaw, corn bread
3-to-4-lb. roasting chicken	Medium, indirect	Covered Grill: 1–1 1/2 hours	Stuff with onions; baste with garlic butter	Rice with cheese sauce
6-to-8-oz. trout, snapper, whitefish	Medium-hot, indirect	Open Grill: 10–17 minutes for well done Covered Grill: 8–12 minutes	Baste with lemon melted butter and herbs	Marinated vegetables
Large, fully cooked sausage franks	Medium, direct	Open Grill: 15 minutes Covered Grill: 6 minutes, turn 3 times	Top with chopped raw onion or pan-heated chili	Grill-simmered baked beans, sauerkraut
Lobster tail in shell	Medium, direct	Open Grill: 30 minutes or until shell is bright red Covered Grill: 20 minutes or until shell is bright red	Baste with lemon and seasoned butter	Grilled corn and red potatoes
Pork, fruit and vegetable kabobs	Medium-low, indirect	Open Grill: 20–30 minutes Covered Grill: 14–18 minutes	Pineapple-sauce marinade; teriyaki-sauce baste	Hot potato salad

coals and come in a variety of styles, including spring-loaded and scissor type. Spatulas, forks and basting brushes are also essential utensils for the barbecuer and tongs are best when their handles are long and made of wood or other insulated material.

Racks: Come in various sizes and shapes, each designed for specific purposes—for example, V-shaped roast racks, sectioned rib racks and hanging utensil racks.

Skewers: For kabob enthusiasts. If using stainless-steel skewers, select ones with flat blades so that the meat or vegetables can turn *with* the skewer; if using bamboo skewers, make sure that they've been thoroughly soaked in water beforehand to prevent burning.

Spit-Roasting Hardware: Includes a spit, food prongs and a battery-operated or electrical motor; enables food to be rotated and cooked over the barbecue fire.

Squiri Bottle: Filled with water and always kept at arm's length to prevent or douse flare-ups. (Applicable only to open grilling.)

Stiff Metal Brush: Somebody has to clean the grill afterward!

Thermometers: Spit and grill thermometers for judging the temperature of the fire; meat thermometers for tracking the progress of the food.

LETTING THE JUICES FLOW

What would barbecuing be without that delicious duo—marinades and sauces?

Not only do marinades flavor meats but those with an acid base such as vinegar also help ten-

A little Weber goes a long way.



In fact, the portable Smokey Joe® Tuck-N-Carry™ grill goes practically anywhere. With lots of grill space, a lidholder and our unique shape, this tough little kettle is a perfect companion for any kind of summer fun. Call 1-800-99-WEBER for the dealer nearest you.

It's great outdoors.


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PLAYBOY'S COMPLETE BARBECUE GUIDE



How many winning barbecue items can you spot in the picture above (taken at Perrod's Beach Club in Miami, Florida)? We found two Weber grills (the Smokey Joe "Tuck-N-Carry" portable and the One-Touch Plus "kettle"). Playboy Swimwear, Michelob Drybeer, Winston cigarettes and Ray-Ban sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. Not bad for a day at the beach!

denize tougher cuts. For best results combine meat and marinade in a non-aluminum dish or pan and refrigerate overnight before barbecuing. Marinade can be used as a baste during cooking. Also, never use leftover marinade from raw meats as a sauce for cooked foods without boiling first. (Popular marinades: apple tarragon, white wine, teriyaki, beer, pineapple juice.)

Sauces are not used to tenderize meat as marinades are; rather, they are used to add flavor. Barbecue sauce recipes are as varied as the chefs who prepare them. And while it's fun to try to come up with your own winning recipe—anything from a thick apricot-ginger sauce to a hotter-than-hot chili sauce—it's also good to remember a few basic rules:

1. Keep the sauce ingredients compatible by using the same flavor combinations you would with indoor cooking.
2. If the sauce is sugar-based, it will burn quickly. Therefore, apply to meat only during the last 20 minutes of grilling.
3. If your sauce is too thin, cook in an uncovered saucepan over high heat until reduced to desired thickness.



Above: the Weber Genesis 5 Gas Barbecue, featuring a range-style side burner and an enclosed storage compartment. The Genesis 5 is available in L.P. gas models (with a 20-lb. tank and hanging weight scale) or natural gas models (with a 12-foot hose). Both models feature convenient quick-disconnect.

HELPFUL HINTS...

...for a better barbecue.

- When barbecuing with direct heat, once the fire is ready for cooking, place the food on the grill and sear each side for a minute or two. Then wait for lower heat to finish cooking.
- Always keep your grill hot and clean; food often sticks to dirty, warm grills.
- Add a few damp wood chips (hickory, mesquite, etc.) to the fire for richer, smokier flavor.
- Cook thicker meats using indirect-heat method so that they can cook all the way through without burning. Also, to save barbecuing time, cook large cuts of meat in a conventional or microwave oven until almost done, then immediately move to a hot grill to finish cooking.
- Trim excess fat from meats to prevent flare-ups.
- When building a charcoal fire in an open brazier, spread sand or untreated cat litter beneath charcoal in order to maximize the fire's effectiveness.
- Whenever possible, use sturdy plates for serving and eating barbecued food; single-ply or uncoated paper dishes tend to get soggy fast.

SAFETY FIRST!

A few rules that the best barbecuers know by heart.

- Always situate your grill away from the wind to avoid wind-generated flare-ups. Also, with open braziers, always keep a sprinkler or a squirt bottle nearby to douse flare-ups
- Barbecue on a level, fireproof surface at least 12 feet beneath ceilings or overhangs and never under low-hanging branches of a tree
- Don't cook in loose, easily ignited clothing. Also, always wear a heavy apron to protect clothing from grease and sparks
- Using charcoal grills indoors is a fire hazard; also, toxic fumes can be fatal
- Never reapply starter fluid to an already burning fire. Also, cap starter fluids immediately after use and place a safe distance from the grill.
- Never add fuel-permeated charcoal briquettes to an already-burning fire unless you have time to wait (20–30 minutes) for the fuel to burn off
- Never use gasoline or kerosene as a fire-starter, nor any other fluid not sold for that purpose.
- After using an electric fire-starter, immediately unplug it and be careful that you place it out of the reach of children and pets
- Always be on the lookout for flying sparks you don't know *where* they'll land.
- When using a gas grill, always check gas tanks for leaks or dents. Damaged or rusted tanks should be replaced immediately
- Do not remove or dispose of charcoals until they are cold. Sprayed water and baking soda make for effective fire extinguishing on open braziers. On covered grills, extinguish the fire by closing all the vents and replacing the cover. Some charcoal can be reused

BARBECUE TRIVIA

Some interesting barbecue tidbits—courtesy of Weber, the barbecue-grill manufacturer.

- The word barbecue is derived from the word *barbacoa*—a lattice of thin green sticks 16th Century Mayas used in cooking their game and fish
- Seventy-nine percent of American families own a barbecue grill
- Of frequent barbecuers, 59 percent are male and 41 percent are female
- Seventy-five percent of homeowners and 45 percent of apartment dwellers own grills
- The number of barbecuing households is projected to increase to 70,000,000 by 1990
- The buying of a grill is a planned purchase
- Charcoal grills are more popular than gas or electric grills—though gas is rapidly gaining in popularity

PARTY TIME!

Best bets for your barbecue bash!

Texas-Style Blowout: *Best Menu:* ribs, chili and corn. *Best Guests:* your rowdiest bunch of friends. *Best Wardrobe:* jeans, boots and cowboy hats. *Best Decorations:* sawhorse tables with red-checkered tablecloths. *Best Music:* C&W all the way

Seaside Clambake: *Best Menu:* shrimp or swordfish kabobs, fresh steamed clams, grilled lobster tails or salmon. *Best Guests:* seafood lovers only. *Best Wardrobe:* spiffy sailing attire. *Best Decorations:* Wood-barrel tables draped with fishing nets. *Best Music:* reggae

Beach Tailgater: *Best Menu:* burgers and franks. *Best Guests:* those who like to tan and play beach volleyball. *Best Wardrobe:* swimsuits. *Best Decorations:* colorful beach umbrellas and folding chairs. *Best Music:* the Beach Boys

Intimate Dinner for Two: *Best Menu:* teriyaki steak or chicken and baked potatoes. *Best Guest:* that spe-

cial someone. *Best Wardrobe:* casual, but still looking good. *Best Decorations:* candlelight and roses. *Best Music:* light FM

Pig Roast Luau: *Best Menu:* pork-and-pineapple kabobs, sweet-and-sour basting sauce and, of course, Mr. Pig. *Best Guests:* anyone who can help you tie the

pig to the spit. *Best Wardrobe:* Hawaiian shirts. *Best Decorations:* lawn torches and colorful luau lanterns. *Best Music:* anything by Don Ho.

The Classic Back Yard: *Best Menu:* whole roast chicken tossed salad, apple pie. *Best Guests:* Mom, Dad and the kids

Best Wardrobe: come-as-you-are. *Best Decorations:* Mom, Dad and the kids. *Best Music:* There's No Place Like Home

PLAYBOYS PICK No matter what type of barbecue you're planning, you can always depend on the excellent quality and performance of Jensen's Indoor/Outdoor Mini-Advent speakers—the choice of the barbecuer in the know!



Want to bring the sound of music to your outdoor barbecue bash? Then tune in to Jensen's Rock N' Roaders™ (above)—the perfect speakers for your truck, hatchback or van.

Try one with everything on it.



The Weber® One-Touch® Plus™ grill is our classic kettle plus a collection of extras to make cooking easier—including our Char-Basket™ fuel holders, the Tuck-Away™ lid, One Touch cleaning system, our thermometer that measures both food and kettle temperatures, and more. Call 1-800-99-WEBER for the dealer nearest you. **It's great outdoors.**



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By DIGBY DIEHL

ROBERT B. PARKER'S latest novel, *Playmates* (Putnam), is about a basketball point-shaving scandal at a Boston college, and, as Spenser detective stories go, this one is light on violence. But what eloquent violence! Parker describes the frozen moment at the end of a gun fight: "In the slow motion of crisis time, it had unreeled in ponderous elegance, and the crystalline immobility that followed was intensified by the lingering smell of gunfire, like an olfactory echo of the big bang."

No wonder the estate of Raymond Chandler has chosen Parker to complete a Philip Marlowe novel left unfinished when Chandler died. Parker understands the structural rules of hard-boiled story writing as well as anyone, and he has so much articulate fun with them that you are often left grinning ear to ear at the end of a gruesome scene. His ex-heavyweight boxer private eye tosses in references to Auden, Spenser (the 16th Century one) and Shakespeare; his friends—the gentle, academic Dr. Susan and the tough, street-wise Hawk—are alter egos who keep him balanced in a literary universe of extremities; he doesn't smoke, drinks decaf coffee and orders *Gewurztraminer* with his oysters.

In *Playmates*, a black basketball star who has spent almost four years in college without being taught to read comes under the control of a murderous hood. Spenser figures the kid has been victimized by everyone for so long that he'd better extricate the student himself and not involve the police. Parker tells the tale with a sensitivity and an artful brevity (220 pages) that demonstrate why he is still top gun in the tough-guy school of fiction.

Maybe Spenser has been reading *The Hunger for More* (Times Books), by Laurence Shames. This excellent social/economic history of the past four decades—subtitled "Searching for Values in an Age of Greed"—documents the unrestrained American worship of that bitch-goddess Success. Starting with Charles Van Doren in the TV quiz-show scandals of the late Fifties and taking us up to Ivan Boesky and Wall Street's Yuppie crime ring, Shames sorts through attitudes and events with a sharp eye for the deteriorating ethics of our country (which he contrasts with the socially conscious Japanese model).

Mustering amazing optimism, Shames concludes with a prediction that the stock-market crash of October 19, 1987, brought an end to the greedy Eighties and that the Nineties will usher in a new era of financial temperance, social responsibility and ethical awareness. It is a daring thesis, thoughtfully articulated and well researched, but he'll still have to sell Donald Trump on this kinder, gentler vision.



Parker's *Playmates* cuts to the core

Robert Parker makes a fast break; Roy Blount Jr. takes the nation's pulse.

A less serious overview of the "trashy Eighties" is taken by humorist/pundit Roy Blount Jr. in his latest collection of wit, wisdom and poetry, *Now, Where Were We?* (Villard), subtitled "Getting Back to Basic Truths That We Have Lost Sight of Through No Fault of My Own." Blount has been out there at the Canyon Ranch, the Plaza Athence, the Cher Atkins Country Gentleman Celebrity Golf Tournament and the men's-fragrances counter at Bloomingdale's, taking the pulse of the nation—and he finds it throbbing with comedy.

My first reaction to Jerome Charyn's *Movieland* (Putnam), subtitled "Hollywood and the Great American Dream Culture," is that we've read all this before. In large part, we have, but Charyn makes movieland fresh again. With an unabashed fan's passion and a novelist's descriptive flair, he takes on the chronicle of the movies, reliving treasured scenes and evoking screen idols in a triumph of personalized history. He has a gift for expressing universal feelings with his own formulations about the mythology of movies. We go to the movies to get out of our skin, to seek Gullivers with gorgeous heads, and we discover a coherence in all their silly moves, a line that connects them to our own erotic life—they fall in love like crazy people, selfish, without consideration, until we realize that they're acting out our deepest wish to find that perfect mate, our heart's desire, whoever it is.

Two masters of unorthodox travel ad-

venture stories check in this month with exotic goods. John Krich—whose previous book *Music in Every Room* is already a cult classic—explores *El Béisbol* (Atlantic Monthly), subtitled "Travels Through the Pan-American Pastime." He observes the favorite Yankee sport being played with varying degrees of skill and enthusiasm in Mexico, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and Venezuela. How they play the game says volumes about each culture and its relationship to the U.S.A. Who would believe that Krich could tell the story of our failed foreign policies in Latin America through baseball—and make it funny?

Tim Cahill spends most of his time trying to get killed or at least get in trouble all over the world, according to *A Wolverine Is Eating My Leg* (Random House). This is a remarkable collection of 16 years' worth of articles chronicling his adventures—from diving 200 feet underwater in Belize to hanging out with Dian Fossey's gorillas in Rwanda to counting bodies at the mass suicide in Jonestown to white-water rafting on rivers in the Himalayas. There's not much you can do in the way of physical challenges that Cahill hasn't tried and written about vividly. A lot of it you may be just as glad to experience vicariously.

Finally, the powerful renaissance of the American short story is given more impetus in two superb collections. *If the River Was Whiskey* (Viking), by T. Coraghessan Boyle, and *The Chinaman Pacific & Frisco R.R. Co.* (Coffee House), by Frank Chin. Boyle, the author of three novels and two other short-story collections, is carving an important place for himself in American letters. These stunning creations are bold, confident and innovative. Chin, who wrote the play *The Year of the Dragon*, lives up to his reputation as "the Chinese Lenny Bruce," as he tears through Chinese-American history with irreverence born of intimate knowledge and gives us a bizarre set of imaginary memoirs. Chinatown will never seem the same after you read this.

BOOK BAG

Wordstruck (Viking), by Robert MacNeil: A poetic memoir of a boyhood in Halifax, Nova Scotia, spent discovering the joys of language from the co-anchor of PBS' *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*.

Speedboat (Mystic Seaport Museum Stores), by D. W. Fostle: Proof positive that the speedboat had a life before *Miami Vice*. Lots of photos and original designs trace the water-splashed past of a fast little boat.

Baseball Lives (Pantheon), by Mike Bryan: Fifty-four baseball people—master grounds keeper, bat maker, umpire et al.—tell why they're in love with America's pastime. Read it for the same reason you still have your baseball-card collection.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

On the chance that you don't follow current literature as closely as I do, I thought I would share with you some enticing excerpts from the most recent best sellers among sports books.

First, from *Wilbur*, "The Story of a Linebacker's Dick That Wouldn't Stay in His Pants," by Mike "Wagon Tongue" Thompson, as told to Crew Slammer:

"I shouldn't have fucked the coach's wife. I shouldn't have fucked the preacher's wife. I shouldn't have fucked my brother-in-law's daughter or any of them other little girls in the ninth grade, but shit—how's a man supposed to know who to fuck and who not to fuck when he's a football stud and there's all that pussy out there bein' thrown at him? On the football field, I know who to fuck—the asshole with the football. But things is different in real life, and if you don't think so, you ought to try it sometime. Real life was making it hard for me financially, which is why I wrote this book about football and my dick and a few other things that people seem to be interested in."

From *Blades*, "Confessions of a Gay Speed Skater," by Richie Falcon, as told to Frank Murk:

"God, I love to look at men in Lycra."

From *Screaming Headphones*, "My Life as an Offensive Coordinator Who Worked for a Head Coach Who Was So Stupid He Was Still Trying to Run the Veer in 1988," by Bones McCauley, as told to Bernie Glotzer:

"Veer left. No gain. Veer right. No gain. Veer fumble. Punt. You think I got tired of seeing that crap? Every rule in football today invites you to throw the ball, but this dumbass I worked for was in the business of gettin' quarterbacks killed and maimed."

From *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Slam Dunks but Were Afraid to Ask a Black Person*, by Shkel Halceeb Abdul Mustafa, as told to Chip Iper:

"I have searched my brain and I just don't know how all this bad shit got started about cocaine."

From *Our Wife at a Time*, or "How I Made It Big on the Pro Golf Tour," by Billy Don Edgari, as told to Bill Roberts:

"I decided to dump Sarah Beth the day I three-putted the fuckin' seventeenth at Pebble Beach for the third goddamn day in a row."

From *Hey, Look at Me: I Tricked a Sportswriter into Writing a Book for Me!* by Big Boy Mattern, as told to Dave Palestine:



TELLING JOCKS ON THEM SHELVES

"I may have come from humble origins, but I'm richer than pig shit right now, thanks to television and the fact that America likes it when I make animal noises."

From *Hangin' Out with The Humper*, by John "The Humper" Vickorick, as told to Baine McPerson:

"I got the wheels. I got the dope. I got the clothes. I got the broads. So does all this make me a happy person? Jesus, what a fuckin' question!"

From *The Man Above the Run*, by Tomsk Vasilevich, as told to Harlan Trimble:

"In Communist country, they make fun of boy seven foot tall and bald-headed, but I think one day I get even with world; then one day I discover basketball, and another day I discover university in America, where I am make very happy."

"University coach see me play basketball in Olympics and offer to defect me to America, I say to family I going to do this. Nobody happy in my country but me."

"Wife and kids are unhappiest of all, but I say a man thirty-two not too old for college in America, and I want to make opportunity for boy seven foot tall and bald-headed."

"America teach me dunk slam and I win many games for university. Now I play basketball for Association Professional National and I make friends with many athletes who teach me new words."

"I am numbering many motherfuckers among my friends."

From *Crits for Brains*, "The Confessions of an N.E.L. Referee," by Red Farrington, as told to Brick Stoddard:

"Around my house, you hear a lot of talk about judgment calls."

From *Up for Grabs* by coach Bobby "Grab Your Ankles" Jackson, as told to John Kleinster:

"Any kid who's ever played for me will tell you that grades come first. Then it's good citizenship. Then dress code. Then church. Then cleanliness. If a kid's got all this, he's ready to play basketball—and he better not fuck with me or the cocksucker's outa here."

From *The Koz*, "A Scholar-Athlete's Journey Through the Best-Seller List," by Butler Kozinski, as told to Rick Rankin:

"All of the nights before a home game are the same: The sorority bitches come over to my room to carve up the coke while me and some of the guys load the guns."

"Everybody gets naked and we put on some music."

"Down on the quad, everybody stares up at the room, so we fire a few rounds over their heads, and then a couple of the girls show 'em their tits."

"But let me start with the day I signed the letter of intent. The only question was whether I would sign it on the hood of a red BMW or on a silver Porsche."

"College is not for everybody, of course, but..."

From *Mrs. October*, "The Inside Story of a Home-Run Hitter's Third Ex-Wife," by Barbara Ann Clutch, as told to Spanky Todd:

"Call me naïve if you want to, but I had never heard of the clap in Idaho."

From *Backhands and Barbie Dolls*, by Amy Colette, as told to Bud Sheperd:

"My goal is to win Wimbledon before I'm fourteen years old. Really, I mean, like, my mommy thinks I can do, you know?"

From *I'm X, You're O*, "The Odyssey of an All-Pro Middle Guard," by Weldon "Scratch" Timmons, as told to the heavily edited Paul Zucker:

"The Giants. The Packers. The Steelers. The Rams. Yah, the Rams, too. And all the others. Every Sunday. Sometimes Monday night. They're on my turf. They're in my way. And they stink. That's how it is in the trenches—and that's where I live. I live in the stink."



By ASA BABER

This is a column about my mother, and it is a tough one to write.

For most men, the mother-son relationship is complex, intense, loving and dangerous. It haunts us, thrills us and colors our lives forever. But it is also a relationship we bury deep in our hearts and rarely discuss.

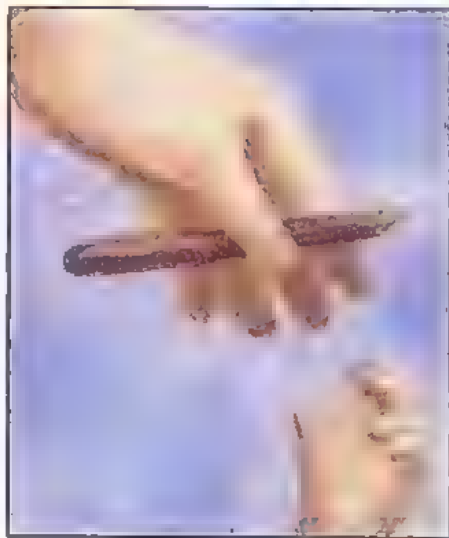
I have never known a braver or more beautiful person than the late Dorothy Mercer Baber. My indebtedness to her is enormous. If it had not been for her, I would never have become a writer. If it had not been for her, I probably would not have survived childhood. And yet, at the same time, she almost ruined me with her possessiveness. She smothered me, pampered me, worshiped me and made me a substitute husband. It was, in every way except the completely physical, an incestuous relationship.

Oedipus could be my middle name. I basically married my mother and betrayed my father—and I know that I'm not the only male to have experienced that classical bind. There are a lot of us, and we have all been scarred by the trade-offs we made at an early age.

The Little Orphan Girl, as I often call her, was literally an orphan. Her mother died giving her birth, her father died shortly thereafter, and Dorothy Mercer was sent to live with her aunt and uncle in Gibson City, Illinois. There, she was loved and protected by her aunt, but she was tyrannized by her uncle, a severe and violent man who would not allow her to speak at the dinner table nor participate in the affairs of the household. It was truly an orphan's childhood, and from those early years rose her perpetual anxiety and sense of privation.

Dorothy Mercer grew into an attractive young woman with a stubborn demeanor and a great body. That last is not a joke. It is there for a purpose, which I'll get to soon.

My mother graduated from the University of Illinois in Champaign just as the Great Depression was looming. By that time, she was an established journalist who wrote for the campus newspaper and served as a stringer for several local news bureaus. If my mother were in journalism today, she would be an outstanding reporter for one simple reason: Her Scotch-Irish stubbornness would enable her to pursue a story anywhere it led, no matter the consequences. She had more courage than any other human being I've ever



THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL

known, and I cannot imagine a threat or an assault that would stop her. Outspoken, blunt, undiplomatic, tenacious, beyond fear when challenged, she represented everything I would like to be as a writer.

Dorothy Mercer, like so many women of her generation, left her career in journalism as soon as she married my father. She devoted her life to her family. It had to have been an incomplete and frustrating choice for a woman of her talents. But she did it anyway, at great sacrifice.

Now we come to the dark side, the history I do not find easy to examine, my own early sexuality, my male understanding of what I call The Force and my infatuation with my mother, an infatuation that she returned and traded on.

Looking back on it, I understand that we were both orphans, in a way. My father, in his fierceness, was unavailable to us, so my mother and I took refuge in each other. It was a sanctuary that turned out to be both creative and destructive, an intimate harbor in a violent storm, a private nest we constructed together, mother and son. I can feel both shame and fascination as I write this.

The Little Orphan Girl did tend to flaunt her body around me. I suspect that few women understand how early in their childhood most boys feel attracted to their mothers. I watched like a spy as my mother dressed and undressed in front of me,

bathed and played, teased and flirted. She had a gorgeous, youthful body and a sensuousness born out of isolation and maturation. And I have to face it: I had my own sexual precociousness. Perhaps it was genetic, I don't know. But I understood a lot about sexuality from my earliest years. I returned my mother's flirtations, and I was proud that I had somehow replaced my father in her affections. I felt like a little prince, and I didn't always mind.

But the price I was paying involved more than guilt. It involved the loss of male identity. First, I had lost my father as a friend and role model. Second, my mother was overprotecting me, chaining me with a golden cord. Our long conversations, intimate discussions and intuitive understandings were of no help to me on the street or in the schoolyard, where my male peers demanded toughness and self-reliance. The more my mother clung to me, the less I was able to function in the real world.

I broke away, as most men do. That process had its own pain. I had to reject my mother, push her out of my life until I could discover my own sense of myself. I felt as if I had deserted her in doing this, but I had to confront an awesome choice: her or me. Either I faded into the soft folds of her all-encompassing love or I struck out on my own and led a cleaner, less devotional life.

My mother wrote to me almost daily after I left home at the age of 11. I rarely read her letters carefully. I skimmed them for news, avoided the words of sadness and seduction, hated myself for my own brutality, tried to forgive myself at the same time. I knew I was trying to build my own life. I knew I could husband her no longer.

Later, we came to an uneasy truce, full of love, never mentioning the intensity we had shared. I tried to be a good son to her, within the limits I had set. And always, always, I loved her dearly.

When she died a few years ago, I was brushing her hair. She took one last look at me. I comforted her as best I could, but I also steeled myself and refused to join her.

I am positive that she understood, The Little Orphan Girl. And I trust that she is now sailing near the sun, in league with my father, both of them waiting to welcome me to a healthier place when my time comes.

I'll be honored.



By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I thought I'd get my nails done, so I went to one of those nail salons. I figured that since a Nails R Us or a Nails for Days has opened on every street corner of metropolitan U.S.A. there might be something to it. Not that I hold with manicures. I find them pointlessly evanescent. But my neighbor Mrs. Fishbein, who *does* have beautiful nails and a doting husband, had constantly encouraged me to try one. And you fellas would like to be a fly on the wall when we gals are getting all pink and cozy and pretty and chatty.

So I duly walked into Nailward Ho! on my corner. "Hello," I said to the pretty, scantily clad Korean receptionist.

"About fucking time," she snarled. I stood perplexed. Then she shook herself and beamed. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," I exhaled, "you know those are they called French manicures?"

She pointed to a table where sat a gum-chewing blonde bombshell whose nails were, I swear, two inches long. "Oh, just sit the cocksuck down," she snapped.

Well I sat the cocksuck down. "I think I'd like a French manicure," I said to her.

She leaned forward, exposing cleavage. "Call me Shirl," she said. "Don't you think manicures are pointlessly evanescent?" I gaped, speechless.

"Listen, doll, just follow me. Now you're finally here," she said. "I got something with your name on it." She took my hand and led me to a bottle of Persian Melon polish and tugged at it. The wall fell away; we were in an elevator.

We descended quickly, silently into the earth. The doors opened. There was deafening noise, smoke. The smoke cleared, revealing a target range. Two dozen women in camouflage fatigues and headphones were aiming automatics at paper replicas of men. *Bang! Bang!* The groin area of every replica was blown away.

"Very nice, girls," I heard a familiar voice say. I turned and almost fell over.

"Mrs. Fishbein! What are you doing here? God, what is all this?"

"Hello, *mammele*. So you finally made it to our little hen party. Shirl, get this young lady a chair and some Sara Lee or she's gonna pass out."

"It's simple, honey," she continued as I tottered to a seat. "The men are right. We hate them. We are going to subjugate or kill them and take over the world. Put your head between your knees."

"Wait; so this isn't a nail salon?"

What, you're crazy? You think the de-



WE'RE GONNA GET YOU, SUCKERS

mand for manicures is such that we need a shop on every corner? You want a manicure, go to a hairdresser. You want to overthrow masculine oppression, come here. Each nail salon is one cell of our vast, all-powerful conspiracy. We are organized. We are deadly."

Mrs. Fishbein, you're a housewife. You cook *flanken* every Tuesday night. You're devoted to your husband."

Harold? That *pisher* who farts in his sleep? Oh, darling, you know all women are diesel dykes. Aren't we, Shirl?" She playfully tweaked the bombshell's nipple.

Shirl giggled and handed me something. Something black, and hard, and cold. Something with my name on it. "A Beretta Ninety-two SB," she said. "Ain't it cute? Holds fifteen rounds, shoots jacketed hollow points. This week, we tell them they're not in touch with their feelings, next week, we blow their fucking heads off. More colleccake?"

A frail Korean teenager carrying a load of schoolbooks came running up.

"Mistress Medusa! Has the 'How Not to Have an Orgasm' workshop started yet?"

"Ten minutes, Kali," said Mrs. Fishbein. She looked at me sheepishly. "They want to call me Mistress Medusa. I don't mind. Who ever heard of a revolutionary named Estle?"

"How Not to Have an Orgasm?"

"Of course," said Kali. "Psychological

warfare at its utmost. We close our eyes and think of old jockstraps, thus ensuring no sexual excitement. Then we *pretend* to have orgasms."

"Drives them to suicide," said Shirl. "They know we're faking it; we know we're faking it. But what can they do? Sue? No. They kill themselves."

"No American woman has had an orgasm since May 1953," said Mrs. Fishbein.

"At least not penis-induced," said Kali. "That's such a pretty blouse. Where did you get it?"

"I don't know," I said. "So what about all the women in the world who talk about how they love men, how they're feminists but *humanistic* feminists: how they want husbands and children? How about all the women who cry when he doesn't call?"

"Oh, come off it," said Shirl.

"Don't be a dweeb," said Kali.

"Clever propaganda while we work our destruction," said Mistress Medusa. "Ninety-six percent of American womanhood is now organized and ready."

"Why am I the last to know about this?" I wondered.

"Feminists got no grooming. Your cuticles are a mess," said Shirl.

The receptionist appeared. "The Asa Baber Study Group has to be canceled for lack of interest again," she said.

"Pity," said M.M. "I suspect that pseudosensitive wuss is the only one who's on to us. Come the revolution, he's history."

Wait! I cried, suddenly horrified. "What about Mel Gibson?"

"You can keep him as a pet if you like," said Kali. "Oh, Mistress Medusa, five women have become *inchers* today."

"Capital!" said M.M. "A *mitzvah*."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Nails, of course," said the receptionist. "The longer your nails, the greater your destructive skills. When you can maim a man in a minute, you earn your inch. Two-inchers, like our Shirl, are trained castrators. And a woman with a rhinestone embedded in her nail is licensed to kill. You thought it was cosmetic?"

"Consider," said Kali, "that all these salons are run by Koreans. It was at the Olympics in Seoul where we unveiled our Supreme Sister, with nails like stilettos and the legs of ten gazelles."

Flo-Jo!

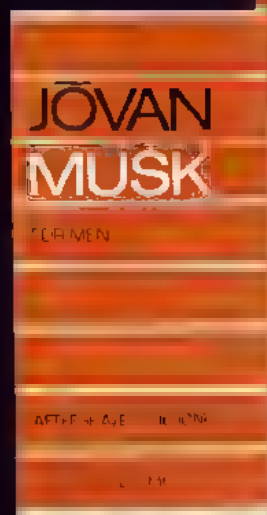
And here I thought you men were just being paranoid.



What is sexy?



Jovan Musk



What sexy is.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

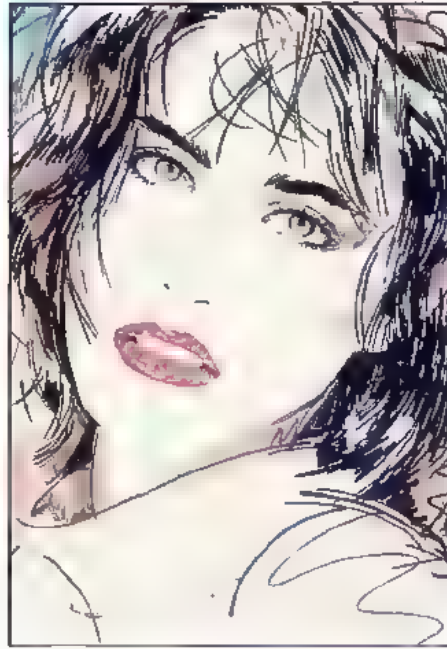
Help! I'm a struggling college student who has no funds for dating. What little money I make at my summer job has to go for tuition. Do you have any suggestions for cheap dates?—R. E., Dallas, Texas.

David Coleman, director of student activities at Xavier University, runs seminars on creative dating options. He asks students to brainstorm for dating ideas that take little or no money, that require no transportation or no food. The following are among the possibilities suggested by students: Walk through a zoo. Go camping. Go to the mall and shop. Go to the mall and watch other people shop. Watch television. Go for a country drive. See a play. Go for a moonlight walk and stargaze. Cook dinner for each other. Rent movies and a VCR. Have a theme party: "M*A*S*H," "Alien," "The Fly." Take a riverboat cruise. Wash each other's cars (an opportunity for an impromptu wet-T-shirt contest). Fly a kite. Play Frisbee. Go to a horse race. Play Hacky Sack. Go hiking or fishing. Go dancing. Play tennis. Go to a driving range or play golf. Go miniature golfing. Play volleyball. Play football in the rain or mud. Rake leaves into a pile and jump in. Study. Go to a drive-in. Have a picnic in your room. Play board games (Scraples, Risk, Pictionary). Coach a kids' team. Go hear jazz or reggae. Go to the airport and watch planes take off and land. Look at pictures of each other's childhood. Make ice-cream sundaes. Test-drive a car. Attend a concert. Go sledding. Take pictures of the season. Visit a pet store. Work out. Take an aerobics class. Attend a circus. Read each other's high school yearbooks. Play Photon. Laser Tag. Go fast-food-restaurant hopping. Sun bathe. Walk through a graveyard (in daylight). Read the Star, Enquirer or Globe. Cook out. Go bowling. Run in the rain (if there is no lightning). Play Cabbage Patch Doll cliff diving.

Not a bad list. We can add a few—such as bury a box of wind-up toys and set them loose on one another's naked bodies or play dirty Pictionary, substituting phrases from Alex Comfort's "Joy of Sex." In college, at least, energy is a substitute for money.

I am thinking of investing in a good pair of cowboy boots. I know that they can get pretty expensive, so what should I be looking for?—D. S., San Diego, California

Cowboy boots can definitely be a good investment, since they rarely go out of style and, if well kept, can last you a long time. After the three-year break-in period, you may even find that you can walk in them. Start by going to a good custom bootmaker or buying boots that are ready-made by one of the established manufacturers. Boots should be all leather, including the sole; it breathes better than synthetic materials. If you have never worn cowboy boots, they may feel awkward at first, but you'll get used to them. Try on several pairs, looking for comfort in their height, width,



heel and toe (pointed toes, though good-looking, are not for everyone). Once you've purchased a pair, polish them often and pay attention to heel and sole repairs. Worn-down heels throw off your balance, and your boots will stretch out of shape. Also, don't forget to let them air out for at least a day between wearings.

My pregnant wife is concerned about having sex as she nears her delivery date. She has heard that any form of sexual stimulation—even fondling of the breasts—can bring on contractions. Is that true?—W. O., St. Louis, Missouri

Whaddya think this is, Lamaze? It turns out that your wife is correct. A recent study in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality compared delivery dates of full-term women who engaged in breast stimulation with delivery dates of those who didn't. Over a three-day period, 47 percent of the women who practiced breast stimulation went into labor at the time, compared with only seven percent of the women in the control group. Now, before you get too crazed, here's how the researchers defined breast stimulation: "Women in the treatment group were instructed to stimulate their breasts at home by touching the nipple, areola and distal breast with the balls of the finger tips. Each breast was to be stimulated individually for 15 minutes, on an alternating schedule with the other breast, for one hour. The women could use skin creams or lubricants. They were instructed not to stimulate both breasts at the same time in order to avoid excessive uterine contractions, which could reduce the blood supply to the fetus. Contractions usually developed within five to 15 minutes in 95 percent of the women who were at term. The patients were instructed to time each contraction from start to finish; if the

contraction lasted more than a minute, they were advised to stop breast stimulation and contact their physician. They were encouraged to perform breast stimulation for a minimum of one hour, three times a day, since the response appeared to be dose-related." Sound like sex to you? The last time most women's breasts received three hours' attention was on date night in high school. As for abstaining, most doctors say that it is unnecessary except in particular cases. Have her check with the doctor. This may be the last sex you have for months.

In the January issue, you dispense some blatant misinformation concerning Super VHS video. A reader complained that an S-VHS tape played on his normal VHS machine showed no improvement in picture quality, and you tell him that was because a normal VHS machine can't translate the S-VHS information. Oh, Advisor. The item that you and the reader are confused about is the only negative aspect of the new format. An S-VHS tape cannot be played on a normal VHS machine. Mechanically, it will function; however, the picture will be overly bright and contrasty, with tearing and jagged black lines around the light areas. Quite clearly, the reader's tape was normal VHS.—D. R., Santa Monica, California

Sorry for the confusion. What we have here is a failure to communicate. There are two factors to consider—the S-VHS tape (which is composed of very fine ferric-oxide particles) and the S-VHS process (which involves sophisticated circuitry, some understanding of tantric sex and an American Express gold card). Now, you can record a standard VHS program on Super VHS tape—the result is no different from what you would get on good-quality VHS tape—it just costs more. (We suspect the reader in January's issue was using the S-VHS tape without the S-VHS program.) You cannot record an S-VHS program on standard VHS tape. If you put an S-VHS program on S-VHS tape and play it on a standard VHS VCR, you get garbage. If you play it on an S-VHS VCR, you get nirvana. Now, if you own a VHS VCR and an S-VHS VCR, you can make dubs between the two—the dub will be better than a VHS VCR dub, but it won't be Super.

Sometimes, if I take the time to work myself up when masturbating, I am able to ejaculate modest amounts of semen without fully climaxing. I am not referring of course, to the small drops of what is commonly called pre-come fluid. As a result, on occasion, I am able to do this once or twice before the final crash, during one masturbatory session. The feeling during the entire episode, with proper control, can be a pleasant one from just skirting the outer edges of an orgasm. Sometimes I am

almost convinced that this is similar to the multiple orgasms that some women experience. Is this common among men?—Y. H., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

We have heard of this phenomenon (see "The Extended Male Orgasm" in the May 1977 *Playboy*). Some men can separate the emission of semen from the contractions that normally accompany orgasm. The result is something that mimics the female multiple orgasm but is different on several counts. Men who indulge in this practice all report that the final orgasm (with all the fireworks) is the best. Afterward, they lose their erection. Women who experience multiple orgasms do not reach a final orgasm, *per se*. They move from plateau to orgasm to plateau to orgasm like a stone skipping across the water. Amen.

Recently, I changed jobs and ended up with an office of my own. I would like to put in some kind of sound system. I don't ever want to wear headphones again. Do you have any suggestions?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois

Compactness is in, components, generally, are out. You'll want a unit that is small, subdued and somewhat less conspicuous than what your boss has in his office, but it should be more "executive" than a boom box. Forget a turntable—album jackets are a tad intrusive in a business atmosphere. Look instead at desktop stereos that combine receiver and cassette/CD units. Nakamichi offers a unit with speakers, a separate receiver and a cassette/CD unit for about \$700. For more highbrow audiophiles, Proton's The System A1-3000 (about \$1250) is a wonderful, relentlessly masculine one-piece unit—all orchestrated by remote control, so you can quickly turn down the volume on the Bobs' new album while taking a call from your stockbroker.

I have two questions that you may be able to answer. Over the past ten years, I have slept with more than a dozen redheaded women. Without exception, they have initiated or asked for anal intercourse. My first question: What does red hair have to do with anal sex? Likewise, I have slept with many Jewish women and, again, without exception, they have gone ape for fellatio and can't seem to get enough. My second question: What does a religious background have to do with fellatio?—R. D., Dallas, Texas.

The answer to both questions: almost nothing. A sociologist would say that the sample in your study was too small to draw any significant conclusions. But then, how many sociologists have dated more than 12 redheads? It happens that we have done a study with a large sample (not personally, mind you, though we did give it a shot). On the question of oral sex, "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey" compared the strength of religious conviction with the frequency a woman performed oral sex. Of the respondents who said they were very religious, 12 percent of the Protestant women, 17 percent of the Catholic women and 17 percent of the Jewish women said they performed oral sex every time they

made love. Of the somewhat religious, 12 percent of the Protestant women, 15 percent of the Catholic women and 16 percent of the Jewish women said they performed oral sex every time. Of the not very religious, 14 percent of the Protestant women, 15 percent of the Catholic women and 20 percent of the Jewish women said they performed it every time. These are not significant differences, since more than half of the women who answered our survey said they performed oral sex every time or almost every time they made love, chances are you can go out with a reformed mystic and still have a good time.

After years of saving, I have finally indulged my fantasy and bought a high performance German sports car. I may as well have given my bank account to the highway patrol—I've already gotten two tickets. I'm wondering if I will ever be able to experience my car's full potential. My question is this: Is it possible to rent a race track for a day? How would I go about it? I'm willing to travel.—K. R., Los Angeles, California

We telephoned several tracks and got widely different responses. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway rents only to racing teams with Indy cars. Road America in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, will rent a track to a licensed competitor for \$3500 a day, plus \$1000 a day for insurance. The track provides a wrecker and an ambulance. Road Atlanta charges \$2200 for a day of testing and furnishes an ambulance and a fire truck. Other tracks said they rent to clubs or corporations but not to individuals. A possible alternative: TrackTime (216-793-1159) offers two-day clinics at various U.S. tracks. An instructor will give you handling tips in your own car. Our advice: Check the local chapter of the Sports Car Club of America or ask your mechanic if a local track offers a group-therapy program for his clients. Contact the driving schools. Bob Bondurant (707-938-4741) lets students drive their own cars. Skip Barber (203-824-0771) runs a BMW program. We recommend using school cars (they are set up for the track) before flexing your street muscle. You may feel that you are in control doing 140 in a straight line, but top speed is only one of the limits of a high-performance car. When you learn to drive a school car in noncompetitive circumstances, you use 80 to 90 percent of its potential. Believe us—that is more than you thought possible.

Ive been told that sherry holds up better than other wines because its higher alcoholic content acts as a preservative. But that isn't my experience. What am I doing wrong?—F. F., Atlanta, Georgia

You're right to question the popular notion that sherry retains its drinkability indefinitely, unopened or opened. It doesn't. Basically, there are two main categories of this noted Spanish wine: *fino*, which is light and delicate, and *oloroso*, which is full flavored and full-bodied. All newly fermented sherry of either group is fortified with extra alcohol, though slightly more is added to *oloroso*.

Sherrys are ruined by oxidation, just as other wines are. The alcoholic content of sherry ranges from about 15 to 20 percent (compared with 11 to 13 percent for table wine), not really sufficient to serve as a long-term preservative. Sherry is a mix of wines from a number of years. The blending takes place when the wines are still in cask, and it's bottled when ready to drink. Sherry doesn't benefit from aging in the bottle, as many table wines do. The light, bone-dry *finos* are at their best when bottled and should be drunk within several months of bottling. Once opened, they should be refrigerated and consumed within a week or two. In Spain, *finos* are widely available in half bottles so they can be used up more rapidly. Most *olorosos* intended for export to the States have been sweetened and are referred to as cream sherrys. The creams are sturdier than *finos* and will hold up well for a couple of years if stored unopened in a cool, dark place. After being opened, an *oloroso* or a cream can keep for months under refrigeration.

My girlfriend and I have discovered a terrific yet simple addition to our lovemaking. She lies on a sofa or a bed with her head hanging down. The rush of blood and slight dizziness add to the strength of her orgasm. Have you heard of this phenomenon?—E. S., New York, New York

Sure. Next time you're at a garage sale, look for a pair of gravity boots. Then hang your lover upside down from a chinning bar. It works just as well for guys (your girlfriend can go up on you). If you are into public displays of lust, you can try this from tree limbs, jungle gyms or teeter totters in the local park.

Where can I get information on sexually transmitted diseases? I'm a little intimidated by a visit to the doctor or the local clinic, especially when all I want is a little information.—E. L., Chicago, Illinois.

The American Social Health Association maintains three hotlines. The National AIDS Hotline (800-342-AIDS) served more than 1,000,000 callers last year. It operates 24 hours per day, seven days a week, and offers confidential information and referrals. The STD National Hotline (800-227-8922) operates Monday through Friday from five a.m. to 11 p.m. Pacific standard time. It will follow up a phone call with a free pamphlet on the entire range of S.E.D.s. If you have a specific question about herpes, call the Herpes Resource Center Hotline (415-328-7710), which operates Monday through Friday, noon to 4:30 p.m. P.S.T.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



Which cigarette
tastes as good
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but has up
to 50% less tar?

Subtle

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Regular and Menthol Kings 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

e hint:

Enriched Flavor,TM low tar. A solution with Merit.



Also available in Menthol.

THE JOY OF SIX.



TASTES GREAT.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS?

will the army of god recruit uncle sam?

When the Supreme Court announced that it would review a Missouri case on abortion, we asked a pro-choice activist to write an article for us. Here is his response:

I was flattered by your request to write an article. Unfortunately, I must decline, and I would like to tell you why.

Ever since [my book on abortion] was published, I have been the target of hate mail and death threats from anti-abortion extremists. One group, the so-called Army of God (the people who kidnaped an Illinois doctor a few years ago and who bombed various abortion clinics), has vowed to kill me.

In the past year or so, the threats have declined but I am afraid that if I write an article for you, I will stir up the extremists' wrath again.

I am deeply ashamed of my cowardice in buckling under to terrorists, but I must protect my wife and children from the possibility of our home's being bombed in the middle of the night.

The members of the Army of God are the kind of people our forefathers warned us about, the kind of narrow religious extremists who drove the Pilgrims from Europe. The abortion debate is not about reproductive rights or the rights of the unborn. It is about the social use of fear—how one group of zealots can impose its beliefs on an entire country.

More than 200 years ago, James Madison wrote in *The Federalist*, a kind of owner's manual for the Constitution. He predicted "Among the numerous advantages promised by a well-constructed Union, none deserves to be more accurately developed than its tendency to break and control the violence

of a faction. . . . The public good is disregarded in the conflicts of rival parties, and that measures are too often decided, not according to the rules of justice and the rights of the minor party, but by the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority.

"By a faction, I understand a number

called "a crude form of vigilante justice," involving letters, telephone calls and personal threats. Eighteen directors of abortion clinics have been threatened with death. A doctor and his wife were abducted and held for eight days. In Alabama, an Army of God zealot decapitated a cat belonging

to an abortion clinic employee. In 1985, Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun—the man who wrote the majority opinion on *Roe vs. Wade*—received a death threat. About the same time, a nine-millimeter bullet shattered the window of his home in Arlington, Virginia.

The Army of God bombed three clinics in 1982, two in 1983 and 25 in 1984. William Webster, Director of the FBI, declined to treat the incidents as terrorism, saying, "The objective is social." And yet the FBI defines terrorism as "the unlawful use of force or violence against persons or property to intimidate or coerce a government, the civilian population or any segment thereof in furtherance of political and social objectives." In any case, the FBI did not intervene. President Reagan himself waited almost three years before condemning the violence—though he regularly spoke to leaders of the anti-abortion

movement.

The New York Times wrote about the man who, motivated by love of God, "spooned explosive black powder into large iron pipes that were planted to explode before daybreak on Christmas at three abortion clinics." Agents for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms arrested a small group of fanatics, men who belonged to tiny



of citizens, whether amounting to a majority or minority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community."

By a faction, Madison meant the Army of God, which is only a handful of fanatics who enact what one doctor

religious sects and who believed that they did the work of Baby Jesus. One bomber was described by his lawyer as being a man whose "whole life is embodied in goodness, honesty, decency and nonviolence."

Prosecutors admitted that the bombers were so "frustrated with the ineffectiveness of peaceful anti-abortion demonstrations that they resorted to violence." Only a handful of bombers received jail sentences—and those were brief ones. As the letter we received from the former pro-choice activist indicates, the anti-abortionists' violent tactics cast a long shadow.

Madison's description of faction also applies to the "mainstream" pro-life movement. The crowds that gather in Washington every January to protest the anniversaries of *Roe vs. Wade* are not violent, but they are bizarre. Pro-lifers bar women from entering abortion clinics and take the martyr route to headlines. Some 12,000 managed to be arrested between Thanksgiving of 1987 and the beginning of 1989. They wear tiny pins that show the size of a fetus' feet at 10 weeks. They raid the garbage bins outside abortion clinics to steal the fetal remains, still identified with the names of the patients. They display the remains in baby-sized caskets or spread on tin plates. They carry real-looking wax carvings of fetuses for effect—but don't mention that they are wax. They orchestrated a funeral mass for 2000 aborted fetuses. They dress in Nazi uniforms and make analogies to the Holocaust. Their placards read: ABORTION IS MURDER. GOD HEARS THE SILENT SCREAMS.

In 1981, Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon addressed a fellow Senator who had undertaken a religious crusade to end all abortions in America: "I would suggest to you that it is not only unwise but unworkable to try to impose your idea of morality on this country by legislation when there is no agreement on your conclusions. Every generation witnesses a new group of citizens who believe themselves the keepers of the faith. It is not a disease unique to America. The difference is that in America, we have seen and experienced the dangers of moralists who are so convinced they are right that they choose to impose their own morality on us. . . . God did not speak to any one of us and say 'You are right and those who disagree with you are wrong.' If any one of us thinks that God has ordained us to speak for Him, we are wrong. Worse, if we are in a position of power and we believe we speak for God, we become dangerous."

In 1985, FBI Director Webster told Congress, "No right to abortion has been established against private interference."

President Bush, one week in office, told a pro-life rally: "I think the Supreme Court's decision in *Roe vs. Wade* was wrong and should be overturned."

In his dissenting opinion to *Roe vs. Wade*, Justice Byron White (with Justice William Rehnquist, now Chief Justice, concurring) wrote, "I cannot accept the

Court's exercise of its clear power of choice by interposing a constitutional barrier to state efforts to protect human life and by investing women and doctors with the constitutionally protected right to exterminate it. This issue, for the most part, should be left with the people and to the political processes the people have devised to govern their affairs."

We wonder if he had the Army of God in mind.

ABORTION, INTOLERANCE AND MR. BUSH

George Bush once said that he wanted to be President of "all the people" of the United States. Since this is a country with a remarkably, and often unnervingly, diverse citizenry, that's a tall order but an indispensable duty.

Among the issues that now divide Americans, none is more tormenting than abortion. Sometimes the dissension has provoked violence; always it has provoked an avalanche of words. Strip the issue of rhetoric, however, and it comes down to a simple question. Does society have the right to force a woman to incubate a fetus against her will?

Sixteen years ago, the Supreme Court settled the question in the case of *Roe vs. Wade*. The Court neither endorsed abortion nor declared that one side had the superior moral claim. Instead, Justice Blackman, who wrote the opinion, held that a woman's right must be weighed against the fetus' growing potential for life.

Therefore, he reasoned, the state's interest in protecting life increases as the fetus grows. Accordingly, the decision left up to a woman and her doctor the choice to continue a pregnancy, at least during the first trimester. It allowed the state to impose some limitation on abortion in the second trimester and allowed stronger limitation in the third.

To millions of Americans, the Supreme Court's decision was wise, humane and in the finest tradition of tolerance. But to others, it was anathema, denounced, sometimes with arson and bombs, at abortion clinics. Those who disagree with *Roe vs. Wade* are free to speak out, even to line the entrances to abortion clinics and hiss at the patients. What they refuse to do is grant to others what they have granted themselves: the freedom to make their own choices.

In this refusal, they have two allies. former President Reagan—and his successor. The Right-to-Life movement is, in fact, so certain—rightly or wrongly—of its claim on Mr. Bush that one of its leaders had no qualms about calling him to heel last week. "Unfortunately, the White House staff chose to put in a one-way communication line," Nellie Gray complained after Mr. Bush greeted Monday's abortion protest by phone. "He spoke to us, but he could not hear us. That was not an adequate way to deal with our pro-life march."

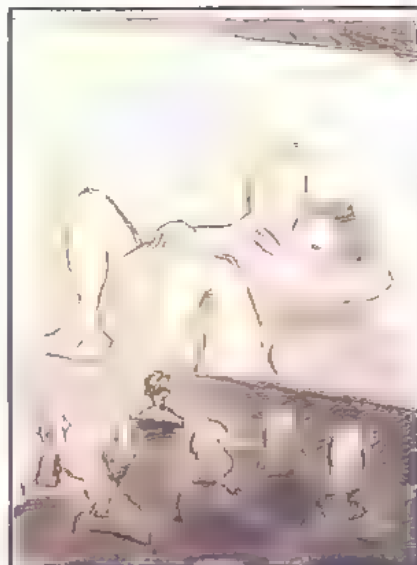
Most Americans are never called upon to balance public tolerance and private morality. But a President, especially one who wants to be the President of "all the people," has a responsibility to do so. By declaring himself determined to overturn *Roe vs. Wade*, Mr. Bush, like his predecessor, expresses his indifference to the deepest views of millions. No one "likes" abortion, especially not the woman who must make so painful a decision. But to deny her the right to make it is to traduce tolerance and infringe freedom.

NEW S F R O N T

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WHY THE DIFFERENCE?

FAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—A study conducted at Michigan State University on 14- and 15-year-old girls who are heavy TV viewers finds that they see an average



of 25 R-rated movies a year at the theater. Boys of the same age attend 17 R-rated movies a year. Researchers did not speculate about the difference.

LOOKING FOR LESBIANS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A 24-year-old woman Marine sentenced to a year in prison for homosexual conduct has been granted clemency—but only after serving half of her sentence and agreeing to name names. The woman was a victim of a Naval Investigative Service witch-hunt for lesbian Marines at Parris Island, South Carolina. Several women have been arrested, demoted, transferred or forced to resign. A defense lawyer, citing evidence that included sending flowers to a friend or comforting a crying colleague, said that in 20 years of practicing military law, he had never seen "so many cases brought that are so flimsy and exaggerated."

SAY IT ISN'T SO

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS—Either male Texas Aggies are suffering a lot of sexual coercion or they're doing a lot of wishful thinking. In a survey of students at Texas A&M University conducted by a psychol-

ogy professor, nearly two thirds of the 507 men questioned said that they had been coerced into having sexual intercourse and 93 percent claimed that they had been forced to have some kind of sexual activity that they would have preferred to avoid. According to one Texas Aggie expert, "They are a different breed of cat at Texas A&M." A report discounted the idea that the survey was an Aggie joke.

AIDS NEWS

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—Three Alabama district judges will conduct court business with AIDS-infected defendants by telephone only. One justice stated that if he were forced to deal directly with anyone with AIDS, he would simply dismiss the case. A civil-liberties lawyer called the judges' measures outrageous and said they represent "a degree of ignorance I had thought we had put behind us."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Food and Drug Administration has approved the professional use of a five minute test that detects AIDS antibodies. It will cost ten dollars and can be performed without complicated equipment, making it particularly useful for undeveloped nations.

JUST DESERTS

NEW YORK CITY—Two members of Feminists Fighting Pornography were arrested and charged with violating the very anti-pornography laws they are trying to have strengthened. The women were soliciting signatures and contributions toward their campaign for tougher anti-porn legislation and were displaying a picture from a magazine sold in stores throughout the city. They refused to take the picture down when residents complained and were arrested for violating the state law on public display of sexual material and for third-degree obscenity.

IT'S OBVIOUS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—If beer drinkers don't know what happens when they drink too much, a warning label on a beer can won't help. The Texas Supreme Court found a brewing company not liable in a suit filed by a man injured in a crash allegedly caused by a drunk driver. The plaintiff accused the company of failing to instruct consumers on the safe use of its product.

SPEEDING UP

SAN FRANCISCO—Crack may have a competitor—speed. The drug methamphetamine is becoming increasingly popular, because it is simple to make, easy to take and relatively inexpensive to buy. There has been a marked increase in the number of makeshift laboratories producing the powder, which can be injected, snorted or swallowed with a drink. A study for the National Institute on Drug Abuse predicts that "domestically produced methamphetamine looms as a potential national drug crisis for the Nineties."

A SNITCH IN TIME

DENVER—Entrepreneur of the Year Award goes to Ken Kennedy, who has opened the Certified Narcotics Investigation School—certified by his own corporation—"for people who want to do investigations in narcotics and get paid for it." He offers 44 hours' worth of instruction on topics such as "Entrapment" and "Narcotics Pricing and Packaging" to anyone from private investigators to bored housewives. Kennedy says that un-



dercover operatives can "make as much as fifteen hundred dollars a week," but a dubious Denver police detective says they're more likely to "wind up on a slab." In any case, the Denver Police Department pays its informants less often with money than with leniency on their criminal charges.

THE LAST

porn and the absence of love

They look at each other. She smiles shyly, he grins. They kiss. He slides his hand under her blouse, she presses her groin to his. Their breathing comes faster.

What happens next depends upon where you are watching the movie. If you are in the local multimodule movie complex, the image cuts away to the ceiling, the window, the flowers on the table or any body part—above the waist.

If you are in the local porn house, you will see in graphic detail the ins and outs of their sexual union—and not much else.

In neither case do you see a loving couple totally enjoying each other's body. Hollywood *can't* show full-body sexual love—unless it wants to be relegated to porn moviehouses and, thus, lose its general audience. Porn movies *won't* show full-body sexual love because of, well, for complicated reasons.

Porn movies go like this. They open with a few scenes that set up an inane plot. Then there is a sex scene. With pulsating music as background noise, a woman sinks to her knees in front of a man—frequently a stranger to her—unzips his fly, takes out his cock and sucks it. He rolls his eyes, closes them, grimaces with pleasure.

They undress. He lays her down on her back, perhaps kisses her breasts, sometimes goes down on her. She sits up and sucks his cock again. After a number of "Ooh, yeah, suck it, baby"s, he rolls her onto her back and pins her pelvis to the mattress with his cock.

The rest of the scene consists of his pumping in and out in various positions

and ends with that institution of the porn movie, the "come shot."

What don't we see? We never see a man appreciating the beauty of a woman's

does something athletic and energetic with her body. The total will be about zero.

Now compare the amount of screen time devoted to examining cocks with the time devoted to looking at women's bodies. The male organ gets 75 percent more footage. It's as though the film makers believe that a man's cock is more interesting than a woman's cunt. This has always puzzled me. Porn flicks are meant for heterosexual males, are they not? And don't heterosexual men prefer to look at women's cunts rather than men's cocks?

Porn film makers also refuse to let us see a woman using a man's body to give herself pleasure. In fact, in all the hundreds of porn movies I've seen, only once did a woman actually have an orgasm.

Porn-film makers refuse to let us see female movement. In a recently released porn movie, *Angel*, an incredibly beautiful woman with a slim, athletic body built for motion, is permitted only to lie under a man, to be fucked. She looks beautiful but does nothing. A film that features Annette Haven shows her kneeling over another woman's mouth, a distinctly erotic shot for us heteros. But the camera immediately pans upward, so that the bottom of the frame is at Haven's tail bone. There it lingers. What we see is her back,

what we don't see is her moving pelvis.

If you have seen only one or two porn films, you may think that the lack of female movement is a coincidence. It's not. There is, apparently, an unwritten



body. In fact, we rarely see a woman's body. Fast-forward through a dozen porn tapes and count the number of times you find a naked woman walking around. Count the times a naked woman actually

T • A • B • O • O

By Ron Kirkby, Ph.D.

porn film maker's rule: Women shall not move.

Why are porn-film makers so restricted? Can it be that they fear intimacy and vulnerability? Can it be that they can't bear to look too closely at a woman's body; that it's too overwhelming, too exciting, too naughty? Is that why they control the woman's movement and cut away to images of the man's cock—in order to reassure themselves (and their audiences, who they think believe as they do) that men really *are* the dominant sex, the more important party in the sexual transaction?

The fixed camera positions, the unmoving focus on genitals suggest something further: that we are peeking through a keyhole at what we all longed to see when we were boys, that is, all those beautiful girls in the locker-room shower.

If we add all of this up, we come to a startling conclusion. Porn-film makers really do love women and are fascinated by their beauty, but they are afraid to show it. Why? Because in doing so, they would show that they were vulnerable.

Therefore, in place of love, we get lust; instead of tenderness, we get *machismo*. The only connection between men and women is genital, and a woman's orgasm gets edged out by "come shots."

Strange as it may sound, porn-film makers invite censorship simply because they censor exactly what might make their work more acceptable in our culture—real love.

Porn gives us the illusion that we're watching a human's most treasured activ-

ity—but we are not. We are watching sex, not lovemaking.

If I were a porn-film maker, what would I film? *All* of lovemaking. I'd film

breasts, the tension exploding in both man and woman as they come. I'd film their languid sprawl after sex, the sheen of sweat on her shoulder, their gratitude and wonder, the gentle caress of his thigh. In short, I'd show how lovers love with their bodies.

I'd show women who are beautiful and know it and love it, who are proud of their bodies and how they move, who delight in their nakedness, who are intelligent and interested in life and love and men. I'd have images and scenes of men who love women, who are kind and gentle and expert lovers.

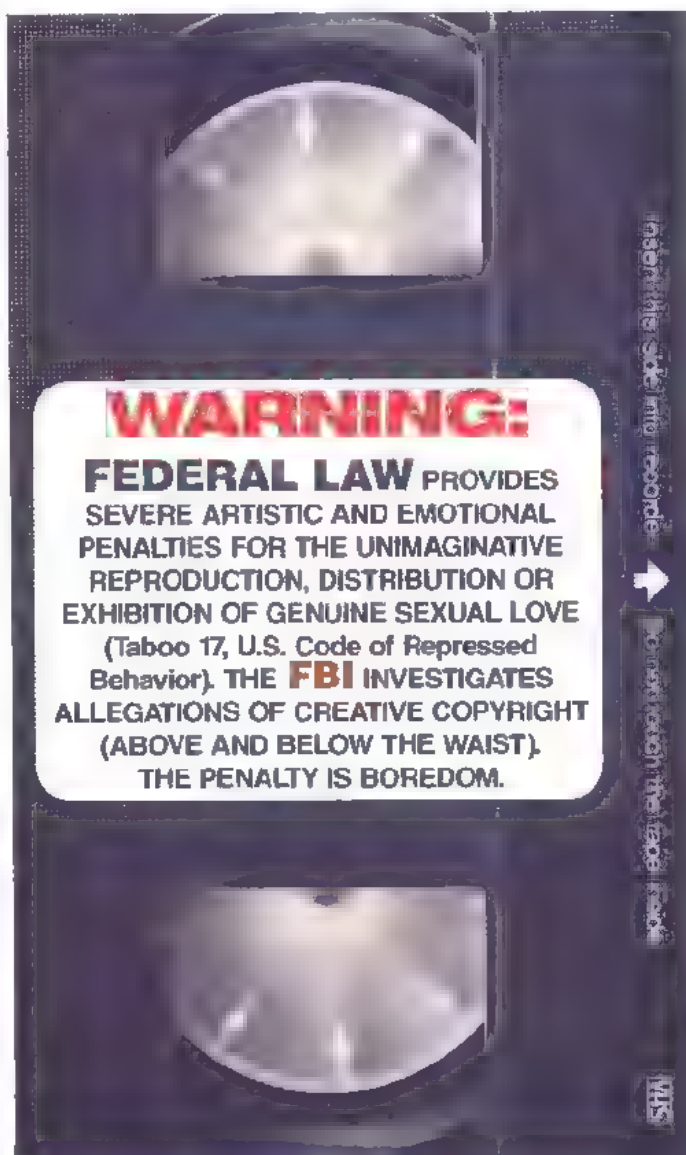
I'd film love stories; I'd show men and women having a genuinely good time; I'd film their laughter and excitement, the thrill they feel when they touch each other.

Think about the shock to our culture such films would be. At last, we would see how love is supposed to be, how sexual love can look and feel. Young people could learn what I had to learn by trial, and mostly error and what many men and women never learn—how to be a lover.

Porn could liberate us, could teach us how to expand from the narrowness of our lives and feelings into a world where love and pleasure are the norm, rather than the exception.

Ah, well, someday—maybe.

The author, who received a Ph.D. from Berkeley in 1966, taught philosophy during the Sixties and has been a practicing psychotherapist for 15 years.



the couple's contact, their whispers and giggles, their kisses, their touch. I'd film the power and speed of her body when she sits on him, going for an orgasm; I'd show the light bouncing off her swelling

POSTAL SPYING

I appreciate—more than most—John Dentinger's article "Canceling Civil Liberties" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). I recently mailed postcards to some Congressmen and newspaper editors detailing how easy it would be to smuggle nuclear weapons into the United States. I've had my mail scrutinized by the U.S. Postal Service ever since.

Joseph J. Mitchener
Salinas, California

The public has the right to know about the clandestine operations that are being conducted at taxpayers' expense. My question is: Who investigates the investigators?

Patrick J. Mannix, Sr.
Bristol, Virginia

Chief Postal Inspector Charles Clauson is apparently confident that he is some kind of moral authority (*The Playboy Forum*, September and February). He deserves to have his ass kicked straight to the fatherless Brase farm in Nebraska to answer for a crime that cries for vengeance.

John G. Swadey
St. Petersburg, Florida

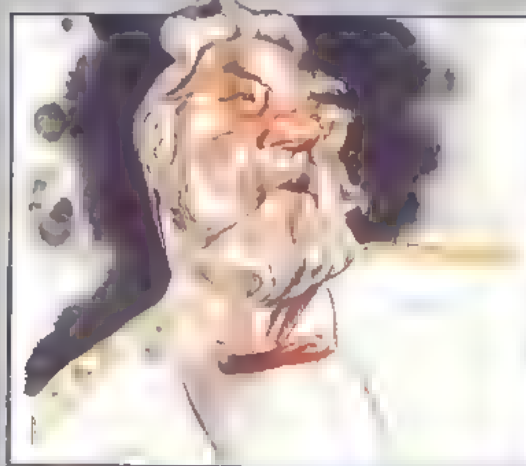
ANTIPOORN ZEALOTS

Chris Cooper and other anti-porn crusaders apparently see pornography as the greatest danger of the 20th Century ("Anatomy of an Antiporn Crusade," *The Playboy Forum*, December). The arguments that he uses to support his view that pornography inspires violence and crime are demagogic. To say that there is a correlation between pornography and sex crimes is as ridiculous as saying that there is a correlation between reading murder mysteries and committing murders.

Andrzej T. Jozwiak
Gdansk, Poland

REISMAN RERUN

"The Big Lie: Reisman Revisited" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) is an interesting commentary on the lack of scientific method in Reisman's research.



FOR THE RECORD

PROFILE IN CORRUPTION

Dr. C. Everett Koop, Surgeon General of the United States, is a man who refuses to toe the party line. A darling of the New Right, he first surprised the nation with his report on AIDS: "At the beginning of the AIDS epidemic, many Americans had little sympathy for people with AIDS. The feeling was that somehow people from certain groups 'deserved' their illness. Let us put those feelings behind us. We are fighting a disease, not a people."

Now Dr. Koop has done it again: When asked to prepare a report on the negative effects of abortion, he resisted the impulse to prepare propaganda and wrote to President Reagan, stating: "At the time the report was requested, there were those advising you . . . who truly believed that such a report could be put together readily. In the minds of some of them, it was a foregone conclusion that the negative health effects of abortion on women were so overwhelming that the evidence would force the reversal of *Roe vs. Wade* . . ."

"I believe that the issue of abortion is so emotionally charged that it is possible that many who might read this letter would not understand it, because I have not arrived at conclusions they can accept. But I have concluded in my review of this issue that, at this time, the available scientific evidence about the psychological sequelae (effects) of abortion simply cannot support the preconceived beliefs either of those pro-life or of those pro-choice. . . ."

"I regret, Mr. President, that in spite of a diligent review on the part of many in the Public Health Service and in the private sector, the scientific studies do not provide conclusive data about the health effects of abortion on women."

In a follow-up interview, Koop said, "What has given me so much trouble in this job from the right is that I separate ideology, religion and other things from my sworn duty as a health officer in this country."

However, I'd like to point out a mistake in your research. You comment: "Her charges are reminiscent of the supposed media expert who saw S-E-X spelled out in the ice cubes of a whiskey ad." In a media class I attended while in college, the instructor projected some advertisements onto a screen. We saw S-E-X spelled out in ice cubes, a skull stenciled onto the bottom of a drinking glass and a female nude stenciled onto the reflection of a bottle. Perhaps in your next report, your own research will be scientific.

(Name and address withheld by request)

You call that research? We stand by our comment.

DRUG LEGALIZATION

Thank you for the January and February *Playboy Forum* articles on drug legalization. They provided me with information that will help when I try to persuade others to join my cause. I would like to see *Forum* articles about legalizing drugs every month, until legislators start to listen.

Dona Turgeon
Broadview, Illinois

I've spent more than \$450,000 in 12 years on cocaine. I may have to have rhinoplasty. I've had a number of nervous breakdowns and I've overdosed twice. I was also on crack for two years. Legalization is not the answer. It will not work and we shouldn't try to make it work.

J. Gaynes
San Diego, California

Everyone is concerned about the drug-abuse problem, but a more accurate term is the drug-use problem. Taking symptom-relieving drugs without finding out why the symptoms exist is foolish and dangerous. Yet we train our children to take drugs to mask the symptoms of every conceivable condition from headaches to stomach-aches. It is unreasonable to tell children that drugs are the solution to their problems and then tell them to

RESPONSE

"Just say no" to drugs.

In a 13-year study, the U.S. Office of Public Health found that two thirds of all over-the-counter drugs do not do what their promoters claim. Yale-New Haven Hospital found that 100,000 people die and 1,500,000 are hospitalized annually from medical reactions to drugs. These are examples of drug abuse about which the public doesn't read.

The best way to teach children to say no to drugs is to teach them not to gulp down drugs at the first sign of an ache. Until we realize that modern medicines place is to treat *emergencies* and not to treat the correctable conditions with dangerous symptom-relieving drugs, our children will continue to learn to reach for drugs to solve their problems.

Charles A. Krieger
Astoria, New York

I am a student who lives in London with my parents. They are returning to the United States, but I have decided to remain here. Why? Because in the three years that I've lived overseas, I've heard about the U.S.'s zealous zero tolerance drug policy. My use of drugs has in no way impaired my mental or physical capabilities. The only harmful effect I can see from taking drugs is being arrested. I hope that the Bush Administration will right the wrongs of the Reagan Administration.

D. Ewing
London, England

I have worked as a corrections officer for the past ten years and I feel that Georgetown Bennett's plan for decriminalization is a good place to begin alleviating the drug problem ("Blueprint for Decriminalization," *The Playboy Forum*, February). However, I don't believe that we'll ever see drugs legalized for the simple reason that crime would drop to such a low level that Americans would wonder why the Government didn't legalize drugs a long time ago. The vast majority of the convicts I have seen are in prison because of drug-related crimes.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Bennett's article should be required reading for all elected officials and their staffs.

George Brown
Miami, Florida

The army of bureaucrats that William

J. Helmer would set up to oversee the administration of drugs would continue our deplorable tradition of drug laws that perpetuate many of the problems that they are supposed to solve ("Is There Life After Legalization?," *The Playboy Forum*, February). Let's repeal our anti-drug laws and in this single step reduce our drug problems to the level of our alcohol problems.

James D. McCawley
Chicago, Illinois

There are no easy answers to the drug problem—and legalization is certainly not a viable one. The agencies administering a legal drug program would be as outmanned as the ones now trying to stop the use of drugs. Legalization is capitulation.

Please cancel my subscription. I don't want to spend my money on bullshit.

Jerry Schapker
Evansville, Indiana

Helmer and Bennett are two educated Americans who are probably hooked on recreational drugs. I challenge them to be clean for one year and then write another essay about drugs.

Pete Fisher
Lahue, Hawaii

Neither Helmer nor Bennett uses drugs. In fact, judging from the letters we've re-

ceived about drug legalization, the most rabid antilegalization people are the ones who have used drugs extensively. If drugs destroy minds . . . well, draw your own conclusions.

For almost 20 years, I have advocated legalizing drugs for the purpose of controlling their use and limiting the downside of their illegality; that is, gangs, health risks and crime.

Four years ago, I was appointed to the San Mateo County Drug Advisory Board. Members of the board consist of psychologists, doctors, a retired pharmacist, a policeman, a superior-court judge, a therapist and an attorney, among others. The board emphasizes preventing drug use, especially in the schools.

I have had many conversations with others on the board and not one favors legalizing drugs. Their reasoning is, legal drugs are regulated by the Federal Drug Administration for dose and potency. What pot smoker would use legal grass with 50 milligrams of THC when grass with 20 times the potency is available on the street?

Designer drugs would still be produced in illegal laboratories and most likely would not be given FDA approval. Therefore, they would be sold on the street.

Most drug users have an anti-establishment mentality and would probably

FIRST AMENDMENT

AWARDS

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Last year's winners were: Jamie Kalven for Book Publishing, Eric Robert Glitzenstein for Government, Roy Woodruff for Individual Conscience, Rex Armstrong for Law, Herbert Foerstel for Education and David G. Arnett for Print Journalism.

Nomination forms are available through the Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The deadline for nominations is June 5, 1989.

READER RESPONSE (continued)

not buy drugs from Government-approved outlets

In any case, drug availability is only part of the drug-abuse problem. Another part is the pinhead stars and the irresponsible members of the media who promote so many questionable val-

ues. They glamorize lifestyles of self-centered indulgence rather than encouraging family values, education and personal growth.

The *Playboy* Forum provides a wonderful education for those who care to learn. I encourage your readers to become active in local politics and help make their portion of our earth better.

John Spreitz, school psychologist
Burlingame, California

THANKS

The Playboy Foundation and *Playboy* magazine should be commended for their leadership in the fight against AIDS. *Playboy's* involvement raises much-needed money and also raises the public consciousness about this devastating illness.

Daniel Deyer, Director of
Development and Public Relations
Howard Brown Memorial Clinic
Chicago, Illinois

UNITED NATIONS SETTLES BATTLE OF SEXES

By Fred Graver

I don't know about you, but I can think of a few world organizations that could find better ways to spend their time than issuing proclamations about sex. The Vatican is one; the United Nations is another.

That's why it amused me to read that a subcommission of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, assigned to examine "Slavery and Slaverylike Practices," had released a report in Geneva on sexual minorities, and that one of its observations was: There would be fewer lesbians if men were "more affectionate, more attentive and more tactful" and fewer homosexuals if men were less performance-oriented.

I wanted to read this report. I mean, I never miss a chance for self-improvement. Hell, this thing came from the Slavery and Slaverylike Practices Division—it might even describe the kind of things I could imagine Kim Basinger doing.

I hurried over to the UN bookstore. After casually picking up a few publications on international trade and rice production, I nonchalantly asked the woman at the counter for the report. I suggested to her that since it had been written in French and there was an English translation, maybe there was also a Spanish version, one with a lot of photographs.

What a fool I was! There are no good parts in this 34-page document. It gets off to a shaky start, asking, "Are sexual minorities subjected to *de facto* or *de jure* discrimination?" Interesting question, really, but it never gives us an answer. (Just for the record, I'll tell you: You pierce the left ear to be subjected to *de facto*.) Perhaps in order to capture the pure French wisdom vis-à-vis *l'amour*, one should read the report in its original language. But in English, for my money, at least, the thing is just plain dense. Try chewing on this.

"The state has the right, and perhaps also the duty to take, in respect of sexual minorities, precautions similar to those which it takes, without being reproached for it, with regard to any activity likely to present a danger to the natural environment, the human environment or the person engaging in the activity himself (as in the case of fishing, hunting, operation of powered equipment, possession and carrying of weapons, selling of alcoholic beverages and drugs, gambling, etc.)."

Now, I've been over and over that passage. What does it mean? That homosexuals and lesbians should be treated like drunken, chain-saw-wielding hunters? Or that they'd be better accepted if only they acted more like guys out for

a fishing weekend in Tahoe?

It all reads like one of those term papers you whip off when you suddenly remember that the thing was due yesterday. It touches all the bases, avoids specifics and keeps droning on until 30 pages or so have been filled with type I can almost see the gang at the UN sitting there with their eyes glazed over, thinking about how they're going to wangle another junket to Geneva.

The report pulls itself up with a lot of humanistic talk about how we all possess a male and a female side. It even quotes a professor who says, "The normal individual is bisexual without knowing it." From there, we're presented with a scatter-shot summary of gay rights, a rundown on lesbians, the final word on transsexuals—you know, the usual stuff. To the UN's credit, this is the first general report on sex I've read in five years that doesn't quote Dr. Ruth. On the other hand, it's the only one that could have really used her.

Toward the end of this opus—and believe me, I'm sparing you a great deal of nonsense by skipping most of it—the report begins to make its summary: "In considering three sexual minorities (homosexuals, lesbians and transsexuals), we have approached the depths of human nature and have come upon the most disturbing mysteries on which scholars have been unable to shed any light. These facts are very humbling and keep us from making any hard and fast judgments." Not exactly the windup to a stunning conclusion.

And what is its conclusion? Alas, in typical no-punches-pulled style, the report calls for "numerous consultations and lengthy consideration" as a way of solving the whole mess. I smell a hefty payroll here. Committees, subcommittees, special councils, advisors.

But wait. Why should the French get all the glory for this? After all, if the UN wants to start acting as the world's therapist, maybe it should look in its own back yard. Don't Americans handle this kind of thing better? Phil and Oprah could do it with one hand behind their back. I can hear it now:

"Is the caller there?"

"Phil, I just want to say that your countrymen are less than the spittle on Allah's chin."

"That's fine, Colonel Qaddafi . . . but do you have a question?"

Fred Graver is a staff writer for "Late Night with David Letterman."

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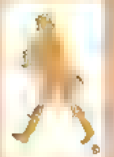
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SUSAN SARANDON

a candid conversation with the unconventional star of "atlantic city" and "bull durham" about sexiness, commitment and life on her terms

The basic point about Susan Sarandon, 42, movie actress, political activist, world class beauty, star of "Bull Durham," "A Dry White Season," "The January Man," "Pretty Baby" and "Atlantic City," is that no one has ever put her into a neat box. And if film stars are, indeed, expected to be narcissistic, career obsessed and dim, then Sarandon busts the stereotype by being intelligent, nonconformist and deeply involved in the world around her. She is the movie star who doggedly lives by her own rules. She owns a modest Greenwich Village apartment and eschews the disgustiveness of Hollywood—a material girl she's not. She picks her movies with no particular career goals in mind but because she happens to like a part or need the money. She is about to bear her second out-of-wedlock child, whose father is Tim Robbins, her "Bull Durham" co-star, a man 12 years her junior.

Beyond her personal iconoclasm, Sarandon is a social activist. Count her in the forefront of those advocating a panoply of high-risk causes, for abortion rights, for the Equal Rights Amendment, for the nuclear freeze, against aid to the Nicaraguan Contras. "She has the best qualities of modern woman," says director Robert Allen Ackerman, who is a good friend of Sarandon's. "Strong, bright, capable, able to take care of herself, but there's room for you, too."

Adds Kevin Costner, her "Bull Durham" co-star, she could be the "Lauren Bacall of her generation. Susan is a throwback to the old actresses—feminine but tough. I don't think we've found out just how good she is."

Actually, Sarandon may well be the avatar of a new style in cinematic sex symbolism. The sex goddesses of the past tended toward youth, coyness and vulnerability. Susan Sarandon is seasoned, smart and self-defined. Men throughout the country seem smitten by her sassiness—and her great looks. Playboy, in 1981, called hers the "Celebrity Breasts of the Summer." Columnist George Will recently named Sarandon one of the earthly items he'd like to take with him on a voyage to another planet. Responded the red-haired actress, "I am very stunned and flattered and glad to learn that the rest of Mr. Will's body is not as conservative as his brain."

Clever one-liners come easily to this star of 24 motion pictures. But it wasn't always so. By her own account, she was a painfully shy child, nee Susan Tomalin, growing up as the oldest of nine in the New Jersey suburb of Metuchen during the Fifties. "I was the most inward, dreamy, suburban little girl there ever was," Sarandon says. "I think I played with dolls until I was practically married." Which she was at the age of 20. At the time a directionless undergraduate at Washington's

Catholic University, she fell in love with an older acting student named Chris Sarandon. Shortly after their wedding, Chris asked his bride if she would accompany him to New York while he auditioned for an agent; he wanted someone friendly to read with him. At the tryout, the agent was impressed by Susan's looks and natural presence and decided to take on both performers as clients. Five days later, Susan was sent to read for a role in "Joe," a projected low-budget film about hippies. Instantly, the lead female part was hers for the taking. Susan Sarandon became a movie star after only five days of trying.

But the career that had come so easily hardly moved forward on a straight line. For much of the Seventies, Sarandon floundered through a weird selection of movies. She was Robert Redford's side kick in "The Great Waldo Pepper," the high camp heroine in "The Other Side of Midnight" and an ingénue in such disasters as "Dragonfly," "Crash" and "The Great Smokey Roadblock." The general Hollywood take on Susan Sarandon was that she was one of those good-looking creatures who would disappear from film in five years' time. Then she took the part of the naive Janet in an odd gothic musical called "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." That film, released in 1975, quickly developed an underground audience of young people



I guess voyeurism is always erotic. But, for me, that scene in "Atlantic City" wasn't particularly erotic. Anyone who would rub lemons on her chest is completely insane. Now I get lemons in the mail."



I've always had my mouth open. I've always made suggestions. On the first film I ever did, I did my own make-up, my own hair and I rewrote the part. I never knew actresses weren't supposed to do that."



PHOTOGRAPH BY GENNO FRIEDMAN

"It's very hard to find someone in one's own age bracket who's available, sane and undamaged. And I don't think it's the fault of guys my age. They've lived through confusing times. Their mothers spoiled them."

who declared it a camp classic. "It thrills me," she said, commenting on an important scene in the film, "that one day my grandchildren may see their grandmother in her half-slip and bra, seducing a monster." With *Rocky Horror*, Susan Sarandon suddenly had a real following. "I'm the Helen Hayes of cult," she quipped.

In the Eighties, Sarandon began landing better roles as the gorgeously sultry mother of Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby*; as Brooke's mother again—this time wily—in *King of the Gypsies*; as the down-and-out clam-bait waitress in *Atlantic City*. Her work in that last film was so impressive that without any studio campaign, her Hollywood colleagues gave her a nomination for the 1982 Best Actress Oscar. There followed choice roles as Catherine Deneuve's love interest in *The Hunger*, as a suburban housewife/detective in *Compromising Positions*, as one of Jack Nicholson's pretty obsessions in *The Witches of Eastwick*. Then, last year, she won national hearts as Annie Savoy, the literate baseball groupie in *Bull Durham*. As Annie says, "I won't sleep with a baseball player hitting under two-fifty, unless he has a lot of R.B.I.s or is a great glove man up the middle. A woman's got to have standards!"

In her own life, Sarandon has been linked to a series of interesting men in a series of untraditional relationships. After her marriage to Chris came apart in the mid Seventies, she lived for several years with French film director Louis Malle, who was also her director in *Pretty Baby* and *Atlantic City*. In the Eighties, she dated several actors—including Christopher Walken and David Bowie. Then, in 1984, she found herself pregnant with the child of Italian director Franco Amurri. Sarandon had always wanted to have children but had been told by her doctor that she was infertile. Rather than lose her chance at motherhood, she decided to have the baby and raise it on her own. "Listen, this is not so different from what most women have to do," she told an interviewer. "Most women have to raise their children pretty much by themselves." What Sarandon did was take her daughter, Eva Maria, with her to movie sets around the world—with stop-offs occasionally in Rome to spend time with Amurri. Then, last year, Sarandon fell in love with Tim Robbins, her *Bull Durham* co-star. She says that she and Robbins are determined to "become a family." They are expecting a child in May.

To get a closer look at this surprising performer, Playboy assigned journalist **Claudio Dreifus** (whose last *Playboy* interview was with Daniel Ortega) to spend a few weeks with her. Here's her report.

"This was the third story in two years I had been asked to do on Susan Sarandon, and I was beginning to think that I might get labeled as her Boswell. But never mind. If one has to spend a lot of time around any one movie star, it may as well be Susan Sarandon. The thing that's most likable about her is that within the confines of a very strange profession, she has managed to hold on to who she is

and not get blitzed out on all the glamor and hype—she definitely doesn't believe the press releases about herself. Many actors say that they are ambivalent about fame, but Susan really is. She's not crazy about seeing the most private aspects of her life—such as the news of her baby with Robbins—turn up in the tabloids. On the other hand, she's really quite glad to use her celebrity to publicize political issues she feels strongly about.

"Another likable thing about Susan is that she leads a real life: She goes to the supermarket. She picks up Eva Maria from school. She attends P.T.A. meetings. She has leaks in her kitchen. Her apartment is a chaotic two-bedroom place on a nice-enough block in Greenwich Village. It is not a huge or luxurious flat—not movie star-ish, Cher would think it a closet.

"Actually, I think Susan personifies many of the experiences that women our age have lived through. She grew up in the spiritual desert that was the Fifties, became a political activist in the Sixties and a feminist in the Seventies. For her, political liberation was sexual liberation—and one gets the sense of her as a free spirit who likes men but who also knows how she wants to live with them.

*"It has always been
my fantasy to be
everything sexy,
smart, fun-loving
and fragile—all at
the same time."*

"In interviews, she doesn't like to talk specifics about her love affairs. Nor does she like to recount war stories from her life in Hollywood. 'I want to be the woman who doesn't tell all,' she has quipped. Still, with prodding and reasoning, she eventually gave more of herself to this interview than she expected to.

"But, actually, generosity is part of Susan's nature. Whenever there was a free moment during the weeks that we were doing the interview, she was serving food to the homeless at a soup kitchen, packing medical supplies at a warehouse to be sent to Nicaraguan hurricane victims, speaking at rallies to support Democratic Party candidates or trucking off to a meeting of MADRE, the woman-to-woman humanitarian-assistance organization that is her favorite charity. What was particularly nice about the way Susan functioned was that most of the time, she didn't do it as a star but as a citizen. Susan is really a Sixties person who hasn't given up. The fact that she happens to be a movie star is incidental."

PLAYBOY: To start with what all America wants to know, what were your sincere feelings back in 1981 upon being named

Playboy's "Celebrity Breasts of the Year"?

SARANDON: I was named "Celebrity Breasts of the Summer." And I thought it was great. But I often wonder who held the title in the fall or winter.

PLAYBOY: Why are people so obsessed with your breasts? Even Cher mentions them in interviews.

SARANDON: I don't know. My breasts are highly overrated. I just read an article about Kim Basinger, in which the writer said that although she's fabulous, the best breasts in the business have always been attributed to me. The nicest thing I've ever heard about my breasts was said to me by a fan: "You have the kind of breasts I could take home to my mother."

PLAYBOY: The scene a lot of men say they'll never forget is in *Atlantic City*, when you rub lemon juice on your body in front of a window as Burt Lancaster looks at you.

SARANDON: Well, I guess voyeurism is always erotic. But, for me, that scene wasn't particularly erotic. Anyone who would rub lemons on her chest is completely insane. Believe me, it's very uncomfortable. I just tried to be as matter-of-fact as possible about it. I remember saying to Louis [Malle, the director of *Atlantic City* and, at the time, Sarandon's off-screen lover], "This scene should be shown as ordinary. It should be done only because she wants to get the smell of fish off her body."

I just wish I had rubbed something else on me so people would give me something other than lemons for the rest of my life. At restaurants, people are always sending me lemons. I get them in the mail. Now if I had just bathed myself in Dom Perignon or in money, my life would probably be much different today.

PLAYBOY: How are things for you today?

SARANDON: This is an interesting moment in my life. I've just turned down a movie job for a million dollars. It would have raised my fee to a level I've long been seeking. The timing would have been excellent. I'm pregnant right now, and I *love* to work when I'm pregnant. When I was pregnant with Eva, I did *Compromising Positions*, and that worked out terrifically. Afterward, there was all this time to rest and some money in the bank.

But this million-dollar film just offered me was another case of its really being the male actor's movie. The female part wasn't finished, and they couldn't tell me exactly what it would be. I just couldn't get into one more situation like that. It's scary, this decision. Believe me, I could have used that money. I also worry that I'm not making use of the heat from *Bull Durham*.

PLAYBOY: Tim Robbins, the actor who plays the young pitcher in *Bull Durham*, is the father of your baby, isn't he?

SARANDON: That's true, but if you'll forgive me, I don't want to say more. I'm superstitious about talking about relationships I'm in. I will tell you that we intend to be a family. I'm entering this expecting we will fight to the death to make this work.

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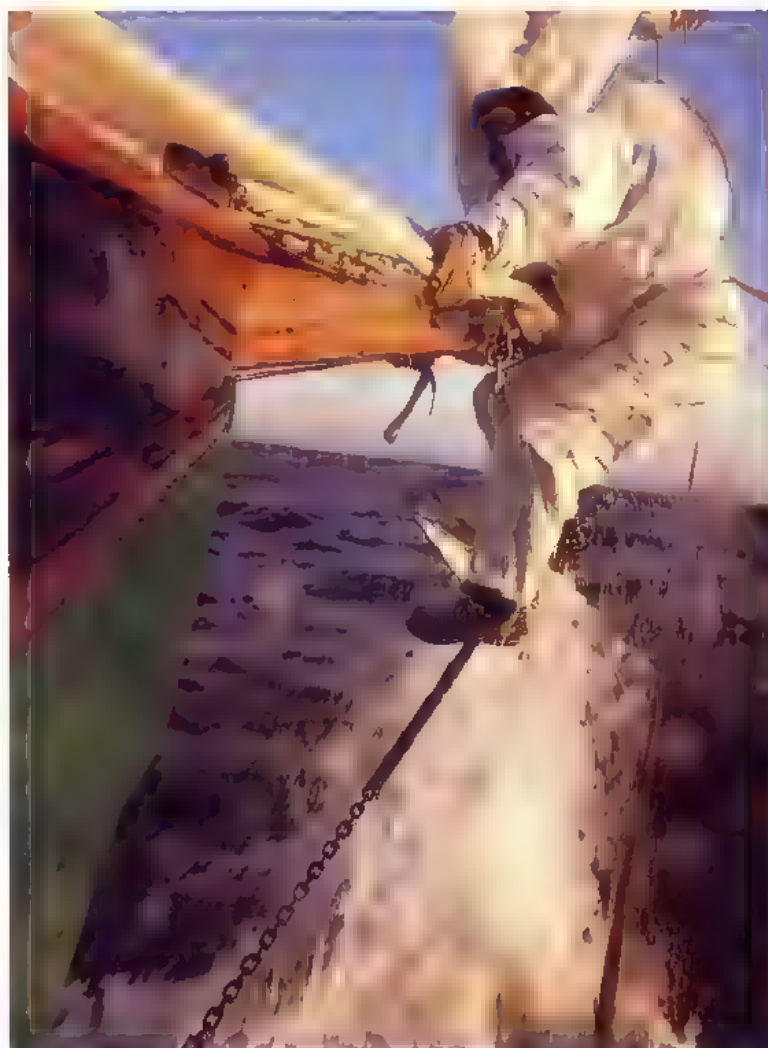
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PLAYBOY: Are you and Robbins planning on marrying?

SARANDON: Frankly, I don't think that has anything to do with being a family. We haven't even discussed it. It's certainly not high on my list of priorities. I'm someone who likes making commitments because I want to, not because I have to. I like in-the-moment, constant commitment. I think you take each other less for granted.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Robbins together when you made *Bull Durham*?

SARANDON: No. We weren't together at that point.

PLAYBOY: You got together after the movie was finished?

SARANDON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Can we ask—

SARANDON: No! You cannot ask.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's switch from the men in your life to the women. Cher told us that you and she are kind of close friends. Is that true?

SARANDON: Well, I consider Cher a friend, but I don't see her a lot and we don't have a lot in common. I respect her. And I know she would always be there for me. Certainly, when you go through an experience like *Witches of Eastwick*, there's a kind of trench-war friendship that's formed. All of us bonded pretty closely after that.

PLAYBOY: Three years after the filming of *The Witches of Eastwick*, we still hear about what a horror it was to work on. Why?

SARANDON: It was *something*. I don't believe in telling tales out of school, so I won't give you specific anecdotes. I don't believe in rating—even on rats. Let's just say that they kept *changing* things: scenes, parts, endings. They kept trying to come up with a different ending. A movie that was supposed to take three months to make took six, and there was a certain amount of disagreement between the producers and myself about paying me overtime.

As for Cher, Michelle Pfeiffer and me, we weren't even called women—we were "girls." And "the girls" were all kind of lumped together. Looking back now, the whole project seemed out of control. The big-re-ups couldn't vent any negativity on Jack Nicholson. So we "girls" were next in line.

PLAYBOY: How could anyone "vent negativity" on three powerful actresses?

SARANDON: Well, when you're an actress who works on a movie, you don't have a vote. I certainly bore the brunt of most of what went down. I was the one whose part and per diem were taken away. The part I thought I was going to play was taken away from me a few days before we started—against my will. Suddenly, I was a character called Jane and had to learn to play the cello. When we started, we didn't even have a script. I had no wardrobe.

PLAYBOY: Did you at least learn something from the experience?

SARANDON: Yes. There came a moment when I had to decide whether or not to

leave the film—which would have meant I couldn't have worked for a while. Instead, I said "Fuck em. I'm going to enjoy myself from here on." The production was totally out of control, but I just flowed with it. At one point, Cher said to me, "I don't understand. How can you be dealing with this? Have you lived with a crazy person before or something?" Come to think about it, I can't imagine how *anything* I learned there could be useful—except maybe for gun-running.

PLAYBOY: There's a story going around Hollywood that whenever the *Witches* producers ran some unpleasant number on Jack Nicholson, he'd demand that another telephone be installed in his trailer. By the time the movie was over, he was falling over a pile of phones.

SARANDON: Jack's great! There's no getting around it. Jack has some *bold* moves. I want my daughter to grow up and be just like him [laughs]. He has heart and he's original. He's generous. He's courageous. I mean, I can't think of any better role model—though [laughs] I'm glad I don't live with him.

PLAYBOY: With all the madness that went on during *Witches*, why didn't you do what many movie stars might have done—toss your weight around, make a few unreasonable demands of your own?

SARANDON: That's not my style. I'm not very comfortable with stalking off sets and keeping people waiting. But I did it with *Witches*. We had gone into weeks of overtime. Things were pretty much out of hand. My daughter and her father came to the set for lunch. [Producer] Jon Peters threw Franco [Amurri] and my child off the set during the lunch break. Peters then sent out a memo about how the set was completely closed, how no one was allowed on it because we were losing so much time.

Not too long after that, one of the MGM executives and his wife and some other people came through. I said, "Hey, what's this?" And Peters said, "Yeah, but that's so-and-so." So I walked off and left the set. **PLAYBOY:** Despite the fact that there's no love lost between you and Peters, you are frequently confused with his ex-wife, actress Lesley Ann Warren. She has said she constantly gets your fan mail.

SARANDON: Oh, does she? [Laughs] I wonder if she answers it. She's probably better at being me than I am.

PLAYBOY: Why the mix-up?

SARANDON: I guess we look like each other. We once did an AIDS benefit and we spent the whole evening standing next to each other, so that people would see that there were really two of us.

PLAYBOY: If *Witches* has been your worst professional experience, what has been your best?

SARANDON: *Bull Durham*. Without question. Working on that movie restored my faith in passion, poetry and team playing. In the past few films I had done before that, I'd been pretty badly treated. On *Bull Durham*, the team worked together and

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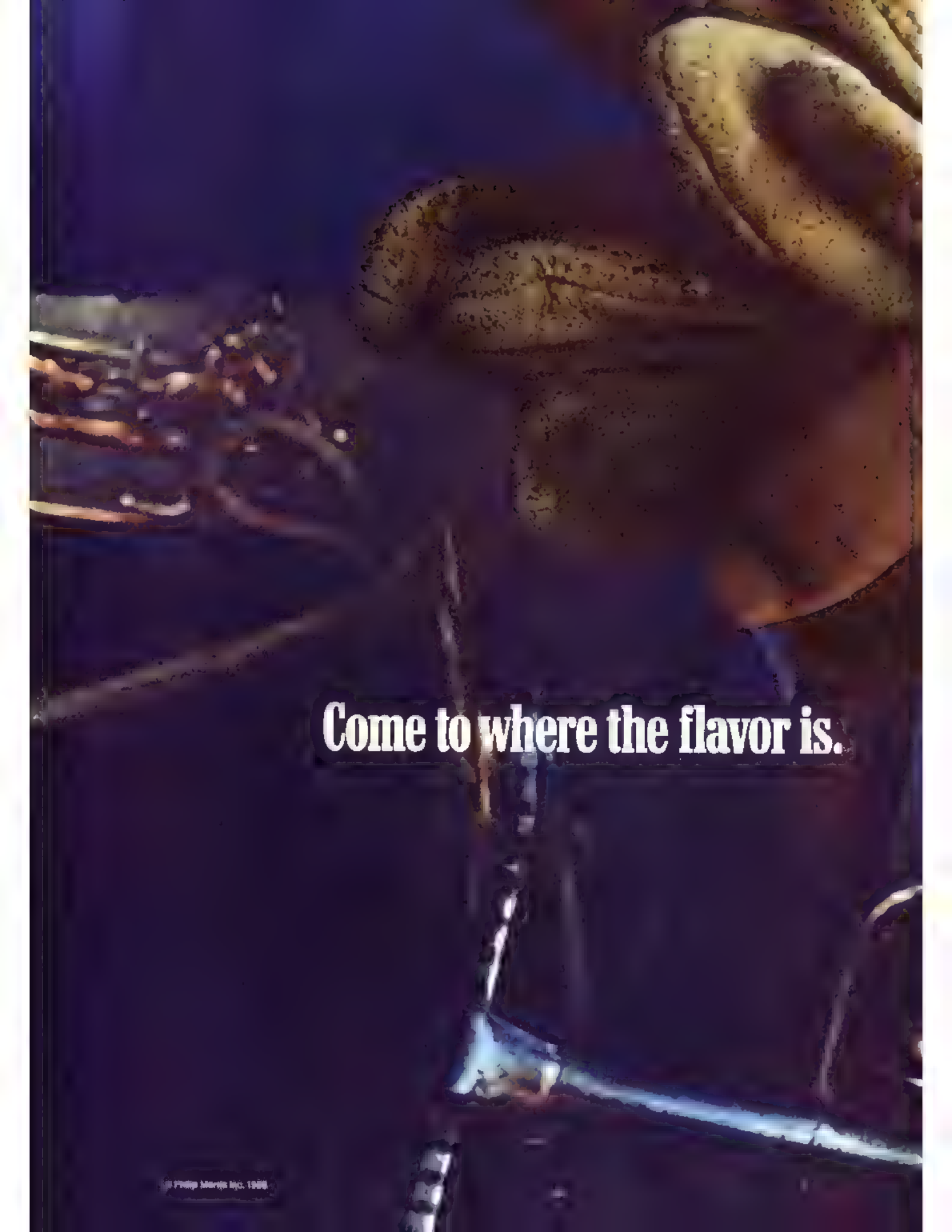


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refused to become susceptible to manipulation from the outside. Everyone was treated as an equal. We were respected. We were generous with one another.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that was?

SARANDON: Perhaps it had to do with the mentality of the project itself. In *Witches*, there was the Devil and then there were these three gals, who, put together, made one leading lady. *Bull Durham* was about full, actualized people. I loved that movie. Ron Shelton, the director, really trusted me with a lot of his heart. Annie Savoy, my character, is a composite of a lot of the real women in Ron's life.

PLAYBOY: Annie Savoy was considered a movie breakthrough. She is an older heroine—already unusual—and she is aggressively sexy without being punished for it. In the old movie cliché, the sexy woman pays for her sexiness with some kind of punishment.

SARANDON: Yeah, it's strange. I've read that Annie is every man's fantasy. But I think she is a female fantasy, too. I mean, it has always been my fantasy to be everything—sexy, smart, fun-loving and fragile—all at the same time. The way I saw Annie was as a high priestess. She is as straightforward as any guy. At the same time, she is fragile, because she really wants to believe.

PLAYBOY: Believe in what?

SARANDON: In everything from the Church to baseball to love. Annie is some-

one who always keeps looking.

PLAYBOY: Of the characters you've played in your twenty-four movies, is Annie the closest to your own character?

SARANDON: I'd love to think so. Yes, she's certainly the first character I felt was large enough for me to just jump in, fill her up and let her take me somewhere. What I usually have to do is take a smaller person and put in a lot of myself to expand her.

PLAYBOY: There's some fairly explicit sex in *Bull Durham*. Would Annie use condoms?

SARANDON: That came up as an issue. Actually, I'm sure she uses them, though the movie wasn't about making such a point.

PLAYBOY: Well, this is the age of AIDS—and Annie Savoy gets around quite a bit.

SARANDON: No, she doesn't! One guy a season! That's not so much!

PLAYBOY: Ok. Let's talk about what Annie does with one guy. Those sex scenes with Kevin Costner turned a lot of viewers on.

SARANDON: That's what we had in mind. They are not Kevin and me futzing around, groping each other. We *knew* what we were trying to say. That's why I touch his bruise and that's why I kiss his face and that's why he doesn't rip my clothes off. What we're saying is, "These two people have really found each other."

We put the sex into an emotional context. There's a wonderful scene in the kitchen. Kevin and I eat together, we laugh together, we read together. He carries me upstairs and then he starts to undress me.

At one point in the filming, Ron thought maybe we should do all the sex scenes downstairs, because we were under incredible time pressure to finish the movie.

At first it was suggested we stay downstairs and that Kevin should just throw me on the floor. But God bless Kevin, he said, "No, no, no. This has to be romantic." He was completely right. Kevin will make a great director someday. His instincts are wonderfully on target.

PLAYBOY: Actors often say sex scenes are actually boring to do.

SARANDON: Well, these *were* boring. Kevin and I were good friends, too. Kevin's a fairly modest guy, so it wasn't easy for him. But no, it never got boring, because we were doing a lot more than just rolling around on the bed. What's wrong with most movie sex scenes is that they are not scripted; they have no purpose. Actors are just photographed in embarrassing positions. But we were really *acting*—and what we were doing was important in the context of the story.

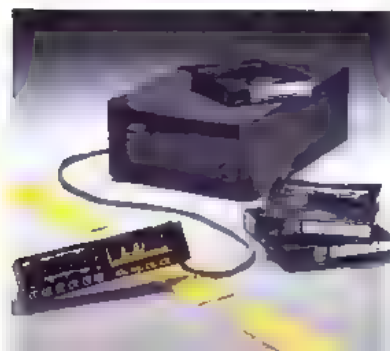
PLAYBOY: How did Tim Robbins feel about those scenes?

SARANDON: As I said, we weren't together at that time. But I remember my brothers came to visit me on the set, and there were a bunch of people watching the dailies of those scenes. Everyone was uncomfortable watching them—including Kevin, who couldn't sit down. In the dailies, you could see a lot of things that were edited out.

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later. So we were all looking at this footage and it was too erotic, too exposed, and we all went, "Oh, nooo!"

PLAYBOY: We're surprised by your shyness. *Bull Durham* wasn't your first movie sex scene. Movie fans remember *The Hunger*, in which you and Catherine Deneuve made love—and film history. Very explicit, wasn't it?

SARANDON: Yes, it was. But, again, it was justified. Actually, that *was* the first sex scene I'd ever done in a movie. I'd never been touched on screen before. Yes, I'd been in some pretty famous erotic scenes in terms of images—*Pretty Baby*, *Atlantic City*—but I had never been *touched*. As you may remember, in *Pretty Baby*, I was just sitting there talking about my breasts, touching my nipples, with Brooke Shields sitting at the end of a divan.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any reluctance about doing an explicit lesbian love scene?

SARANDON: Not with such a scene per se. Rather, with how it was first presented to me. When we began shooting *The Hunger*, I said to Tony Scott, the director, that it seemed to me that what happens before and after sex is more interesting than what people do in bed.

Now, in *The Hunger*, what the script originally had was a scene where we were talking and, next thing, we were deep in bed, doing something to each other. I complained: "This isn't real. When do they first touch?" So I constructed a huge scene

where I spilled something on my blouse and handed it to Catherine, she handed me something to put on and that was the first time we touched. People tell me that they've found that little moment quite memorable.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel any inhibitions?

SARANDON: No. But certainly, if I was going to sleep with a woman, it was nice that it was someone as beautiful as Catherine Deneuve. What I objected to was in the original script: They made my character drunk and she was "taken" by Catherine. I objected to the writers' apologizing for the sex. I didn't want my character to be a victim. I felt it would be much more interesting for it to be mutual. So I changed that scene.

Actually, this was a first time for both of us and we were somewhat nervous. But we liked each other and we did our best to kid each other. Interestingly, after a few days of shooting those scenes, not only did the crew get bored with us—completely uninterested—but it got easier and easier for us to do. It was *not* so aesthetically difficult. I here have been scenes I've had to do with men that were *much* more difficult. No, don't ask. I won't say who and when.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you've always felt free to tell your directors of the changes you've wanted in your roles.

SARANDON: I've always had my mouth open. Whether people listened to me or not, I don't know. But I've always made

suggestions. On the first film I ever did, *Joe*, in 1969, I did my own make-up, my own hair and I rewrote the part. There was a scene where I was supposed to suddenly cry that made no sense to me. So I added a line that triggered something. I never knew actresses weren't *supposed* to do that.

PLAYBOY: You and Louis Malle lived together for several years. Some people in the film business say your career would have gone more smoothly if the relationship had lasted.

SARANDON: Well, what about *his* career?

PLAYBOY: The two of you made some great movies together; don't you think?

SARANDON: Yes, I think we worked pretty well together, though I don't know about my career. Certainly, for my life, it was a necessary experience. And I think it's unfortunate that . . . I mean, if everyone in this business stopped working with people they'd lived with or had affairs with, *we'd be at a complete standstill!* But I guess it's simpler this way. It's unfortunate. He's a very talented man.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the good work you both did in that period was the result of your living together?

SARANDON: If you're with someone who's your director, there are pluses and minuses. It's great to work with somebody you're in love with. It's exciting if you can feed him and he can feed you. If you trigger ideas in each other, there's nothing more



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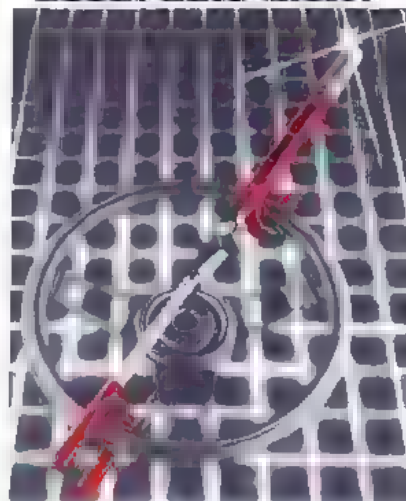
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sexy or interesting. But it's also difficult when you're with The Director. If the going gets rough on the set, the person he'll lash out against is one who won't walk off. You had yourself in a situation where if you didn't have to go home at night with that person, you might walk off the project. Instead, you go home and make the tuna melts.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Malle [who is now married to Candice Bergen] still friends?

SARANDON: I haven't spoken— No. I wouldn't say we were friends. Not at all. I haven't pursued it and I don't think he has, either. I'm still very close to his children.

PLAYBOY: People who know you say you've remained on good terms with *all* the important men in your life—except Malle.

SARANDON: I guess that's true. But with Louis, it wasn't my doing. I don't hold grudges. I don't know how he feels. I do think he is a gifted director.

PLAYBOY: So, no regrets?

SARANDON: No. I'm someone who thinks that one's life is like a quilt, you have chapters, different panels, and each panel is valuable and necessary. I value that time, however frustrating or intense, because I learned from it. But as for kissing and telling on each panel, I've sworn never to write a book.

No, maybe I will write a book—about all the men I *could* have slept with and didn't.

PLAYBOY: An interesting idea. Who might be the stars of such a book?

SARANDON: Well, for starters, guys who rejected my friendship because they only wanted sex. There's one guy in particular who was forever trying to get me into bed, and I remember once saying to him, "Listen, can't we just be friends?" And he kept pressuring and pressuring me. Now this was someone who was wonderful and very funny and everything. So I said to him, "All right, look. I will sleep with you once and then I'll never see you again." He said, "Fine with me—let's do it." I thought, What a jerk! You're not smart enough to see that you're throwing away an incredible resource in exchange for one night.

PLAYBOY: Did you end up keeping your end of the bargain?

SARANDON: No, because I was so disillusioned. I wasn't interested.

PLAYBOY: But to get back to the question, how *do* you manage to stay good friends with your ex-lovers and ex-husband?

SARANDON: Please—there haven't been thousands. Yes, my ex-husband, Chris Sarandon, and I are very good friends. He was my first time out. Whatever changes we went through, we left behind our youth. In general, I don't see the end as The End. It *can* grow into something else.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

SARANDON: Like a special jewel in your life that you value and adore but don't necessarily. . . . For instance, there's a man now I'm passionately in love with. It was just impossible when we were together. It's much easier now to talk to each other and even say, "I love you." I hear from him constant-

ly. And because we're not dependent on each other, we're able to care for each other more than we did when we were thrashing around, trying to figure out what we were doing. Ours was one of those romances that are completely unavoidable and yet cannot happen, for a number of reasons. But now he'll call and say, "You're the only one I've ever loved," then he'll hang up.

PLAYBOY: How does this mysterious Mr. X who loves you so much, feel about your being with Tim Robbins?

SARANDON: He's supportive. I think everyone has to have confidence in the fact that he is uniquely special to you—and that's it. The man I'm with certainly knows that and understands it. Besides, I think you have to allow people those jewels in their lives. You can't take that away from people.

Life goes by so quickly. Jealousy is something everyone feels, but you don't have to act on it. I'm not a very possessive person. In order to have my freedom, I back off to make sure that I'm *not* being possessive. I just don't indulge in it myself, because it doesn't lead anywhere. And I'm not in any way talking about open marriages or wife swapping, the logistics of which I've never understood. I just think I should be able to go to lunch or dinner with someone I've been with in the past. That shouldn't be a big deal. Nor should I have any objections to my partner's doing the same thing.

PLAYBOY: How does all this work out with a child? You and Franco Amurri have a daughter, Eva. Does she understand these relationships?

SARANDON: I think it's very important for her to have her father in her life, and however frustrated either Franco or I get with each other, she's never seen us be anything but warm and affectionate to each other. When she gets older, she will want an explanation of why things are the way they are and what happened. And we will have to deal with it then.

PLAYBOY: Is that arrangement satisfactory to Amurri, too?

SARANDON: No. I think it's difficult for everyone concerned. But it's just something grown-up people have to be able to take.

PLAYBOY: Will he be able to take it now that you're pregnant with another man's child?

SARANDON: Well, *women* seem to be able to do this all the time. I was living with a man who had two children with two women. And while I was with him, we would all be together in this enormous house for the holidays. It took me a while not to be intimidated by the children. But we were incredibly generous with one another. We all understood that on the holidays, it was important for everybody to be together. And it never occurred to me to demand anything different, because it was clear that these kids needed their mother and father during the holidays. So it was up to us to accommodate.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Amurri plan your child together?

SARANDON: When I found out I was pregnant, I was absolutely determined to go

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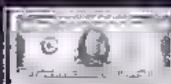
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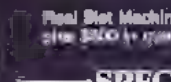
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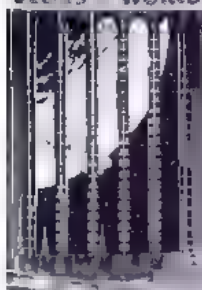
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ahead with it—with or without. So I basically said, "This is what I'm doing. You think about it, because if you want to participate, it would be great." That was how it started—it was pretty loose. Was I ever frightened about doing it alone? I think probably *no*. I wasn't supposed to be able to have children. I just felt that I was enormously lucky to be pregnant. Eva was a miracle. I also think that, in these times, any woman who decides to have a child has to know, in her mind, that she would have it *with or without a man*. Because, in the end, you're the one who's the mainstay for that child.

PLAYBOY: But this pregnancy is different for you, isn't it?

SARANDON: Yes. Now, with another baby coming, and a man who is going to take responsibility, I'm faced with the question of becoming a part of a family. That's *much* more frightening to me. It's more frightening to me to try to make it work.

PLAYBOY: Since you are a feminist, have you and Tim discussed matters such as sharing roles within the home?

SARANDON: Tim and I don't really have to talk much about that stuff, because he has an advantage—he's not my age! He was raised by a very strong woman and received the benefits of a feminist upbringing. Tim's not sexist in the least. He was raised by a working mom, a strong mom, and I think he has great respect for women. Besides the obvious reasons women may want to be with younger men, this is one of them. There's a remarkable difference between men in their thirties and men in their forties.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more. Your feeling that younger men are more compatible seems to be shared by other women.

SARANDON: And why shouldn't it be? Any person who's of a different generation from you has an ear to different sounds, different art, different everything. It's like getting an infusion, in terms of ideas. There's no point in being with someone younger if his favorite group is the Beatles, is there?

PLAYBOY: Or if he thinks of you as some kind of wonderful Sixties relic.

SARANDON: Right. I wouldn't want that. I just think there are some people in their twenties and thirties who are remarkable. Tim is a great combination of irreverence and traditional values, which is great!

But I happen to have found an exceptional younger man. It's very hard to find someone in one's own age bracket who's available, sane, open-minded and undamaged. And I don't think this is all the fault of guys in my age bracket. They've lived through confusing times. Their mothers spoiled them. They also had to bear the brunt of some of the more strident aspects of the feminist movement. So these poor guys have been getting mixed signals. They were used to women who used backhanded manipulation to get their way. Then, suddenly, women said, "We don't want that, we want to be out

front!" Suddenly, women were giving up everything that they could get by cajoling and whining and fainting.

Women, too, have been bewildered by all the changes. Women have not presented a unified front about our changing roles. So I think men are bewildered and angry about the changing rules of the sexual game "What does a woman want?" as Sigmund Freud asked. That's really what *Witches of Eastwick* is about. On the other hand, a lot of men aren't listening.

PLAYBOY: Some moviegoers are going to see your relationship with Robbins as ironic. In *Bull Durham*, the Costner character warns the Robbins character about you, "She only wants you because she can boss you around."

SARANDON: Well, I couldn't be with a man I could boss around! There wouldn't be any fun in it at all.

PLAYBOY: You used to pick older men, genius types, to be with. When did that stop being interesting for you?

SARANDON: Oh, a few years ago. My experiences with geniuses is that good people can be clever and somewhat gifted, but "genius" seems to apply mostly to those who don't have integrated personalities, who are not burdened by other people's feelings. Which allows them an incredible amount of concentration on their own goals. Some of those people become so predictable, because they are locked into their own self-indulgent behavior, that, really, there's no sense of cause and effect. So, eventually, it becomes boring.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you stay too long in relationships?

SARANDON: I guess as you get older, you start to recognize the *wrong* things more quickly and you leave more quickly. But certainly, yes, I do have a tendency to try to make things work and I try to stay. Then I cross over a line and there's absolutely no way to remedy the situation.

PLAYBOY: Is Robbins the first person since Chris with whom you have felt safe enough to make a serious commitment?

SARANDON: I don't know if I ever felt safe. Well, maybe in my marriage . . . I don't know. We'll see. I think one of the big problems a lot of women have is defining why they would *want* to share the medicine cabinet with anyone. A lot of us don't really need men the way we did. We're economically independent. We know who we are.

I think the question of "why" has to be redefined. In my case, I need somebody who helps me feel safer, who keeps me honest—but most of all, a companion. The man I'm with has to be someone who's up for The Adventure, who brings you the odd idea—it's not just you taking care of him. There has to be real give-and-take in terms of rejuvenation, or there's no point. I think if the hard times are *interesting* hard times, that's fine, if they open doors, that's OK. What you owe each other is to make the world more interesting, because I don't think you're ever less alone when you're *with someone*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you marry Sarandon?

SARANDON: It was a friendship marriage, definitely a friendship marriage. He was about four years older than I. We met in the Sixties at Catholic University in Washington, where we were both studying. He really introduced me to everything from foreign black-and-white films to poetry. And he was gentle. When we met, I thought he knew everything. He was a real guide, a true teacher. That's why I've kept his name, which may be rather un-feminist of me.

I've always been grateful to him for his love and support at that time in my life. I've always felt that we were a little like Hansel and Gretel in the forest. For a while, we had a perfect little house, a garden. I baked bread. It was lovely. I credit him with providing a nurturing atmosphere where I could finally step out and start to explore.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have to marry to get that? In the Sixties, many people were rejecting traditional forms.

SARANDON: It would have been very hard to stay at Catholic University if we had been living together. It just seemed like the easiest thing to do. And we went into it with the understanding that we would renew every year. So I suppose it was a contract made by two people who weren't really qualified. But we made our own special contract.

PLAYBOY: You really never planned to be an actress, did you?

SARANDON: I was studying all kinds of things at college: military strategy, theater. I did some modeling in those days—not because I wanted to be a model but because it was a good way to pay off debts. I had never had acting lessons or anything like that. But I got my first movie job when Chris went to New York to audition for an agent—and he asked me to read with him at the audition. The agent ended up signing both of us. I must have been twenty at the time.

Not too long after that audition, they sent me out for a reading for this movie, *Joe*. There I was asked to do an "improvisation," and I said, "What's an improvisation?" Then they explained it to me, so I did something about drugs. On the spot, they told me I had the job. So I thought, forget about modeling; this acting thing is *fabulous*—it's so easy.

PLAYBOY: And you had it easy, compared with most actresses.

SARANDON: You're right. Compared with most. And, as you know, *Joe* was a big hit. From then on, I worked on a soap opera and a lot of work just came to me. I got the ingenue part in *The Great Waldo Pepper*, with Robert Redford. I never really went to California, even after I had made a number of films. I thought it all was a lark and fairly amusing. It wasn't for many years that I started to want to get my hands on really good work and that I understood that acting was what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were lucky that

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you didn't take your career too seriously?

SARANDON: Oh, yeah. After all, being a movie star is not world disarmament. It's certainly not like finding a cure for the HIV virus. And it is something where maintaining a life, maintaining some kind of integrity, not becoming a joke to yourself after twenty years in the business, is real tough.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

SARANDON: When you're an actress, your value system comes under close scrutiny, because you're getting paid a lot of money to do something that's quite special and, at the same time, quite silly. If you become difficult—which often makes you powerful—people respect you, and you can find that you are no longer listening to others, no longer learning. It's easy to repeat yourself over and over until you become a paler version of who you originally were. A lot of actors have become caricatures of themselves, because that's what America does. The culture gets a product that works and then makes it bigger and bigger. No one examines the model.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your early success, did Chris say, "What's this? I took you to that audition to help me and now you're a bigger star than I am"?

SARANDON: Not at all. Chris was working constantly in the theater. He was doing musicals. His first film was *Dog Day Afternoon*. But he always worked. He did *The Rothschilds* on Broadway and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I made more money than he did because I was doing movies, but that hardly was a problem.

PLAYBOY: When did you have what you call your "identity crisis," your emotional breakdown?

SARANDON: Around the time I did *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* [1975]. Now, I've always said, if you're going to have a nervous breakdown, you should get sick first, because it really helps to lose a lot of weight and not be sleeping and be very thin and things like that. That gets you really primed. And that's what happened to me. I had pneumonia.

In fact, I fell into an abyss. I felt I was in a world that suddenly had no absolutes, and the structure of the world, the whys and wherefores of how things worked, were completely challenged. It didn't feel to me as if I were letting myself go crazy. It felt to me as if I'd had my eyes opened. I had to learn that love doesn't conquer all. People can actually be evil. And there are things you don't have control over, no matter how good you are.

PLAYBOY: Was there someone in your life who was evil to you?

SARANDON: That doesn't really matter. A lot of things happened. You know, one of the things I'm being very careful not to press upon my daughter is the idea that if you're a good little girl, everything is going to turn out all right. She has to know that if something goes wrong, it's not necessarily her fault. But if you're raised thinking that the system is controllable, that if you do ev-

erything right, you will be rewarded, it is very upsetting to find out that's not true.

PLAYBOY: Were you raised, as a Catholic, to be a little saint?

SARANDON: No, to be a big saint. But also with this idea that there was a plan, that God knew what He was doing, that He took care of the good people and punished the bad.

PLAYBOY: So when you encountered evil, what happened to you?

SARANDON: You want to know the actual manifestations of what happened when I had my breakdown?

PLAYBOY: Well, it may help others who find themselves in a similar situation.

SARANDON: I lost my hearing. I lost periods of time. I didn't know how I had gotten where I lost a lot of weight. When I looked in a mirror, I didn't know who was looking at whom. I saw myself outside myself. I talked about myself in the third person. It was fairly dramatic.

I had never allowed myself the time to really fall apart before. So when it finally got hold of me, it was very strong. Before that, there had always been someone for me to be taking care of. I kept postponing my own crisis, so it became very large.

PLAYBOY: So how did you get out of your identity crisis?

SARANDON: I had a fabulous doctor who didn't hospitalize me—and who didn't drug me. I did go to a hospital at one point, but I didn't want to stay. I just thought it would be too easy. I was also afraid of—losing my magic, which, strangely enough, I learned later is what Blanche Dubois felt. **PLAYBOY:** Meaning that if you were taken care of in a womblike world—

SARANDON: You'd never leave. Actually, once I came face to face with the demons, I got better pretty quickly. I have very close friends who've had similar serious breaks. I think it's a voyage that needs to be taken.

PLAYBOY: How did you know that you'd come out of it—or that you'd want to?

SARANDON: I thought, ultimately, it would be boring to stay in. Also, I knew it wasn't completely within my control. When you find out that you don't know what you've done for the past two hours, that you've been walking somewhere and haven't been able to hear a thing.

The scary thing was finding out if there were any absolutes. Was love an absolute? Because it became very clear to me in that heightened state that I could make just about anything happen. I could even see events that were happening far away. I thought I was having psychotic episodes, but we verified that in several cases those things were actually happening. So it was kind of a mind-expanding drug, in a way. It was quite an extraordinary trip.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious?

SARANDON: Well, I was raised Catholic and I went to parochial schools. Now I'm religious in a very pantheistic way. I have problems when religion gets institutionalized. Attending parochial school definitely killed it for me. I had problems with origi-

nal sin, for instance—I was told I had an overabundance of it.

When I was in the third grade, I remember being made to stand out in the hallway because they were teaching us that anyone married outside the Catholic Church was not really married. I had said, "How could Joseph and Mary be married if Jesus didn't make that up till he was grown up?" I wasn't trying to be a wise ass. I really wanted to know!

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your family—the Tomahans of Metuchen, New Jersey.

SARANDON: I was a suburban kid. There were nine kids and I was the eldest. We're all pretty eccentric and individualistic, and we've all fought our demons, each in individual ways. As I was growing up, I wasn't incredibly close to my brothers and sisters. The next one down was three years younger, so I was like the parent. It wasn't an unhappy childhood, but I did feel isolated.

PLAYBOY: Was that because there were so many of you?

SARANDON: There were a lot of us, sure. Nine kids is a lot of kids. It was chaos.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you were beautiful?

SARANDON: I don't think I ever felt that way. That I had *presence* was something that came to me only in college. I was in a play—Shakespeare. They needed people to fill the scene when the king said something. I remember going down center stage, and when I was revealed, the audience went, "Ohhhhh . . ." That was the first inkling I got that something could happen between me and anybody watching. Now, I always saw myself as symmetrical and being blessed with a fairly good figure, naturally. I've never worked out. I never did any of those things.

PLAYBOY: So you never felt burdened by too much beauty?

SARANDON: No, I'm not the person to talk to about that problem. As I've said, I've never really seen myself as knockdown gorgeous. You should talk to Michelle Pfeiffer. She's someone who's been burdened by being extraordinarily beautiful from the time she was a skinny kid. Me, I was just a skinny kid. I think of myself as the kind of person who grows on you after a while, not a head turner on the street.

PLAYBOY: Do you like your looks better now in your middle age?

SARANDON: In my *maturity*. I like the fact that I look like some living has gone on there. Oh, sure, there are times when I think, Oh, God, why didn't they use more filters on that shot? They could have helped me out a bit. But, at the same time, I'm very pleased that my reviews mention some mixture of intelligence and sensuality. I'm so flattered and proud because this seems to be a wonderful way to come of age. I remember seeing Melina Mercouri for the first time when I was a kid. And I thought, Who is this woman? She was so completely un-Hollywood. And then I discovered Anna Magnani, and I remember thinking, God, if I can grow up to have

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that much going on and be that strong and, at the same time, that vulnerable. You know, isn't that what a woman's about?

PLAYBOY: These women are European. Not many American movie stars have those qualities.

SARANDON: Well, for years, everyone has been saying that I'm a European star. I always thought that meant I was in movies for which I didn't get paid a lot.

PLAYBOY: You're also well known as a political activist. You are outspoken on a lot of unpopular causes. What is the source of your social concern?

SARANDON: Selfishness! My political involvements stem from a position of survival—and I define survival in a fairly broad way. It's not that I have a big heart. I just have a large fear. I fear my civil rights being removed. I fear nuclear war. I fear American democracy's being worn away by illegal, undeclared wars. I fear losing friends to a terrible disease like AIDS. That's where my activism starts.

PLAYBOY: Have you lost friends to AIDS?

SARANDON: Oh, certainly. I remember early on, when people were calling it a "gay cancer," I found myself in front of a march down to New York's City Hall, and I was the only woman there. I was stunned. That was years ago.

I had year, I did *Extremities*, and I had this friend, Bobby Christian. He was a wonderful actor. We'd worked together in *An Evening with Richard Nixon* on Broadway. It was Bobby's experience with AIDS and dying from it that galvanized me to march for AIDS awareness. When he died, I decided to learn everything I could about this disease. I started marching. Well, at that time, if you talked about AIDS, people didn't even know what you were talking about. Since then, I've given a lot of time to this cause.

PLAYBOY: People are more forthcoming now, aren't they?

SARANDON: Not really. There still aren't a lot of straight actors who will go out for benefits. Recently, someone called me for an AIDS benefit and said, "We need a guy. We need someone from the real Hollywood community." And they couldn't find anybody. There's still great prejudice. A lot of male actors are afraid that if they support AIDS fund-raising, they'll be known as gay and then they won't get work. The horrible thing is that it's a legitimate fear.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever turned you down when you've called for help?

SARANDON: No, but then, I haven't called any of the really big male figures. Richard Gere, for instance, is very good. But Richard's very special. He's fearless.

PLAYBOY: How did you get involved in Central American issues? You are one of the few actresses who are willing to associate themselves with support for the Nicaraguan *Sandinista* government.

SARANDON: That was a long process and it was something that came to me through reading, meeting people and learning from them. In 1983, I filmed a program

called *Target Nicaragua* for PBS. It was a history of American involvement there and I am not sure it aired. But anyway, through that, I met some Nicaraguan victims of the *Contra* war who were suing the American Government for their injuries.

One of the people I met was a woman named Dr. Myna Cunningham who was a Mosquito Indian and who'd been kidnapped and raped by the *Contras*. We became friends. She said, "Come to Nicaragua and see what's really happening." I decided to go. Right around that time, my friend Kathy Engel formed an organization called MADRE, which was trying to get woman-to-woman support for women and their children in Central America and the Caribbean. So I decided to make a trip with MADRE to Nicaragua to do something practical, take baby food and milk to women who needed it.

PLAYBOY: What did you see there?

SARANDON: Things I wasn't prepared for—kids who begged for pencils and not money; mothers in every town who'd lost children to the *Contra* war. I wasn't prepared for a heartfelt revolution where people were prepared to fight to the death if you tried to take it away from them. I wasn't prepared for day-care centers that had been bombed with my tax money.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you worry that your trip to Nicaragua might look like something similar to Jane Fonda's visit to North Vietnam?

SARANDON: A bit. But this really was quite different. I went to Nicaragua in a specific way, to take food and milk under the auspices of a women's group. I didn't go under the auspices of any government. I didn't go with celebrities.

Sure, I was afraid of being called a Communist. But I was more worried about not really seeing the truth, because I don't speak Spanish and I was there for only two weeks. But, in the end, I came back more committed than ever to fighting against *Contra* funding. You can tell if something is genuine. Later, when I got back, *People* magazine ran a story about my trip to Nicaragua, in effect, they called me Hanou Susan.

PLAYBOY: Did that anger you?

SARANDON: Sure. But I was also glad that I got to make some points. Because in the same story, I was able to show that there were women and children in Nicaragua—and that they were suffering. At first I was upset, but then I felt, Well, if people understand that there's a parallel with Vietnam, it is actually constructive.

PLAYBOY: What are your politics?

SARANDON: They are hard to classify. Let's say I'm a card-carrying member of the A.C.U. Now, if someone sees me as some radical lefty because of these things, then they are uneducated and misinformed. Perhaps what is happening here is that anybody who opens his mouth is considered a leftist and anyone who follows what the powerful say is politically correct. Now, if that's the atmosphere we have in this

country right now, then I'm definitely a leftist. And I pray to God that my daughter will be the same.

PLAYBOY: To get back to movies, you've just finished a film in Africa about apartheid, *A Dry White Season*, with Marlon Brando and Donald Sutherland. Was it an amazing experience to work with the great Brando?

SARANDON: Well, he is amazing. He walks into a room and, definitely, everything stops. But I can't tell you what it's like to work with him, because I didn't. We didn't have scenes together, not really. One could see, though, that he's a completely charismatic and interesting man. I don't think he uses what other actors are doing at all. He creates his own scenarios. It's interesting. When Brando works, his ears are plugged. So he doesn't always hear you when you're trying to have a conversation.

PLAYBOY: Whom does he work off of in a scene, if not the other actor?

SARANDON: I don't know how relevant the other person is; that's what I'm saying.

PLAYBOY: Are there any actors whose lives and careers you envy?

SARANDON: Oh, I think everyone is jealous of Meryl Streep. You know, you're always reading about her having this perfect life. She doesn't have to have a nanny and she gets her pick of the best parts. Her mother stays with her kids and she has a husband who stays at home. Her life seems so pulled together compared with most of the rest of ours—so smooth. Oh, I'm sure she has her share of difficulties, but she has certainly come to stand for the woman, the supermom, who's able to do it all. I think about my own life, it's so disorganized.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem disorganized. You seem to be balancing a lot: career, kids, lovers, ex-lovers, activism. Name an area of your life where you feel less than capable.

SARANDON: Money. I've been embezzled twice, and a business manager I once had was so incompetent that it came to about the same conclusion. I would have done better just to keep my money under my bed. So I've been wiped out two and a half times. When people start to talk to me about money and investments, they might as well be speaking Hungarian for the amount of energy it takes to understand. It's not that I can't. It's that my mind goes blank. And it's stupid to be that way.

PLAYBOY: OK, this is nearly a wrap. How do you sum up—at this point in your life—your sense of Susan Sarandon?

SARANDON: That I'm someone who feels passionately about feeling passionately. More and more, as things get demeaned and deadened, and as the public climate gets stranger and stranger, I feel that political commitment is what can save us all. I really see that it is so important to just keep wanting whatever it is that you want and to fight for it, desperately. I try to do that in every aspect of my life—personally, professionally and politically.



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THE HUMAN FLY

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fiction **By T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

*Just try to explain to anyone the art
of fasting!*

—FRANZ KAFKA, *A Hunger Artist*

IN THE EARLY DAYS, before the press took him up, his outfit was pretty basic: tights and cape, plastic swim goggles and a bathing cap in the brightest shade of red he could find. The tights were red, too, though they'd faded to pink in the thighs and calves and had begun to sag around the knees. He wore a pair of scuffed high tops—red, of course—and the cape, which looked as if it had last been used to line a trash can, was the color of poached salmon. He seemed to be in his 30s, though I never did find out how old he was, and he was thin, skinny, emaciated—so wasted you worried about his limbs' dropping off. When he limped into the office that first afternoon, I didn't know what to think. If he brought an insect to mind, it was something spindly and frail—a daddy longlegs or one of those spidery things that scoot across the surface of the pool, no matter how much chlorine the pool man dumps in

"A gentleman here to see you," Crystal

PAINTING BY ROGER BROWN





sat g through the intercom

My guard was down. I was vulnerable I admit it. Basking in the glow of my first success (ten percent of a walk-on for Bettina Buttons, a nasally inflected 12-year-old with pushy parents, in a picture called *Tyrannosaurus II*—no lines, but she did manage a memorable screech) and bloated with a celebratory lunch, I was feeling magnanimous, large-spirited and samely. Of course, the two splits of Sangre de Cristo, 1978, may have had something to do with it. I hit the button on the intercom. "Who is it?"

"Your name, sir?" I heard Crystal ask, and then, through the static, I heard him respond in the peculiar unmodulated rumble he associated with speech.

"Pardon?" Crystal said.

"*La Mosca Humana*," he rumbled.

Crystal leaned into the intercom. "Uh, I think he's Mexican or something."

At that stage in my career, I had exactly three clients: all inherited from my predecessor: the aforementioned Bettina, a comic with a harelip who did harelip jokes only and a soft-rock band called Mu, who believed they were reincarnated court musicians from the lost continent of Atlantis. The phone hadn't rung all morning and my next (and only) appointment, with Bettina's mother, grandmother, acting coach and dietitian, was at seven. "Show him in," I said grandly.

The door pushed open, and there he was. He drew himself up with as much dignity as you could expect from a grown man in a red bathing cap and pink tights, and hobbled into the office. I took in the cap, the cape, the high tops and tights, the slumped shoulders and fleshless limbs. He wore a blond mustache, droopy and unkempt, the left side of his face was badly bruised and his nose looked as if it had been broken repeatedly—and recently. The fluorescent light glared off his goggles.

My first impulse was to call security—he looked like one of those panhandling freaks out on Hollywood Boulevard—but I resisted it. As I said, I was full of wine and feeling generous. Besides, I was so bored I'd spent the past half hour crumpling up sheets of high fiber bond and shooting three-pointers into the wastebasket. I nodded. He nodded back. "So," I said, "what can I do for you, Mr. ah...?"

"Mosca," he rumbled, the syllables thick and muffled, as if he were trying to speak and clear his throat at the same time. "*La Mosca Humana*."

"The Human Fly, right?" I said, dredging up my high school Spanish.

He looked down at the desk and then fixed his eyes on mine. "I want to be famous," he said.

How he found his way to my office, I'll never know. I've often wondered if it

wasn't somebody's idea of a joke. In those days, I was nothing—I had less seniority than the guy who ran the Xerox machine—and my office was the smallest and farthest from the door of any in the agency. I was expected to get by with two phone lines, one secretary and a work space not much bigger than a couple of good-sized refrigerator boxes. There were no Utrillos or Demuths on my walls. I didn't even have a window.

I understood that the man hovering over my desk was a nut case, but there was more to it than that. I could see that he had something—a dignity, a sad, elemental presence—that gave the lie to his silly outfit. I felt uneasy under his gaze. "Don't we all," I said.

"No, no," he insisted, "you don't understand," and he pulled a battered manila envelope from the folds of his cape. "Here," he said, "look."

The envelope contained his press clippings, a good handful of them, yellowed and crumpling, bleached of print. All but one were in Spanish. I adjusted the desk lamp, squinted hard. The date lines were from places like Chetumal, Tuxtla, Hidalgo, Tehuantepec. As best I could make out, he'd been part of a Mexican circus. The sole clipping in English was from the "Metro" section of the *Los Angeles Times*: "MAN ARRESTED FOR SCALING ARCO TOWER."

I read the first line—"A man known only as 'The Human Fly'"—and I was hooked. What a concept: *a man known only as The Human Fly*. It was priceless. Reading on, I began to see him in a new light, the costume, the limp, the bruises. This was a man who'd climbed 20 stories with nothing more than a couple of pieces of rope and his fingernails. A man who had defied the authorities, defied death—my mind was doing backflips; we could run with this one, oh, yes, indeed, forget your Rambos and Conans; this guy was the real thing.

"Five billion of us monkey on the planet," he said in his choked, moribund tones. "I want to make my mark."

I looked up in awe. I saw him on Carson, Letterman, grappling his way to the top of the Bonaventure Hotel, hurtling Niagara in a barrel, starring in his own series. I tried to calm myself. "Uh, your face," I said, and I made a broad gesture that took in the peach-colored bruise, the ravaged nose and the stiffened leg. "What happened?"

For the first time, he smiled. His teeth were stained and jagged; his eyes flared behind the cracked plastic lenses of the goggles. "An accident," he said.

As it turned out, he wasn't Mexican at all—he was Hungarian. I saw my mistake when he peeled back the goggles and the bathing cap. A fine band of skin as blanched and waxen as the cap of a

mushroom outlined his ears, his hairline, the back of his neck, dead-white against the sun-burnished oval of his face. His eyes were a pale, watery blue and the hair beneath the cap was as wispy and colorless as the strands of his mustache. His name was Zoltan Mindszenty, and he'd come to Los Angeles to live with his uncle when the Russian tanks had rolled through Budapest in 1956. He'd learned English, Spanish and baseball, practiced fire-eating and ughtrope-walking in his spare time, graduated at the top of his high school class and operated a forklift in a cannery that produced refried beans and cactus salad. At the age of 19, he had joined the Quesadilla Brothers' Circus and had seen the world. Or at least that part of it bounded by California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to the north, and Belize and Guatemala to the south. Now he wanted to be famous.

He moved fast. Two days after I agreed to represent him, he made the eyewitness news on all three major networks when he suspended himself in a mesh bag from the 22nd floor of the Sumitomo Building and refused to come down.

Let's face it. The only problem was that he didn't bother to tell me about it. I was choking down a quick lunch—avocado and sprouts on a garlic-cheese *croissant*—already running late for an audition I'd set up for my harelippped comedian, when the phone rang. It was a Lieutenant Peachtree of the L.A.P.D. "Listen," he hissed, "if this is a publicity stunt..." and he trailed off, leaving the threat—heavy ire, the violation of penal codes, the arcane and merciless measures taken to deal with accessories—unspoken.

"Pardon?"

"The nuthall up on the Sumitomo Building. Your client."

Comprehension washed over me. My first thought was to deny the connection, but instead, I found myself stammering. "But-but how did you get my name?"

terse and efficient, a living police report, Peachtree gave me the details. One of his men, hanging out of a window on the 21st floor, had pleaded with Zoltan to come down. "I am The Human Fly," Zoltan rumbled in response as the wind snapped and the traffic sizzled below. "You want to talk to me, call my agent."

"Twenty minutes," Peachtree added, and his tone was as flat and unforgiving as the drop of a guillotine. "I want you down here. Five minutes after that. I want this clown in the back of the nearest patrol car—is that understood?"

It was Perfectly. And 20 minutes later, with the help of an Officer Dientes, a screaming siren and several hundred alert motorists who fell away from us on the freeway like swatted flies, I was taking the breeze on the 21st floor of the

(continued on page 96)

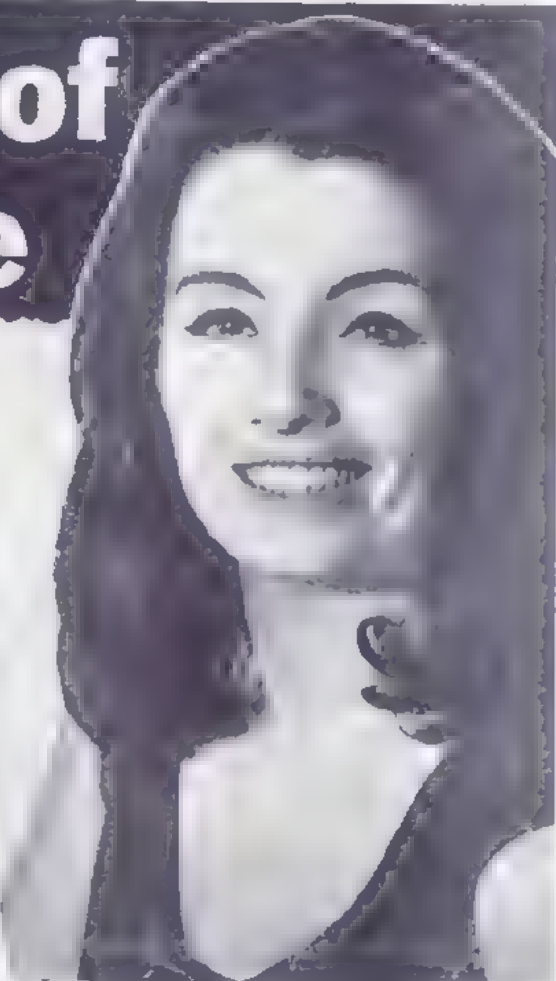


"It takes you back even if you've never been there!"

BY THE
GIRL WHO IS ROCKING
THE GOVERNMENT



BLUE BIRD
Milk Chocolate
TOFFEES



**ENTER THE
BLACKMAIL
SYNDICATE**

Peter Earle

Early American Federal Bureau
inquiries into the
infamous Atlanta
informational

**Premier will face
Torv critics**

THE SUNDAY

He gives up War Minister's job
and seat in House of Commons

EXPRESS

He gives up War Minister's job
and sent in House of Commons

PROFUMO
QUITS: I LIED

His denial of impropriety with
Christine Keeler was untrue
- I misled

His denial of impropriety with Christine Keeler was untrue... 'I misled you,' he tells Premier

MR JOHN PROUD said he had resigned from the Government last night and will not return to the House of Commons until the new Government is formed. He said that there was no impropriety in an relationship with model girl Catherine Keener.

Dear P.M.

No value

[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Where we stand

WHERE does the future of the W
the C 118 over

MAUDLING LEADS
THE FIELD *Police drag*
Jim Clark
from scene

By WILFRID BRIDALL

Police drag
Jim Clark
from race
track

GUNN

New of the World

SCANDAL

a quarter century later, the girls who toppled the Tories are finally in the movies

memoir By MICHAEL THOMAS

THEY WERE an oddly assorted lot: Her Majesty's secretary of state for war, John Profumo, Captain Eugene Ivanov, a Soviet naval attaché, a pair of tempting teenagers named Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice Davies, a social-climbing osteopath, Stephen Ward, who often acted as procurer for his posh pals; and the gossip-hungry British tabloid press. But by the time the story had unraveled in the fall of 1963, their intertwined relationships had cost Ward his life and the Conservative government of Harold Macmillan its lease on power. Great material for a movie, right? But only now is the story reaching the screen, in "Scandal," starring Bridget Fonda, Joanne Whalley, John Hurt and Brett Fikland. It was written by Michael Thomas, the Australian writer who reported on "The Decline and Fall of Okken Chu" for the March 1987 Playboy; here Thomas reveals how a boyhood obsession with Christine drove him to do it.

We didn't even have TV. My mother wouldn't hear of it. She inclined to the view, widely held at the tennis club, that technology clashes with the curtains. The only people who had TV in Charles Street in 1963 were the Wilsons up the hill. But what a TV! This wasn't one of those big fat Admirals the size of a fridge. This was some shapely foreign thing, German or Swedish, some brand nobody could pronounce and I never heard of again. It didn't just sit there in the middle of the rug like a fish tank full of snot. It had doors, like a cocktail cabinet. When they shut the doors, you couldn't tell it was a TV at all. But you could tell by the blond-wood veneer and the cunning little latches that it cost a hell of a lot of Arthur Wilson's money. It was on the Wilsons' TV I first saw Christine Keeler at bay on the six-o'clock news and swore to save her from herself. She stepped out of the Old Bailey after another day in the witness box—her eyes brimming, her mascara zigzagging all over the place, her glossy hair tossing as she spun one way and then another in blind Bambi-like panic. She was stranded in the midsun mer drizzle at the top of the courthouse steps, at the mercy of this mob of bilious old bags, their chops flecked with foam, eyes boiling with hate, a blur of trolls and goblins in cheap raincoats lashing out with their broomies, bashing at her with their handbags, shoving past the police, spitting, throwing things, yelling, "Burn her! Burn her!! Burn her!!!"

Burn her? This phenomenal young girl? This living doll? This pale, frightened teenager with endless legs who, as far as I could tell, had no sign of the Beast branded on her brow? Say what? Lash her to a lamppost, rip up a pile of papers, drop a match and burn her like a village witch, like Joan of Arc? Why? I know now, but back in 1963, I'd never heard of her. I'd never heard of anybody. No good asking me about where I was when John Kennedy was shot, I'd never heard of him, either. All I saw was this painfully beautiful young girl being torn apart by slavering goblins. It reminded me of pictures of the saints.

Up until that night, I'd been promised to Brigitte Bardot. I'd seen *And God Created Woman* 20 times. *La*



Christine Keeler (above left) was to British politics in the early Sixties what Jessica Hahn was to American televangelism in the Eighties, the unwitting instrument by which the mighty fell. A new movie, *Scandal*, starring Joanne Whalley as Keeler and Bridget Fonda as her chum Mandy Rice Davies (above right), is now arriving on American screens. It tells the story of the Profumo affair, which toppled the Tory government. Also starring are John (Elephant Man) Hurt as Christine's discoverer, Stephen Ward, celebrated Shakespearean actor Ian McKellen as John Profumo and Jeroen (The Fourth Man) Krabbe as Soviet naval attache Eugene Ivanov.

"What drove men mad was something unconscious, a fatal, indiscriminate allure."



As the scandal linking Keeler, Ivanov and Profumo, who was secretary of state for war, peaked, Lewis Morley's photo of Christine straddling a chair became world famous. Few knew at the time that she'd also sat nude for noted lensman David Bailey, whose previously unpublished photos appear at right.

Vente, which was my personal favorite, I saw three times a day for a week. There was this paperback called *The Brigitte Bardot Story*, by a man whose name I'll never forget—it was George Carpozi, Jr.—and I read it until it frayed.

You have to make allowances for the temper of the times in Sydney in 1963. Nothing ever happened. *Playboy* was banned. When Mr. Matthews found out I'd seen *High School Confidential*, I was caned in front of the entire school just for going to a movie.

But I knew all about Brigitte Bardot. I followed her every move, like a stargazer in love with a distant heavenly body. My only ambition in life was to grow up and fuck her. I knew just how it would happen: I'd drive round the corner in my TR1, and she'd be standing by the road in a sailor top and white pedal pushers, flagging me down. I'd change her tire. I used to practice changing her tire. "I don't know 'ow to zank you," she'd say, and I'd say—I never made up my mind what I'd say. I was always rewriting the dialog—but there'd be no time to waste on words. Brigitte would pluck the smoldering Gauloise from my lips, her arms would snake round my neck. I'd plaster her lips to mine, we'd

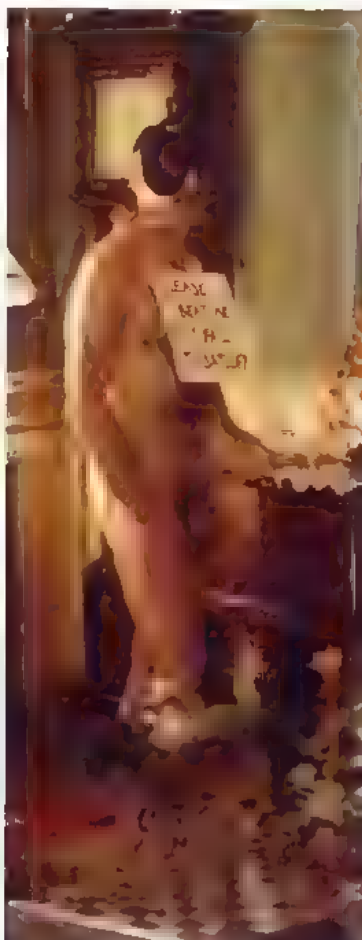
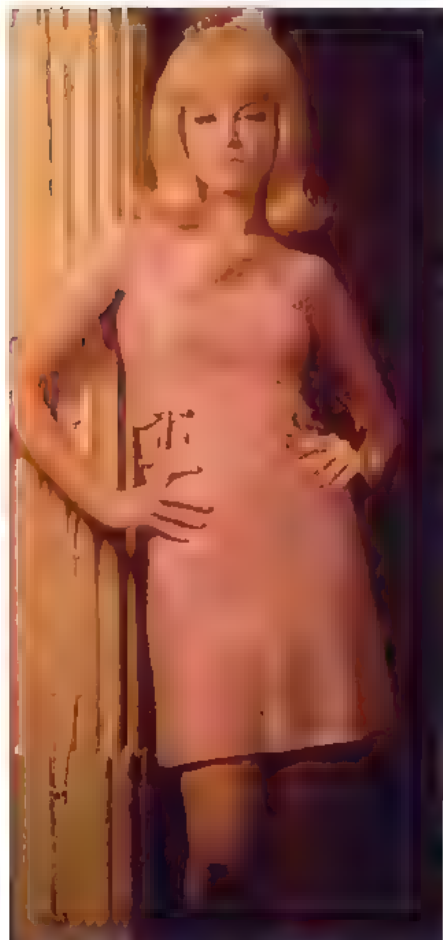




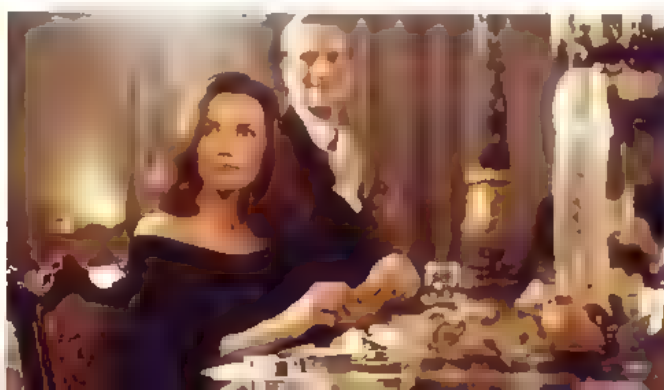
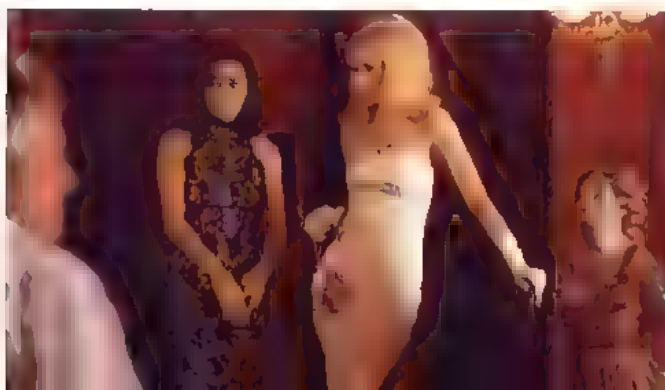
sink into the roadside grass

Well, Christine put a stop to all that. Suddenly, Brigitte seemed a bit . . . fake. Christine was fake, too, but you couldn't spot it right away. They were both synthetic dreamboats, dreamed up by middle-aged roués to add tits and ass to their amusements. Roger Vadim combed up Brigitte Bardot, a sex kitten. Stephen Ward found Christine in the back row of the chorus at Murray's Cabaret Club and reinvented her as a breath-taking parody of glamor, in six-inch heels and something off the shoulder, maybe a simple string of pearls. She sure looked me

Christine dressed like my mother, in tailored suits. She probably had a slinky



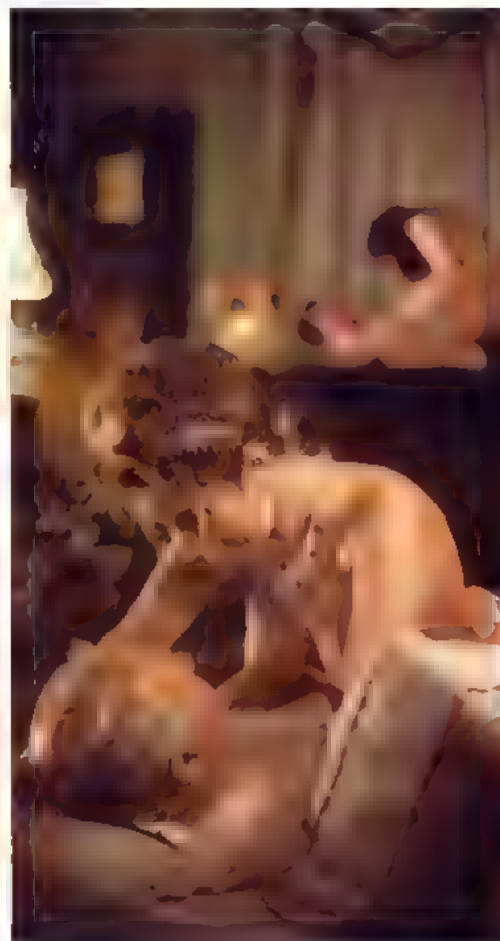
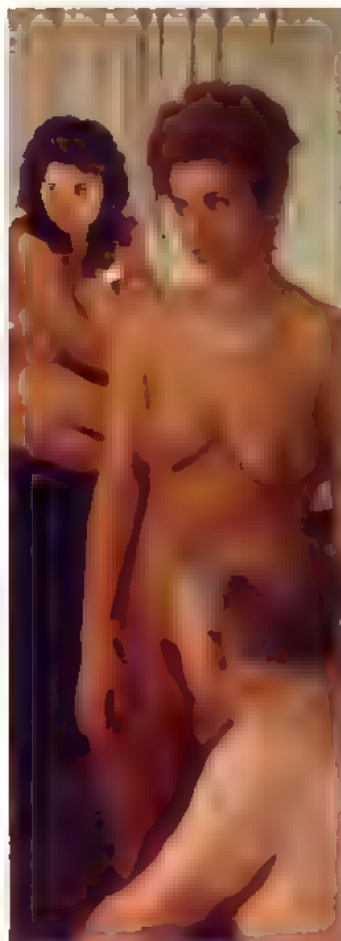
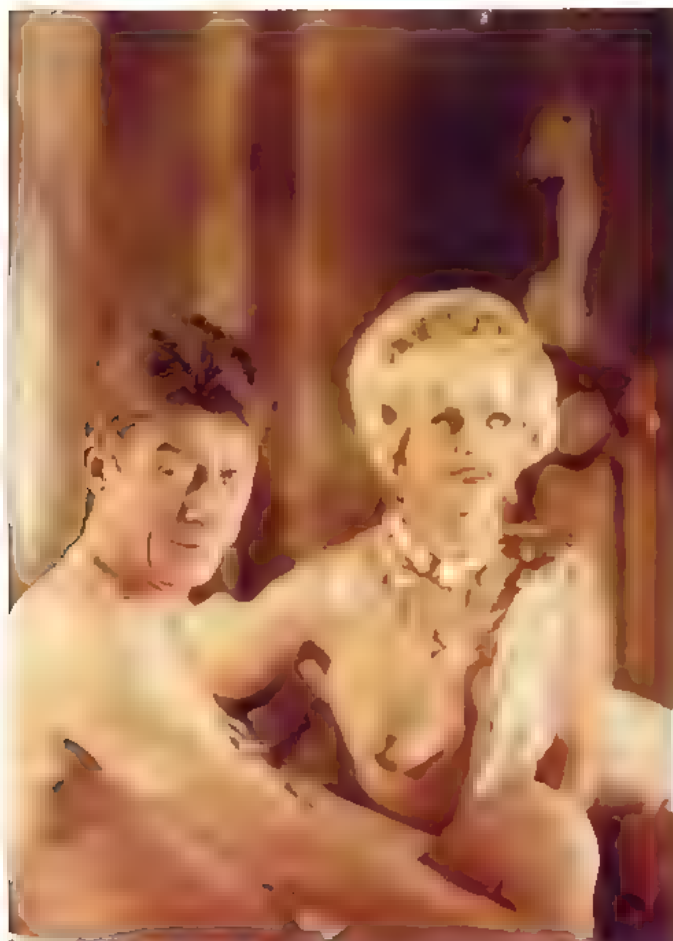
Scandal, one British journalist noted, has all the essential ingredients for box-office success: torts, titles and tits. Hurt plays Ward (top and above right, with Britt Ekland as fun-loving patient Morello Novotny), the society osteopath who doubled as procurer. Ward would provide the girls for fashionably decadent get-togethers, where bored businessmen, diplomats and aristocrats would let down their hair—and often their pants. Among the girls he introduced: Mandy and Christine. Mandy is played by Bridget Fonda (left, above and below). Christine (below, left and right) is portrayed by Joanne Whalley of Hollywood's *Willow* and PBS-TV's *Edge of Darkness* and *The Singing Detective*.





little silver fox in the closet. There were plenty of photos of her with nothing on. There was that famous shot of her draped all over a designer chair, there were swimsuit pictures, but whereas Brigitte always looked overrated no matter what she wore, Christine always seemed cool, demure, almost . . . virtuous. That was the illusion. It was stagy, it was skin-deep—but so's TV. She had the cheekbones of a Cherokee. She was a whore, they never stopped saying that, but she walked like a Derby winner. She wasn't like any kind of whore I was used to. Not like the girls down Chapel Lane.

Chapel Lane was off Palmer Street in Surrey Hills. The girls used to stand in



Among revelers in the film are the fun lovers above, right and center, and a masked sadomasochist (wearing a sign, opposite, and coming on to Mandy, at the top of this page) rumored to have royal blood. Below left, Christine and Mandy frolic abed in a performance staged for a voyeur—who soon steps in to join the fun. Despite appearances, Christine testified, "I am not a whore." Ward, charged with living off the profits of prostitution, committed suicide while the court was deciding his case. Only Mandy (represented by Fonda, below right) managed to clear out. Within months, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was forced out of office.





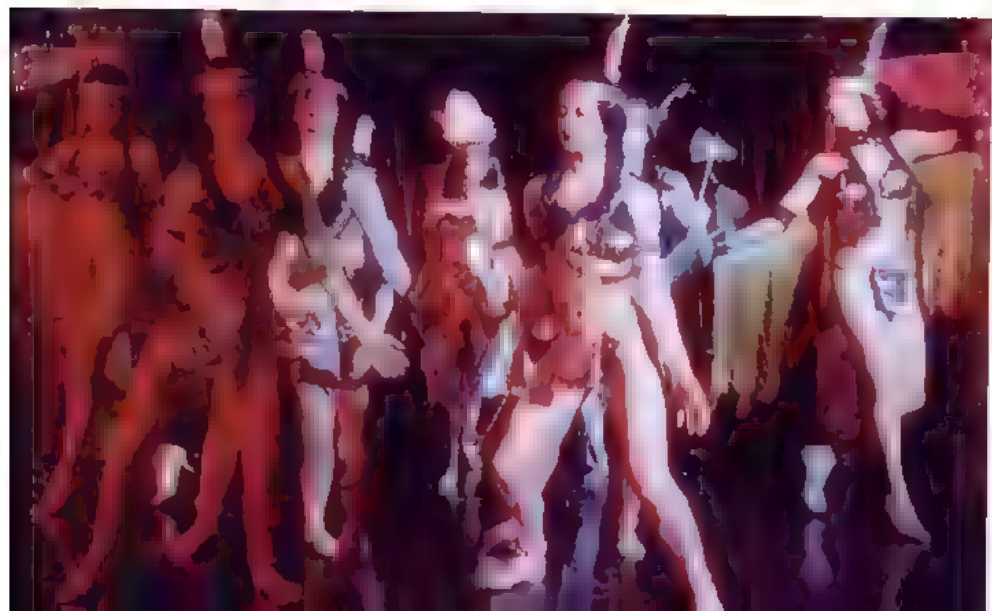
the doorways, backlit by the spill of pink light from within. The punters would hang around under the lampposts, trying to pluck up the courage to walk those six paces into the pool of light and ask how much. Once you'd taken those six steps, the rest was easy. All you had to do was get it up. But it took untold balls to step into the pool of light and risk a dose—or, worse, risk her laughing in your face in front of the whole street. A lot of us never made it.

But I ached for those girls. I'd end up in Palmer Street at two in the morning, crippled with lover's balls after an hour in the back of the Falcon trying to get some girl called Jenny to go all the way, swearing blind I'd never tell. I'd still respect her in the morning. . . . I prowled those lanes like Jack the Ripper on a slow burn, or like Stephen Ward, the connoisseur of sin, in love with sin itself.

If Christine Keeler was a whore, she was a whore made in heaven. Rebecca West, who covered the Ward trial, said she looked like the Virgin Mary. That's putting it a bit strong, but what she was born with, what Stephen Ward never taught her, what drove men mad was something unconscious, a fatal, indiscriminate allure, an utter negligence that left her defenseless. To this day, after all she has been through, the mystery of Christine Keeler is her utter lack of guile.

Ward cheated, he took a big serve of Nembutal on the last day of his trial on charges of living off the immoral earnings of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. They found him guilty as he lay dying, but it was too late. He denied them their revenge. Mandy did the smart thing and took the next plane out. Christine took the punishment: She did six months in Holloway on a perjury charge. And she has spent the past 25 years condemned to be Christine Keeler, condemned to jokes like: What did the doctor say to Christine Keeler when she had a cold? "A couple of days on your feet and we'll soon have you back in bed." Twenty-five years branded as the most famous whore in British history, the girl who brought the government down, the girl everybody wanted to fuck.

Which was never that hard to do. I've met dozens of blokes who've fucked her. It's hard to find anyone who was on the spot in the Sixties who didn't fuck her—or at least reckons he did—and Christine lost count years ago. My mate Dino fucked her in a Ferrari at ten o'clock in



Christine met Mandy in the chorus line at Murray's Cabaret Club, a recruiting ground for Ward's comeliest party girls. Other standouts in the movie version's tribe of fine-feathered dancers at Murray's are Toni Shiloto (above left), a model from Kent, and Spanish-born London actress Gloria Jones (opposite).



the morning outside the Scotch of St James in Mason's Yard. When my mate Butch was working on a building site in Birmingham, he got a call from a mate of his, caught a train down to Southampton and fucked her in a deck chair on the QE2. "The girl can't help it; /She was born to please."

That's what drove 'em mad. That's why Profumo threw it all away, why Ivanov broke every rule in the book, why Johnnie Edgecombe went after Lucky Gordon with a shiny knife. When she was yours, she was yours till the Thames ran dry. The moment the door closed, she was someone else's. You had to have her again, no matter what it cost. No risk was too big, no price too high, no fall too far. No matter if the cabinet secretary dropped by for a friendly word, as Norman Brook did when he went to see Jack Profumo in his office at the Ministry of War and told him more or less off the record to steer clear—Jack still went back for more, full speed ahead into chaos. You could have her, but you couldn't keep her. Like John Lewis, the man I miss most in *Scandal*.

Lewis was a Labor MP who had lost his seat and never got over it. In the winter of 1962, when word of the Profumo affair was spreading fast and every paper in Fleet Street was lining up to rip the scab off and Christine was running around rudderless, she met Lewis at a party. He promised her legal advice and offered her a big fat shoulder to lean on; she trusted him because he looked the part. She had no way of knowing the man was a paranoid with 100 percent virioli running through his veins. Back at the house, he had a roomful of files and tapes and photos and letters, a whole arsenal of filth on all the people he hated—which was just about everybody and especially Stephen Ward, who had testified at his divorce. Lewis got Christine back to the house, and it all came tumbling out: Profumo, Ivanov, the man in the mask, the whole lurid lasagna.

For a man in John Lewis' position, this was the goods. You could smell the headlines: "THE MINISTER, THE MODEL AND THE RUSSIAN SPY." With stuff like this, he could crack Ward's nuts and claw his way back into the good offices of the Labor Party, maybe win back his seat in Parliament. It was a dream come true, and he had it all on tape. So what did he do? He offered Christine 20 quid for a blow job. When you'd think all he wanted to do was shove her into a cab and get on the phone to his party chief, Harold Wilson, ah, he wanted to do was fuck her! She fled into his office and locked the door. She started trashing his files. Lewis got a gun. She looked through the keyhole and saw that he wasn't kidding: He had a .38 and he was threatening to shoot

You can see why I missed this scene when we had to cut it from the movie. The door opens slowly, they're face to face, the gun's at her throat . . . and Lewis gives her the gun: "Either you fuck me," he says, "or you kill me." He's ready to die for it. Christine, to her credit, pulled the trigger. It wasn't loaded, of course, but that's not the point. The point is, what was going through this man's mind? John Lewis had just tripped over the hottest story in the history of sex, politics and espionage, one that made all his bitter, twisted, vengeful dreams realized, and the only thing he could think of was this girl.

"Burn her!" they cried, but by then, it was too late. Profumo was disgraced, Ivanov was in the loony bin, Ward was 48 hours from suicide, Harold Macmillan, the prime minister, was staggering round the golf course, clawing at his jowls, and Harold Wilson was sharpening his knives for the final blood bath that would sweep him to power a few months later. But the mob outside the Old Bailey wanted to string Christine up; they wanted to burn her. Not because she was a whore—the truth is, she wasn't a whore at all. She accepted gifts, cab fare, 20 quid to buy her mum a new hat, a lighter from Asprey's. She was a 19-year-old from nowhere who'd run away to London and been blinded by the lights. She didn't care about Profumo or Ivanov. When Ward said, "Why don't you ask Jack when the Americans are going to give the Germans the bomb?" it went in one ear and out the other. All she cared about was high heels, hemlines and staying up all night smoking dope and falling in love with every other man she met.

They hated her because they were afraid of her, and they were afraid of her because she broke all the rules and made it look easy. She climbed out of Profumo's bed in Regent's Park or Lord Astor's pool at Cliveden and took a taxi down to some sweaty shebeen in Westbourne Grove, full of wild, bloodshot eyes and flashing teeth and the sweet smell of ganja, where she'd dance all night to the beat of the jungle with bad boys like Lucky Gordon. She'd wake up at Lucky's place, drag a comb through her hair and turn up late for lunch at the Savoy. That night, she'd pick up Mandy and they'd drop in at the 21 Club in Mayfair for a ham sandwich with old Mr. Monkeyglands himself, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She broke the first rule of the British way of life: Keep your place.

All over England, parents locked up their daughters. They took one look at Christine straddling that designer chair or climbing out of a navy-blue Rover with white leather upholstery and they took

fright in a big way. Word got round about the parties full of naked peers, all the fantastic details—like the night Mariella Novotny somehow fastened a little jar full of randy bees to her husband's bollocks and sprayed them with Chanel No. 5, which probably isn't true; there is no evidence I know of that suggests bees go mad for Chanel No. 5 . . . but that doesn't matter. What mattered was that these things went on, and Christine was there.

The message was clear. If this tart were allowed to go unpunished, there'd be chaos. You'd have debts running off with their handdressers, common little nobodies in skirts up to here calling the tune; you'd have well-brought-up young girls called Camilla going around in white panstick and lip gloss, ironing their hair and riding up and down the M1 at 100 nukes per hour on the back of a Norton in skintight black leather and a tattoo, calling themselves . . . *Candy*! The BBC would be overrun by ghasily vowel sounds and glottal stops—you'd have *classlessness*!! The whole moldy tweed would unravel, the very pillars of society would come tumbling down. Not just the decrepit Macmillan government, it went further than that. What was at stake was nothing less than civilization itself.

The day Christine Keeler stepped out of the Old Bailey and into my dreams, Mary Quant came out with miniskirts and the Beatles had their first number one song—*Please Please Me*. The rest is history. And the moral is: It was Christine Keeler who pulled the plug.

We finally met in Chelsea. Twenty-five years is a long time to wait, but it was worth it. She was late. She didn't have far to come; the restaurant was only a couple of hundred yards from the gloomy tower blocks of World's End, where she lives alone with the mirror on the 14th floor. She wore black. She ate little, smoked a lot. Twenty-five years is a long time in the glare. It gets tiring and it shows. She could have done with a manicure. But she tilted her head for the waiter to light her cigarette, with all the languor of a movie queen, and the light striped her face, and the tears shone in her eyes—and you could hear the violins, you could see the ghost of Christine Keeler: that fatal negligence that made her such a danger to herself and such a disaster to know. I didn't want to fling her onto the rug anymore. I wanted to make it up to her. People who were around in 1963, the friends of Stephen Ward who jumped on the next plane to Bullamakanka or somewhere when he needed them most, will tell you *Scandal* is a little soft on Christine. All I can say is, "You should've seen the first draft."





*"Our gods believed that if you tossed your lei around it, you'd
return to our island paradise again someday."*

THE HUMAN FLY

(continued from page 84)

"What good's it going to do you to be famous if you're dead?" I asked Zoltan.

Sumitomo Building. Two of Peachtree's men gripped my legs and eased my torso out onto the slick, glassy plane of the building's façade.

I was sick with fear. Before me lay the immensity of the city, its jaws and molars exposed. Above were half a dozen pigeons on a ledge and Zoltan, bundled up like a sack of grapefruit and calmly perusing a paperback thriller. I choked back the remains of the *croissant* and cleared my throat. "Zoltan!" I shouted, the wind snatching the word from my lips and flinging it away. "Zoltan, what are you doing up there?"

There was a movement from the bag above me, Zoltan stirring himself like a great leathery fruit bat unfolding its wings, and then his skinny legs and out-sized feet emerged from their confinement as the bag swayed gently in the breeze. He peered down at me, the goggles aflame with the sun, and gave me a sour look. "You're supposed to be my agent, and you have to ask me that?"

"It's a stunt, then—is that it?" I shouted.

He turned his face away, and the glare of the goggles died. He wouldn't answer. Behind me, I could hear Peachtree's crisp, efficient tones: "Tell him he's going to jail."

"They're going to lock you up. They're not kidding."

For a long moment, he didn't respond. Then the goggles caught the sun again and he turned to me. "I want the TV people, Erica Toyota, Action News, the works."

I began to feel dizzy. The pavement below, with its toy cars and its clots of tiny people, seemed to rush up at me and recede again in a pulsing wave. I felt Peachtree's men relax their grip. "They won't come!" I gasped, clutching the window frame so desperately my fingers went numb. "They can't. It's network policy." It was true, as far as I knew. Every flake in the country would be out on that ledge if he thought he could get a ten-second clip on the evening news.

Zoltan was unimpressed. "TV," he rumbled into the wind, "or I stay here till you see the white of my bone."

I believed him.

As it turned out, he stayed there, aloft, for two weeks. And for some reason—because he was intractable, absurd, mad beyond hope or redemption—the press couldn't get enough of it. TV included. How he passed the time, what he ate, how he relieved himself, no one knew. He was

just a presence, a distant speck in a mesh sack, the faintest intrusion of reality on the clear, smooth, towering face of the Sumitomo Building. Peachtree tried to get him down, of course—harassing him with helicopters, sending a squad of window cleaners and firemen up after him—but nothing worked. If anyone got close to him, Zoltan would emerge from his cocoon, cling to the seamless face of the building and float—float like a big red fly—to a new position.

Finally, after the two weeks were up—two weeks during which my phone never stopped ringing, by the way—he decided to come down. Did he climb in through the nearest window and take the elevator? No, not Zoltan. He backed down, inch by inch, uncannily turning up finger and toe holds where none existed. He sprang the last 15 feet to the ground, tumbled like a sky diver and came up in the grip of a dozen policemen. There was a barricade up, streets were blocked, hundreds of spectators had gathered. As they were hustling him to a patrol car, the media people converged on him. Was it a protest? They wanted to know. A hunger strike? What did it mean?

He turned to them, the goggles steamed over, pigeon feathers and flecks of airborne debris clinging to his cape. His legs were like sticks, his face nearly black with sun and soot. "I want to be famous," he said.

• A DC-10?

Zoltan nodded. "The bigger, the better," he rumbled.

It was the day after he'd decamped from the face of the Sumitomo Building and we were in my office, discussing his next project. (I'd bailed him out myself, though the figure was right up there with what you'd expect for a serial killer. There were 14 charges against him, ranging from trespassing to creating a public nuisance and refusing the reasonable request of a police officer to moderate exposure. I had to call in every favor that was ever owed me and go down on my knees to Sol Bankoff, the head of the agency, to raise the cash.) Zoltan was wearing the outfit I'd had specially made for him: new tights, a black-silk cape without a wrinkle in it, a pair of Air Jordan basketball shoes in red and black and, most important of all, a red-leather aviator's cap and goggles. Now he looked less like a geriatric at a health spa and more like the sort of fearless daredevil/superhero the public could relate to.

"But, Zoltan," I pleaded, "those things go five hundred miles an hour. You'd be ripped to pieces. Climbing buildings is one thing, but this is insane. It's suicidal."

He was slouched in the chair, one skinny leg thrown over the other. "The Human Fly can survive anything," he droned in his lifeless voice. He was staring at the floor, and now he lifted his head. "Besides, you think the public have any respect for me if I don't lay it all on line?"

He had a point. But strapping yourself to the wing of a DC-10 made about as much sense as taking lunch at a sidewalk café in Beirut. "Ok," I said, "you're right. But you've got to draw the line somewhere. What good's it going to do you to be famous if you're dead?"

Zoltan shrugged.

"I mean, already, just with the Sumitomo thing, I can book you on half the talk shows in the country..."

He rose shakily to his feet, lifted his hand and let it drop. Two weeks on the face of the Sumitomo Building with no apparent source of nourishment hadn't done him any good. If he was skinny before, he was nothing now—a shadow, a ghost, a pair of tights stuffed with straw. "Set it up," he rumbled, the words riding up out of the depths of his sunken abdomen. "I talk when I got something to talk about."

It took me a week. I called every airline in the directory, listened to a lifetime's worth of holding jingles and talked to everyone from the forklift operator at KLM to the president and C.E.O. of Texecas Air. I was met with scorn, hostility, disbelief and naked contempt. Finally, I got hold of the schedules manager of Aero Masoquisto, the Ecuadorian national airline. It was going to cost me, he said, but he could hold up the regular weekly flight to Quito for a few hours while Zoltan strapped himself to the wing and took a couple of passes round the airport. He suggested an airstrip outside Iguana, where the officials would look the other way. For a price, of course.

Of course.

I went to Sol again. I was prepared to press my forehead to the floor, shine his shoes, anything—but he surprised me. "I'll front the money," he rasped, his voice ruined from 40 years of whispering into the telephone, "no problem." Sol was 70, looked 50, and he'd had his own table in the Polo Lounge since before I was born. "If he bags it," he said, his voice as dry as a husk, "we got the rights to his life story and we'll do a paperback/mini-series/action-figure tie-in. Just get him to sign this, that's all." He slid a contract across the table. "And if he makes it, which I doubt—I mean, I've seen some

(continued on page 182)

despite the lectures, the health hazards and tipper gore,
boys and girls in the eighties just *weren't* saying no



By STEVE CHAPPLE and DAVID TALBOT

BURNING DESIRES

SEX IN AMERICA

Part Two

THE RIGHT TO PARTY



MARY ELIZABETH "Tipper" Gore could not believe her ears. He was moaning and groaning, loud aley-cat wails that shook the family stereo and made the little blonde hairs on the back of her neck stick up. But the worst part was the lyrics. Something about an over-sexed girl named Darling Nikki who was masturbating with a magazine in a hotel lobby. So this was Prince, the hot young star whose pretty doe-eyed face seemed to be on the cover of every magazine. And to think, *she* had been the one to bring home his new album, *Purple Ram*, for her 11-year-old daughter, Karennia

This is what started it all, the Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.), the Senate hearings, the talk-show appearances, the clashes with Frank Zappa and sneering punk stars, the entire business of the "Washington Wives" versus the billion-dollar music industry. Soon after stashing *Purple Ram* on a shelf high in her bedroom closet, safely out of reach of her kids, Tipper Gore declared war on "porn rock," a crusade, as



she saw it, to preserve the fragile innocence of American youth.

The rock-decency crusade got off to a splashy start in the fall of 1985, when Tipper and other members of the P.M.R.C. persuaded their husbands to hold Senate hearings on bump-and-grind music. The committee, which included Albert Gore, heard the Washington Wives and an array of expert witnesses blame porn rock for teen promiscuity, pregnancies, drug addiction, suicides, Devil worship, bad manners—and even the bloody rampages of Son of Sam and the Nightstalker. The Senators heard from their own wives' lips of rock and roll's

wilder shores. Of wild-maned stars who strutted about with black-leather codpieces, singing songs about men who fucked like beasts and tigresses who ate men alive.

An unlikely collection of musicians (Zappa, John Denver, Dee Snider of Twisted Sister) defended rockers' artistic freedom. ("Masturbation is not illegal," observed Zappa. "If it is not illegal to do it, why should it be illegal to sing about it?") But the record industry, eager to win Congressional support

for an "antipiracy" bill that would compensate companies for the revenue lost through home taping of albums, got the message. After the hearings concluded, 22 major record companies agreed to put warning labels on albums with sexually explicit lyrics—the Washington Wives' main demand.

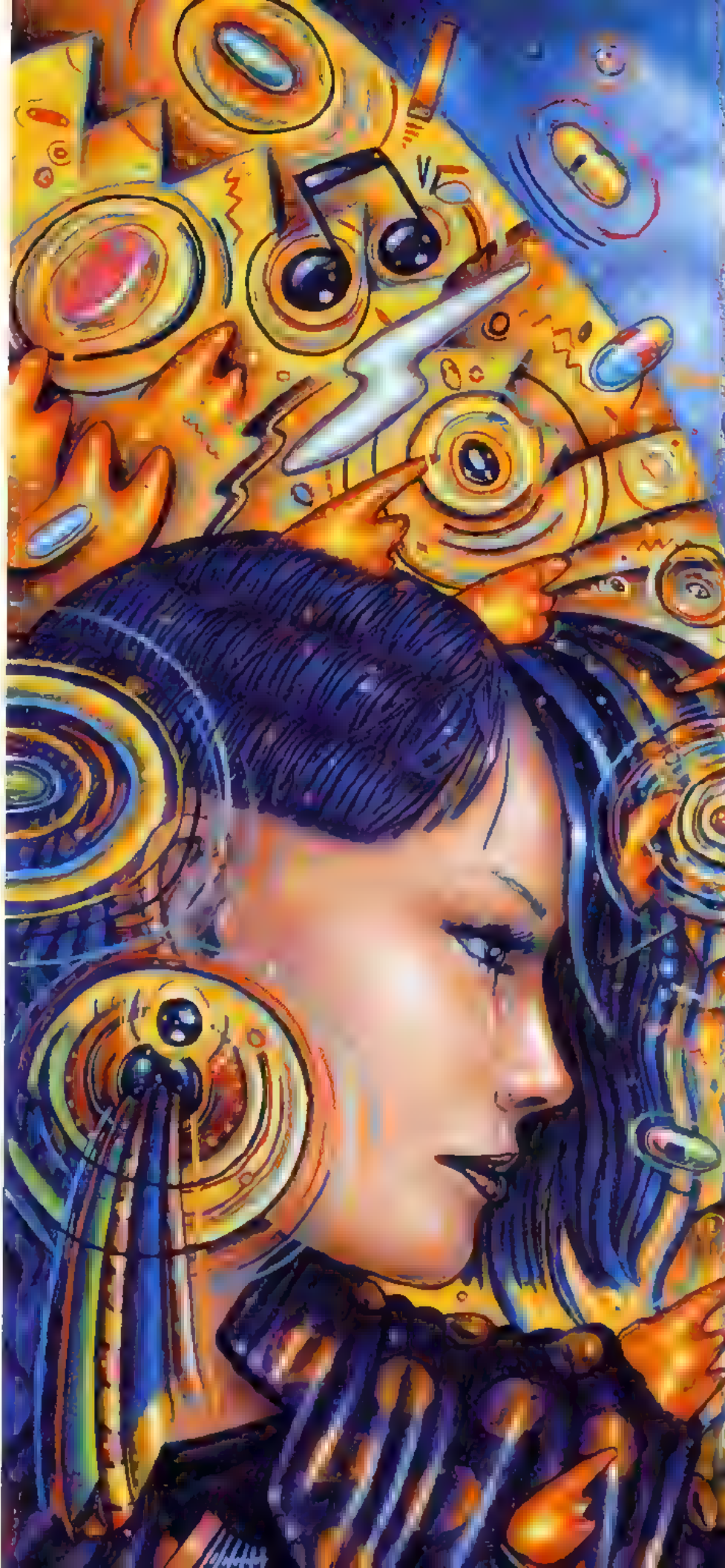
The following year, Jello Biafra, founder and lead singer of the mordantly witty San Francisco punk band the Dead Kennedys, was arrested and charged with distributing harmful material to minors, because he had included a sexually explicit poster in the band's latest album, *Frankenchrist*. Ironically, the record was one of the few to carry a warning sticker, but the P.M.R.C. found the wording too tongue in cheek (THE INSIDE FOLDOUT... IS A WORK OF ART BY H. R. GIGER THAT SOME PEOPLE MAY FIND SHOCKING, REPELSSIVE OR OFFENSIVE. LIFE CAN SOMETIMES BE THAT WAY). Adult America was once again declaring war on rock and its forbidden world of teen lust.

Tipper was no religious zealot; she was the epitome of liberal young motherhood, a *Big Chill* mom who was as devoted to the project of parenting as she had been to marching against the Vietnam war and for civil rights at Boston University in the late Sixties. She prided herself on her tolerance. But, like many young parents, she had begun to have second thoughts about the Sixties and feared that today's teens were trying to match or go beyond the excesses of her generation.

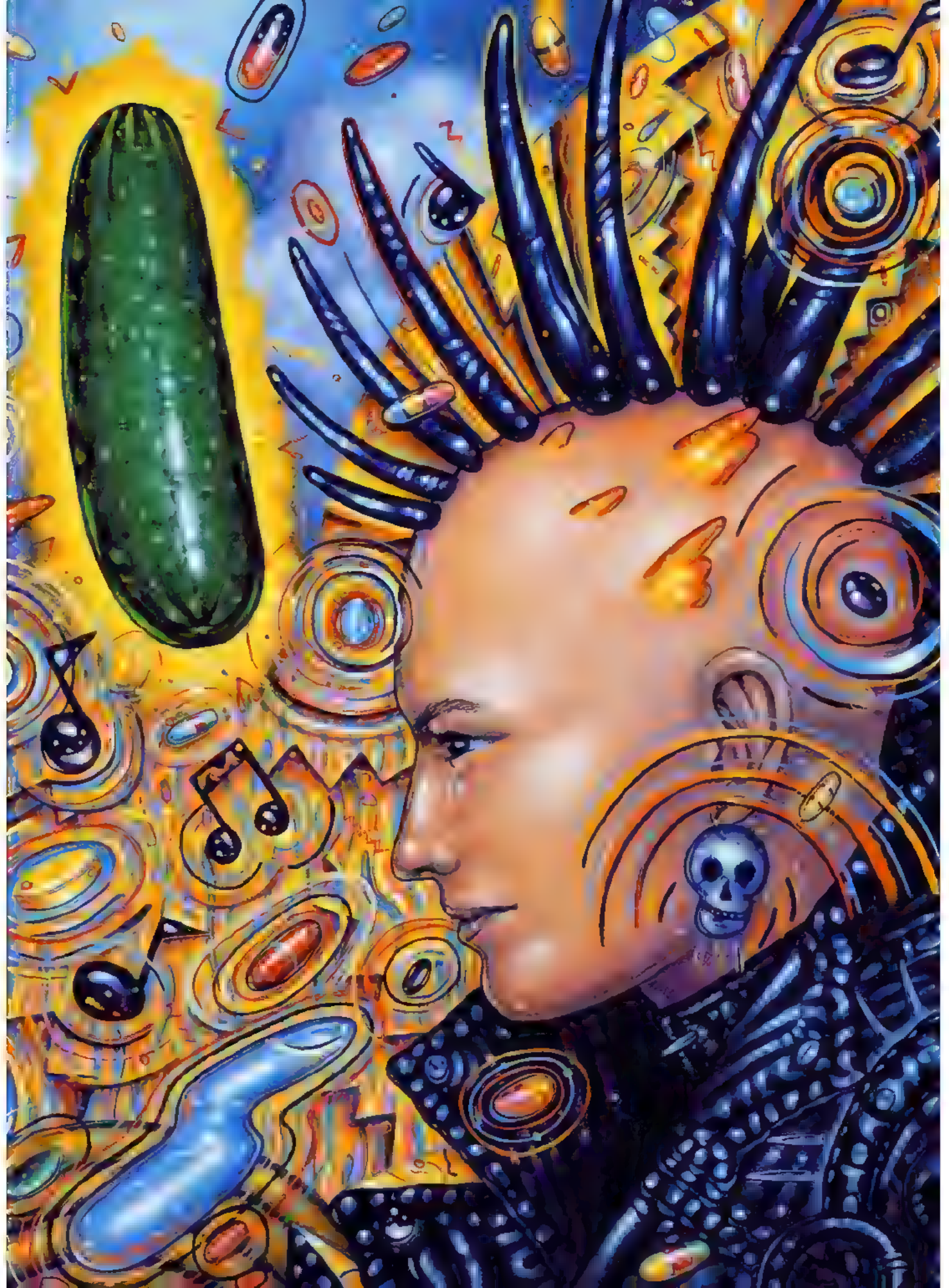
"If you don't try to shield young kids from sadomasochism and all this explicit kind of stuff until they're ready to handle it, then you're robbing them of their innocence, their one time in life to be somewhat carefree," she sighed one day during the 1988 Presidential race while riding the dusty back roads of Iowa in a campaign worker's old Plymouth. "It's not that I want a clean, sterile world. But why commercialize sex and violence and shove it down kids' throats at a younger and younger age in the form of songs and videos?"

Rock musicians, who often have a better line on teenagers' deepest desires than do Mom and Dad, mocked this Pollyannish view of adolescents.

"Today's parents want to wrap their families in a cocoon against the outside world," scoffed 29-year-old Biafra of the Dead Kennedys, as he awaited his obscenity trial. (In August 1987, the charges were dismissed.) "Part of this has to do with the amount of escapist drugs these people used in the late Sixties and early Seventies, which allowed them to trip out into this fantasia world. Now that they've become Yuppie parents, they're trying to build a material, real-life fantasia world with all their money. And one of the ways they do that is to come up with these precious artifacts known as their



PAINTING BY JOHN KURTZ



children. They treat their children as artifacts and pets rather than as people."

It was in the Beastie Boys that Tipper found her truest enemy, for beastly boys will forever be locked in mortal combat with Good Moms. The Beastie Boys, three white rappers from New York whose album *Licensed to Ill* soared to the top of the charts in 1987, won the hearts of a generation of teenagers who were fed up with hearing "Just say no."

Like black rappers, they sang of whores, glue sniffers, crack dealers and stick-up artists. But this street stuff didn't come across as the real thing in the mouths of these middle-class Jewish boys. What struck a chord with their predominantly white audience, what jolted them like the long-awaited school bell at the end of the day, were the songs about popping cans of beer, ditching class and mouthing off to your parents. This was the sound of freedom. The Beasties' anthemic (*You Gotta Fight for Your Right (to Party!)*) was the most radical statement of teenage liberation these stuffy days had produced. Delivered at the end of their concerts, it never failed to get the kids on their feet, punching their fists into the air. ("Your mom busted in and said, 'What's that noise?' / 'Aw, Mom, you're just jealous, it's the Beastie Boys!'")

The three musicians, in their early 20s, with their ripped jeans, T-shirts and crooked baseball caps, were the essence of Boy. They chugalugged cans of brew on stage, pumped up a giant hydraulic cock, invited girls in the audience to bare their breasts ("Yo, Cleveland—let's see some tits!") and dance in their go-go cages and contractually required concert promoters to provide them with bowls of colored condoms backstage. They were enough to drive parents crazy.

But they *really* got Tipper worked up. She was at her most scolding when she started talking about them: "They would go over to the girl in the cage and take her blouse off, and she was nude from the waist up, and they put their mouths on her breast. . . . Sucking breasts, I mean, it's an erotic act. In front of kids at any age. Is that OK? It's not just fun and games, blowing off steam. . . . It's bringing a strip show to kids of any age without prior notification of parents."

Then there was the matter of the Beasties' dirty mouths. "They say everyone uses foul gutter language in society," continued Tipper. "Well, I don't talk like this. We're living under the tyranny of the explicit, where some people cram it down your throats and act like it's normal. Well, it's not necessarily normal: There are some parts of the country where people don't appreciate that kind of language; they're trying to raise their kids not to do that."

Apparently, however, not where the

Beastie Boys come from: "The P.M.R.C. can suck our dicks," announced Adam Yauch (better known as MCA, the Beastie with the unshaven mug and the toughest pose), foul words spat out in his nastiest New Yawk-ese. Other rock celebrities criticized and ridiculed Tipper, but none with the 14-year-old brashness of the Beasties. It was this in-your-face attitude that again and again got the boys in trouble as they toured the country.

As word spread about this "Sodom and Gomorrah on wheels," in the overheated language of Gannett News Service, local authorities began to clamp down on the traveling show. In Seattle, operators of the civic auditorium canceled a scheduled Beastie Boys concert after receiving "intelligence" from the police about "potential [teenage] rumbles."

In Cincinnati, the police chief said his intelligence indicated "that this act is garbage" and vowed that his vice squad would be out in full force to monitor the show, a warning that panicked parents and kept thousands of kids home.

"It *is* garbage, but it's not violent garbage," retorted the Beasties' Adam "Ad Rock" Horovitz. In Columbus, Georgia, the police chief vowed to arrest the Beasties if they ever showed their snott-nosed faces in his fair town again, and the city council passed a "Beastie Boys ordinance" against lewd rock acts, a law later used against fellow Def Jam artist LL Cool J. In Jacksonville, Florida, city officials slapped an ADULT SUBJECT MATTER warning on concert tickets until a federal judge ordered it removed 48 hours before the concert.

It was as if adult authorities throughout the nation had decided the Beastie Boys were a contagion that must be stopped before infecting their young. The Boys' act was raucously sexual, it was smartass and New York and, perhaps most alarming of all, it brought together white girls and black boys in a highly charged environment—particularly when the band was billed with premiere rap group Run-DMC on their 1987 Together Forever tour. It was obvious that these shrewd New Yorkers knew how to shake up the heartland.

There was no doubt about it. For those who wanted to explore the teenage id, the turbulent underbelly of American adolescence in the subdued Eighties, on the road with the Beastie Boys was the place to be. We hooked up with them, appropriately, in swampy, decadent New Orleans, where the band has always felt right at home. "The whole economy here is built on alcohol and transvestites and nudity and sex and partying," observed Mike Diamond (a.k.a. Mike D.), the sweetest, politest Beastie. "There's everything here, even black magic; that's why I love this city so much. The stuff you see on Bourbon Street is a lot worse than

you'll ever see at one of our shows. I mean, how can our show corrupt kids who grew up in this environment?"

But that's precisely what some city officials were warning would happen if the concert at the University of New Orleans Assembly Center went ahead as scheduled. The nationwide campaign to ground the Beastie Boys and the libidinous forces they unleashed had caught up with them even in this city of flesh peddling and mumbo jumbo. In the hours before the performance, the band's lawyer huddled nervously with concert promoters and police officials to work out an agreement that would allow the show to go on. The Beasties had long since been tamed. Gone was the monumental phallus, gone were the topless dancers. But New Orleans city fathers wanted further concessions: They were especially eager to be assured that there would be no simulated masturbation on stage. The band agreed and the show went on.

Backstage before the show, the Beasties are full of spunk. "What these parents are trying to do is make sure their kids never hear anything about what's going on in the world," growls Yauch. "Tipper Gore's kids are going to grow up not knowing about sex and they're going to catch AIDS. Kids are just naturally fucking rebellious—they're going to do whatever they're told not to."

Yauch, his scrawny frame slumped in a dressing-room couch and his eyes already bleary with beer, gets especially revved up when we mention his favorite book, *Hammer of the Gods*, the tawdry account of Led Zeppelin's rise to fame and fortune. Those were rock's glory days, thinks Yauch, the days when superstardom brought something close to absolute power, and Zeppelin, the progenitors of heavy metal, took full advantage of that power. The British band reveled in the decadence of the road and lurid tales of their American tours achieved mythic proportions. Fishing from a seaside hotel balcony in Seattle, catching a red snapper and using it for nefarious purposes with a drunken groupie; trying to rip the clothes off a female *Life* magazine reporter; practicing black-magic rituals; besotting themselves with drugs and drink.

"That book, *Hammer of the Gods*, is my favorite shit," announces Yauch. "I remember reading it before we were famous, when we were so sick of everyone like the Thompson Twins and Duran Duran and George Michael and all those faggots ruling the whole fucking rock-and-roll scene like a bunch of pussies. And I remember a quote from Led Zeppelin's manager, something like, 'Led Zeppelin lived at a time when rock stars were treated like gods and they could do anything they wanted, and it'll never be

(continued on page 188)



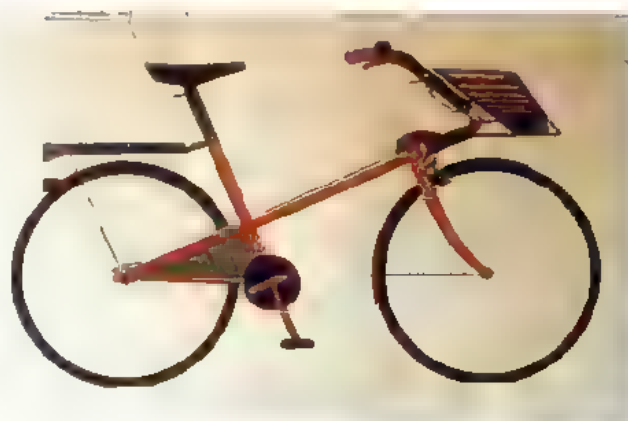
"Well, I think it takes a lot away from the Old World charm!"

DESIGN By GIUGIARO

A BEHIND-THE-SCENES VISIT TO THE WORLD'S HOTTEST DESIGN HOUSE

modern living By OLMSTEAD HILL

NO ONE cooks snails like the French, and no one designs beautiful automobiles like the Italians. Where the magic happens is in Turin, an industrial town at the northwestern edge of Italy, at the foot of the Alps. It is there that the great automotive-styling companies such as Pininfarina, Ghia and Bertone create the heart-stopping looks of the Ferraris, Maseratis, Lamborghinis and a host of other, non-Italian *marques* that have become our universal objects of desire. Within this congregation of elite industrial artists, there is one who stands so far above the others in creativity, output and world wide influence that he is referred to by a single word. It is a word that other artistic circles reserve for rarities such as Horowitz and Picasso. The word: *maestro*. Giorgetto Giugiaro is his name. He's a reserved 50-year-old son of a Piedmontese church artist (he was helping *papà* with frescoes before he was a teenager) who 21 years ago



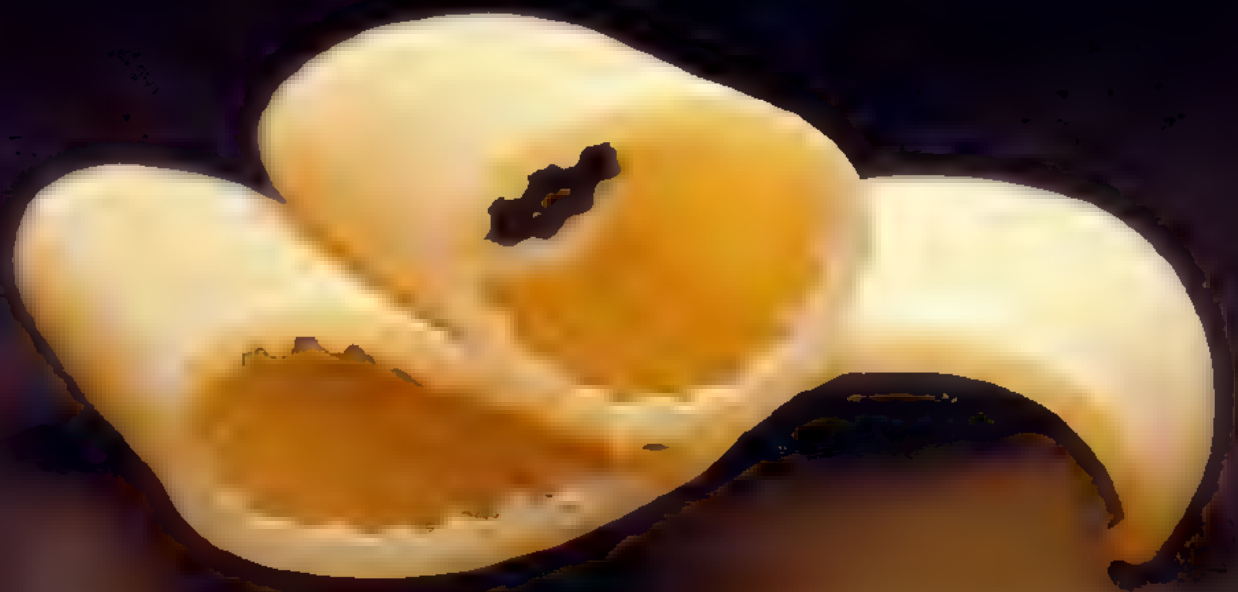
The Giugiaro-designed Bridgestone Blouson unisex bicycle simplifies movement with angled handle bars extended from the crosspiece and bent back toward the rider. The result is a smooth ride and more leg room, allowing for a basket or a baby seat in front of the knees.

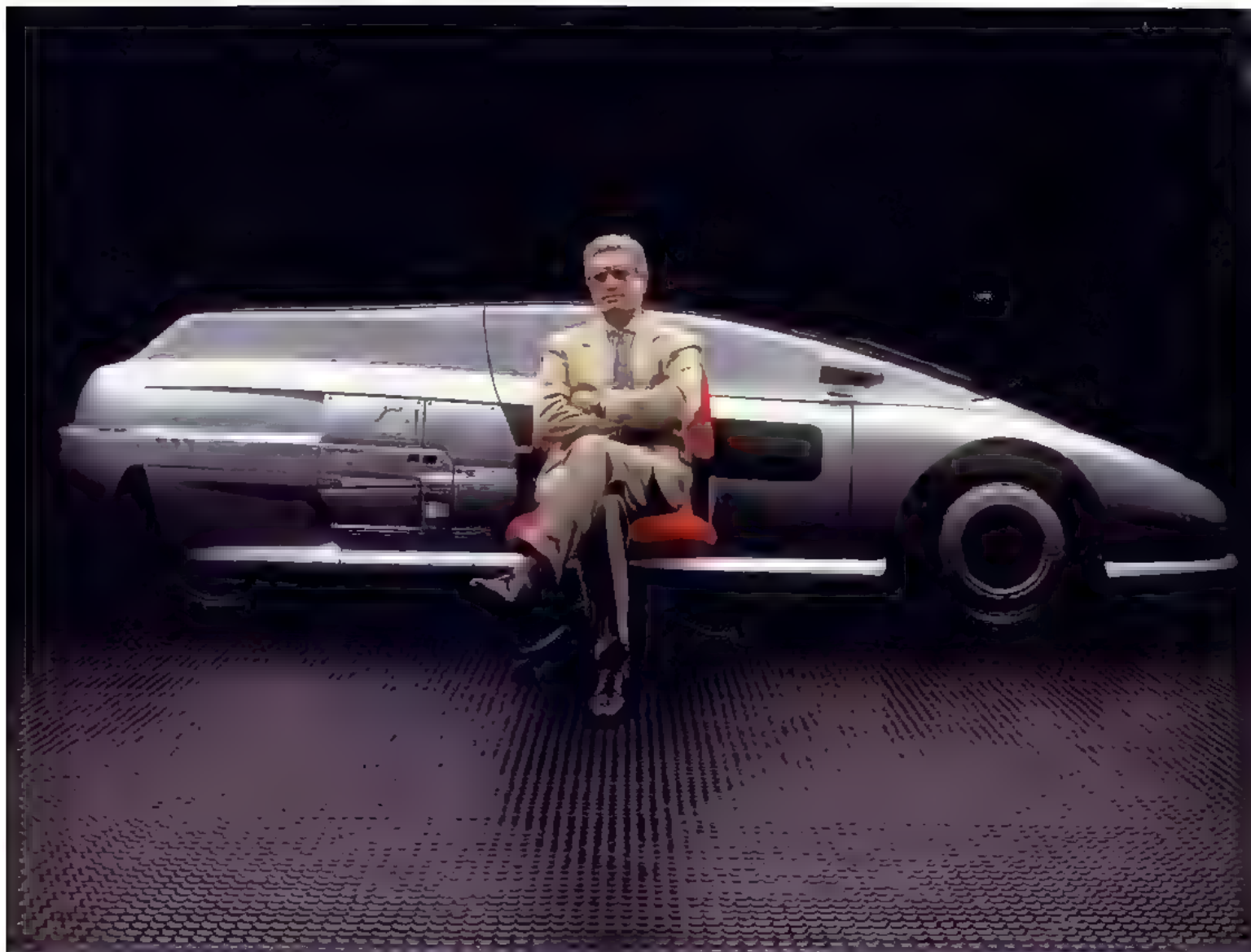
cofounded (with Aldo Mantovani) the inordinately successful company called Italdesign. He has often been called the greatest designer since the death of another Italian, a guy named Leonardo da Vinci. That may not be altogether as hyperbolic as it sounds. If Da Vinci were alive today, he would doubtless be designing the most significant objects of the era—cars. And probably washing machines and hair driers and cameras and bikes and TV sets and sunglasses, too. For the record, Giugiaro designs shavers for Philips, TV sets for Sony, cameras for Nikon, motorcycles for Suzuki,

watches for Seiko, bottles for Martini & Rossi, tennis rackets for Maxima and, yes (Italians will be Italians), a new shape of pasta for the Neapolitan company Voiello. As for automobiles, he has created such luscious, slippery beauties as the De Tomaso Competizione and Mangusta; the Maserati Ghibli, Bora, Merak, Quattroporte and Boomerang; the Alfetta GT/GTV; the BMW

At the request of Middle Eastern shipowners, Giugiaro designed a 472-foot luxury yacht (below left) that has a swimming pool with a removable roof, a helipod with a hangar, a radio room and video equipment for satellite communications. For the expanding line of Giugiaro-designed footwear, Italdesign offered some for the road with the Car collection (below right), driving shoes created for comfort and relaxation, casual- or informal-wear, with an innovative reinforced heel to eliminate electrostatic build-up and wear from driving. The beta-shaped Morille pasta, designed for Voiello, Naples' oldest pasta maker (opposite), was Giugiaro's twist on the Neapolitan tradition. The pasta has the customary smooth exterior but is grooved on the inside for perfect water straining and for retaining an optimal amount of the sauce *del giorno*. Giugiaro says the source of his inspiration was the rubberized weather strip that lines the inside of a car door.







Above: Giorgetto Giugiaro and the Aspid, a concept model of a two-seat coupe featuring a five-cylinder mid-transversal engine and full-time four-wheel drive. Automotive designs of the future, Giugiaro states, will soften, with sheet metal and window treatments that are more harmonious. The upper half of the Aspid is a glass dome that envelops the car from the windshield base to the tail section. The doors are two-part; the upper section is hinged onto the windshield base and opens frontward. On each side of the car is a service center; the right one includes a control for an engine oil system that automatically tops itself up when needed, a variety of digital gauges, a removable thermometer housed in the tool compartment, an air intake for the intercooler, a hydraulic lift to raise the car and a 12-volt D.C. jack-plug socket. In the middle of the service center are three push buttons that both activate the various functions and unlock the trunk and the rear-wheel fairings. Below left: The Nikon F4, one of Italdesign's most recent photographic offerings. Below center: From a marketing point of view, Giugiaro considers the Volkswagen Rabbit one of his major accomplishments. Below right: From a design point of view, he feels that he has done better things. Seiko sent Italdesign back to the drawing board and requested that it come up with a new look in chronographs. The result is the timepiece shown here, with easy-to-use stop-watch buttons. It's one of several watches Giugiaro designed for Seiko.





M1; the Isuzu Impulse and I-Mark; the Lotus Esprit; and the gorgeous, though star-crossed, De Lorean DMC 12.

Presumably, any top designer can create a beautiful car costing, say, \$100,000-plus. What sets Giugiaro apart from the other Turin *carrozzeri* and what makes him the darling of high-volume, profit-minded manufacturers are the names that sell in the hundreds of thousands or millions of units: Volkswagen Rabbit, Dasher and Scirocco; Fiat Panda, Croma and Uno; Alfasud; Lancia Delta and Prisma; Audi 80; Saab 9000; SEAT Ibiza; Renault 19 and 21. With the Hyundai line (Stellar, Presto, Pony Excel), Giugiaro initiated an entire automobile industry in South Korea.

According to the latest figures, more than 20,000,000 units of cars by Giugiaro have been sold. No other member of the design club comes even close to that. Companies that manufacture them acknowledge that he has fathered 69 automobiles in his extraordinarily fertile career; the true figure may be twice as high. Manufacturers are often too proud to admit they have sought outside help, and Italdesign remains faithful to the industrial *omertà* specified in contracts of this sort.

If there is one fact that separates Giugiaro from the field, it is his disconcerting habit of following logic when inspiration would be easier. Indeed, his fellow Italians call him "The Prussian," for his cool northern manner. Giugiaro has thought long and hard about his trade, and he has little use for fast solutions or flash. If he were ever to stick tail fins, spoilers or space-age gadgets on a design, they would be there to serve a purpose, not because some marketing genius thought they would be sexy.

"I believe a car should be the image of rationality," he says. "Designing a car has become a fact of life, because cars have entered our lives so deeply. If you consider what the automobile did to the world, I think it is the most important revolution of our lives."

What Giugiaro calls his philosophy of space leads him to discourse earnestly about automobiles as "boxes [or containers] in motion." So thorough is his dedication to rationality that when he

undertakes a new design, he thinks not only about the passengers who will ride in the car but about the workers who will build it, as well. When he first presented his nifty little Panda utility car—the modern European answer to the Ford Model A—the Fiat executives who had ordered it were startled by door-hinge covers that stuck out like Alfred E. Neuman's ears. The appearance was shocking at first, but it was pure Giugiaro: Protruding hinges were much easier for assembly-line workers to install than the traditional hidden ones, and cheaper, too. They stayed.

American manufacturers, weighed down by their in-house, committee-style design philosophy and assumptions of superiority, have hardly deigned to grant diplomatic recognition to Giugiaro and Italdesign. Apart from the De Lorean (American only in its company's founder and its sales market) and the research and design and interior styling for the Mercury Capri, Giugiaro's sole Stateside design was the AMC Eagle Premier—and that was when AMC was owned by Renault. Detroit, apparently, harbors deep suspicions about the maestro. The feeling is mutual.

"American cars horrify me," he said a few years back, when he wasn't in a particularly diplomatic mood. "They're huge and opulent and gaudy, but there's

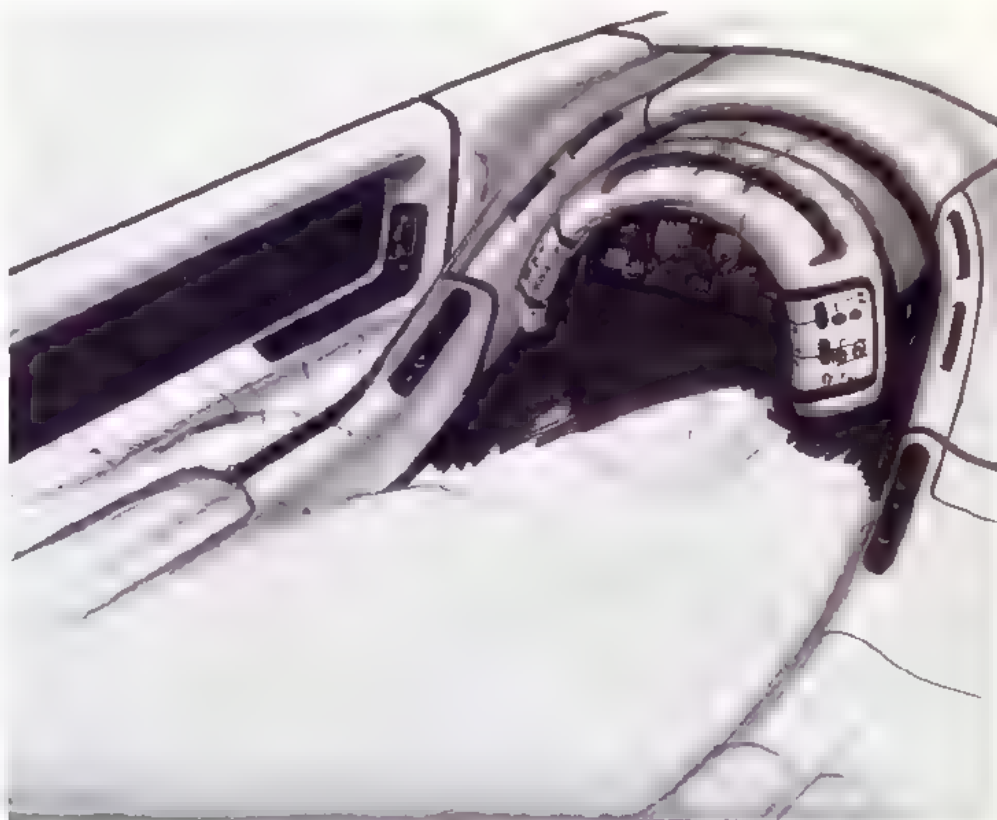
no room in them. When I'm in New York, I feel nervous in taxis, because they're five meters long but I'm still squished up against the driver."

When he spoke with *Playboy* not long ago, he was more circumspect, but the underlying sentiments were unmistakably the same.

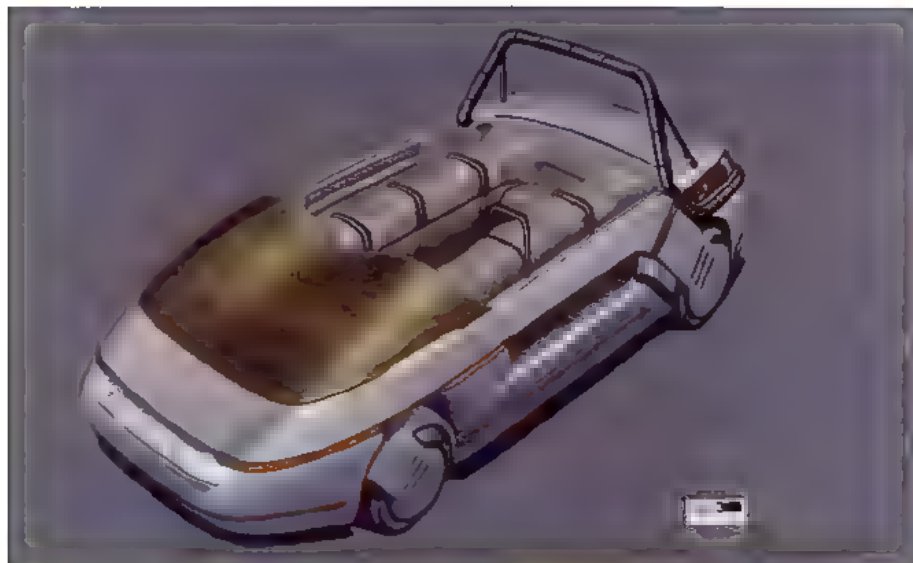
"Americans have been changing a lot in the past few years. Their cars are more rational now than ten years ago, but I feel that from the point of view of mechanics, American cars are not as technically advanced as they look. For example, you have some big sedans—very low, very sleek—that give you the impression of a very fast car, but their top speed is maybe a little bit more than one hundred miles per hour. So the appeal is not related to what you find in the product. And American cars, in comparison with European ones, are less roomy for the same over-all dimensions."

Giugiaro is somewhat more charitable toward Japan—he is quick to praise its automakers' excellence in detail—but he also sees the same American addiction to sleek, racy machines in which comfort and roominess are sacrificed to style. The belch-fire habit dies hard.

The burgeoning sales of Hyundais, Rabbits, Pandas and Unos unquestionably demonstrate that Giugiaro's boxes-in-motion philosophy can find enough



Above and top: Tom Cruise would feel right at home nestled in the driver's seat of the Aztec, a Giugiaro two-seat concept vehicle shown coming to life on an Italdesign drawing board. The Aztec features two separate cockpits, with an instrumentation panel positioned in the middle of the driver's cockpit. All of the main controls are located on the perimeter of the driver's instrument panel, while the steering-wheel rim houses the cruise control, horn and flashers.



buyers to make manufacturers who treat their public like adults prosper. It was before any of these cars were born, though, that he made his definitive statement on the subject. It was 1976, and the occasion was "the taxi project."

In response to an invitation from New York's Museum of Modern Art, he designed, built and brought to the U.S. a running prototype of what looked like a big yellow toy. The Giugiaro taxi was just over 13 feet long, six feet high and narrower than any New York cab—but immensely bigger and more comfortable inside; it had more passenger space than a Mercedes 600 limousine. Giugiaro's little gem was so intelligent, so practical, so right that it ought to have become a world standard. Instead, an absurd thicket of protectionist practices, local safety codes and conflicting regulations ensured from the start that it would never go into production anywhere. Even today, all other taxis—including the famous London cabs—look like awkward impostors in comparison with the big yellow toy.

Not surprisingly, as Giugiaro operates at the peak of his powers, he faces the problem that comes in the wake of all great success: too much work and not *(text concluded on page 182)*

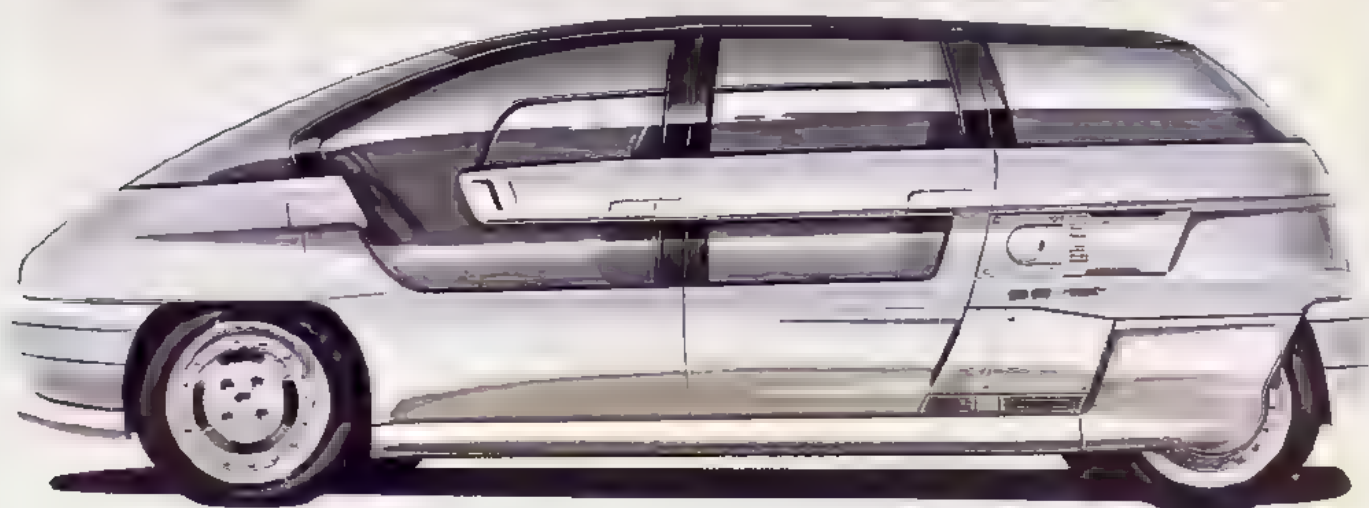


Above left and left: Neither car nor motorcycle, Italdesign's Machimoto (macchino is Italian for "car" and moto is "motorcycle") is a carefree dune-buggy-style concept vehicle that can carry from six to nine passengers who straddle the padded seats. Pictured here are a rendering and a sketch, done while the Machimoto was still on the drawing board. However, Giugiaro actually did build one machine, powering it with a Golf GTi 16-valve engine housed in a fiberglass body shell. Top speed: about 100 miles per hour. Below: The Incas, another Giugiaro concept vehicle, features rear gull-wing doors and an aeronautical-control-stick-style steering wheel.





Above: The ultimate flying wedge, a Giugiaro-designed Lotus Turbo Esprit that looks terrific topping out about 150 mph or standing still. Other beautiful screamers that Giugiaro has designed include the Bizzarrini Manta; the Maserati Ghibli, Bora, Boomerang, Merak and Quattroporte; the Isuzu Impulse; the Volkswagen Scirocco; and the De Lorean DMC 12. Below: The Asgard, another Italdesign concept vehicle, was created as an exciting alternative to the predictable designs of the Mercedes-Benz and Volvo station wagons. The Asgard seats six (and there's room for two children to sit facing backward in the luggage compartment) and features a mid-transversal engine coupled to full-time four-wheel drive. As on the Aspid, a panel housing various services is located on each side. Giugiaro sees the Asgard as a "sedan of the future."



CHAIRS: We see them every day. Often we sit on them. Sometimes we have them reupholstered. Occasionally, we even find coins under their cushions. Lately, however, the common chair has emerged as a heinous weapon, an instrument of death. Fiendish lunatics now use chairs to bludgeon human skulls! In hellish rituals, chairs are hurled at the heads of innocent victims, rendering them helpless or—worse—lifeless. Chairs: Are we sitting ducks? Or ducking seats? That's the focus of the next three paragraphs.

Geraldo, unlike me, knew the chair was coming. For him, it was something implicit: Grass grows, babies cry, chairs fly. He got his indoctrination last fall, nailed by one of those chrome-and-leather numbers, while scuffling with Nazis on television. I got mine a few months later in, of all places, the mountains of Utah. Geraldo was there, too. Amazingly, we were actually standing together, only millimeters apart, when the flying chair struck me. Geraldo escaped injury but missed none of the irony. "Now you know how it feels," he said, laughing ruefully.

This flying chair did not flatten my nose, however, as was Geraldo's experience. Rather, I took a glancing blow to the back of the head. I was merely shaken; virtually no pursuant cosmetic surgery was required. Still, I was forced to wonder: Had I not

JUST DON'T CALL HIM JERRY

gerald o on holiday is a pussycat. no perverts or thugs to menace—just the odd flying chair

been standing within chair range of Geraldo, would I have been hit in the first place? Was proximity my undoing? Didn't that chair, in all likelihood, have Geraldo's name on it?

Or perhaps it was just coincidence. After all, at the time of the incident, the two of us were paired at the foot of a snowy slope, waiting for a ski lift. True, I'd never ridden a lift before and had no idea that the gondola chair scoops up its passengers from behind with such, well, *insistence*. Nevertheless, I can still feel the sharp crease (continued on page 112)

personality
By BILL ZEHME



LOAFING IN STYLE

elegant slip-ons
that are a shoe-in
for spring

By HOLLIS WAYNE

DON'T LET the name fool you. There's nothing lazy about a pair of loafers. This shoe style has been around for decades; the classic penny-loafer look is two dates back to 1936, when Willard and John Bass introduced Bass Weejans to the American public. Since then, the slip-on has undergone many changes, including the addition of tassels, kiltie fringe, and perforations, along with the use of mixed leathers and exotic skins such as ostrich and crocodile. This season, shoes are lighter in weight and softer, which makes them well suited for the easy-fitting clothes you'll be wearing.

Clockwise from ones: Crocodile kiltie loafer with top-stitched accents, by Susan Bennis Worren Edwards, \$1250. Leather spectator penny loafer, by Cole Hoan, \$135. Ostrich hand-stitched kiltie tassel loafer, by Andrea Getty for Jandreani, \$448. Woven-leather penny loafer with ostrich top and penny appliqué, by Cole Hoan, \$295. Woven-calfskin tassel loafer, by To Boot New York, \$200. Leather tassel loafer with perforated pebble insets and crocodile appliqué, from Antonio Brufini by Pakerdini, \$225. The leather used for the background came from a better breed of fawns—not from endangered species.



GERALDO RIVERA (continued from page 108)

"If Geraldo's riled—and he is frequently riled—his machismo plumps like a frankfurter."

on my cranium. Geraldo, keen to the resonance of an airborne chair, instantly recognized poetry in the moment, for he suggested to me on the spot, "There's your lead."

Of course, I would be naïve to discount his professional wisdom. Geraldo Rivera has a nose for drama.

This story takes place some 2000 miles from New York City, as the chair flies. Our subject has temporarily abdicated his natural element—the angry, corrupt, virulent streets of said cosmopolis—and deposited himself on a pristine white canvas: Park City, Utah. Mormon country. An altitudinous moral high ground where decency prevails and the skiing is swell. Here, with no societal evils for him to expose and no critical scorn to confront, a man can *breathe*. He may well be the most mocked and detested man in contemporary popular culture, but here, in these benevolent bluffs, he is simply a man. Albeit a man with free time and fabulous accommodations.

Geraldo Rivera on holiday is nothing like Geraldo Rivera on television, where he tends to be so, um, *zealous*. He scorches around the edges. "I have a higher temperature than most people," he will reason. "I think hot, I write hot, I am hot," he will say. "I'm not afraid to be zesty." Indeed, in his reporting and interviewing technique, he postures like a matador, a slippery taunt artist, arrogant, confident, full of extraneous flourish. He flaunts his *hubris* as though it were a bejeweled cape. If he's riled—and he is frequently riled—his *machismo* plumps like a frankfurter.

But here, disconnected from his arena, he deflates. His inner fires diminish to a cozy flicker. The strut and swagger slacken. The shrill, italicized vocal intonation—a journalistic carnival bark that owes deeply to Walter Winchell—winds down and husks up. His eyes actually twinkle. Self-irony burbles out from a secret reservoir and a winsome Latin charm issues forth. His nearest stab at invective behavior is asking a hostess how he might locate a toothpick. (So astonishingly nimble is he with a toothpick, by the way, that he can manage to drink, whistle and even kiss while clenching one in his teeth.) Were it not for the mustache, he might be Ricardo Montalban.

This Geraldo, the hidden Geraldo, even embraces clean family living. Freed of his duties baiting scoundrels, mutants, sad sacks and sex fiends, he surrounds

himself with loved ones. (*Geraldo has loved ones!*) Those present with him here in the peaks of Utah include his wife, C. C. Dyer, who, in addition to being the fourth Mrs. Rivera, works as a staff producer on her husband's talk show; his nine-year-old son (by his third marriage), Gabriel, who lives in Los Angeles with his mother; Geraldo's close friend, the comedian Cheech Marin; Cheech's wife, Patty; and the Marins' toddler son, Joey. Fortified by their company, Geraldo finds repose. Geraldo finds peace. Geraldo finds his way to the nearest bartender.

"Give Geraldo a couple of gin and tonics and he'll loosen right up," his wife had advised when extending the invitation for me to spy along on this winter frolic. Forthright, ebullient and red-haired, she told me. "People see only his bravado, never his passive side. He's a different man off camera and *no one* knows this. I mean, I was shocked when I met Morton Downey, Jr., and discovered what a nice guy he is. It was so pleasing to know that this abrasive monster on television is, in reality, a sweet, simple, thoughtful, generous guy."

Geraldo is showing off his new tattoo at the breakfast table. Lodge guests at neighboring tables, grazing amid the hot cakes and bran, seem oblivious to this intimate exhibition. It is their loss. Geraldo's new tattoo is an addendum to an old tattoo, really. As a young merchant marine, he had a small anchor etched into his right biceps. A few weeks before coming to Utah, while doing a Lee Harvey Oswald special in Dallas, he instructed a local tattooist to affix an anchor chain that serpentine around the initials C.C. and the numbers 7-11. Romantic swoon that he is, Geraldo had wanted to get the tattoo on July 11th in commemoration of his and C.C.'s first wedding anniversary; but, he says, "I never had the time and, when I did have the time, I was always sober. Finally, in Texas, I figured, If I don't do it now, I'll never do it."

To fully evince the profundity of his devotion, Geraldo adds that when he did submit to the tattooing, not only was he stone-sober, his life was in actual jeopardy. A crazed woman, it seems, had been stalking him throughout the Dallas area. Although that sort of thing is nothing new if you happen to be Geraldo Rivera, he didn't like the tenor of her phone threats.

"This chick was definitely a psycho," he says gravely. And so a phalanx of Dallas

undercover police escorted him to the tattoo parlor. "The cops said, 'We don't want this town to be known for another assassination.'"

I stare dumbly at the tattoo, digesting the historical heft of the implication. Geraldo just eats his eggs.

Cheech and Geraldo, on winter sports (*actual dialog*).

CHEECH: Hey, man, what do you say we do some snowmobiling tonight?

GERALDO: Nah, I'm not much into nighttime winter activities. I prefer hollering up in the lodge. You know: chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at my nose.

CHEECH: Oh, man, is *that* how it happened?

Geraldo likes Geraldo jokes.

While he has never been a guest on *The Tonight Show* or *Late Night with David Letterman*, rarely a week passes that he is not mentioned in either program's opening monolog. Comedians subsist on him. They revel in his searing self-seriousness, his penchant for lurid sensationalism. He belongs to an exalted pantheon of ridicule, firmly ensconced in the rarefied company of Tammy Bakker and Dan Quayle. Following Geraldo's recent network probe of Devil worship, there was Jay Leno, asking, "Do you believe Satan stooped so low that he appeared on the *same show* as Geraldo Rivera?" Letterman presented a top-ten list of potential Geraldo specials, among whose entries were: (10) *Live from Elvis' Grave with a Shovel*, (8) *Staking Out the Keebler Elves*, (5) *Former Nazis Who Work at the Gap*, (2) *Geraldo and the Dancing Chipmunks* and (1) *Raising Raymond Burr*.

I ask Geraldo to cite his favorite japes, while sharing a ski lift (flying chair) with him and his wife. "I think Leno's had the funniest stuff," he says magnanimously. "He came up with the new Geraldo Home Game. It was a life-size cutout of me and, to score points, you had to throw a chair at it. He missed the first time he tried."

"I like Johnny Carson's line," says C.C., piping up. "'Have you heard? There's now a *second-chair* theory.'"

Geraldo says, "Leno had a funny one when it was announced that my brother Craig, who works on my show, was leaving to be an on-camera reporter on another show. He said, 'Wouldn't it be funny if Geraldo turned out to be the *conservative* one in the family?'"

These barbs never sting? I wonder. Geraldo shrugs manfully. "Sometimes his feelings are hurt," C.C. confides, "but usually the jokes are so funny, you have to laugh."

Geraldo then recalls a momentous
(continued on page 173)

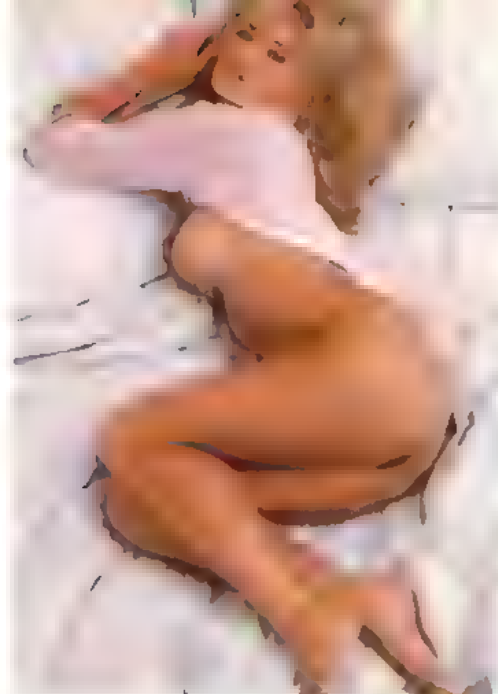


"Ordering in French was your idea!"



sunny monique, who brings us christmas in may, is a woman with a past—several of them

OUR FIRST NOEL



MONIQUE NOEL remembers being three (she remembers even further back—a couple of hundred years further, in fact—but more on that later). She recalls being a toddler who resented the gray skies over her native Oregon. Miss May, even then, was a sun worshiper. "Oregon is beautiful," she says, "but it's wet and gray. I had to get out of the rain." The year she turned 18, she folded her umbrella and fled south. It seldom rains in her Southern California stomping grounds. She plays on Venice Beach and works in Hollywood. A New Ager who believes in reincarnation and recalls a past life or two, Miss May was not about to spend this one looking for silver linings in storm clouds. "When the time came to move, I didn't just move, I ran!"

she says. "Life is too short to wait for what you want." She plans to devote this life, or at least its next decade, to her budding career as an actress. A chance meeting with a casting director led to her first screen bit, as a member of a beauty bevy in the upcoming Patrick Swayze vehicle *Road House*. Next up is a Carl Reiner comedy, *Bert Rigby, You're a Fool*—her first speaking role. "I was so nervous driving to the audition, I was just trying to remember the title. Stanley Clark, *You're an Idiot*? No! The part called for a girl in a swimsuit—I think the swimsuit took precedence over acting credentials. Anyway, I got the part. I play Corbin Bernsen's date, and my one line is counting his sit-ups." Asked if Bernsen is a sit-up machine, Monique lights up. "We started at ninety-seven," she says, laughing, "but he's still a hunk." Has rubbing elbows with Swayze and Bernsen spoiled her for other leading men? "I've got a long list of hunks I want to work with," she sighs. Miss May may not yet be a star, but she is in no hurry. Except at Venice Beach, where on off days she zips up and down the boardwalk on roller skates—a Mozart tape in her Walkman and a grin on her face.

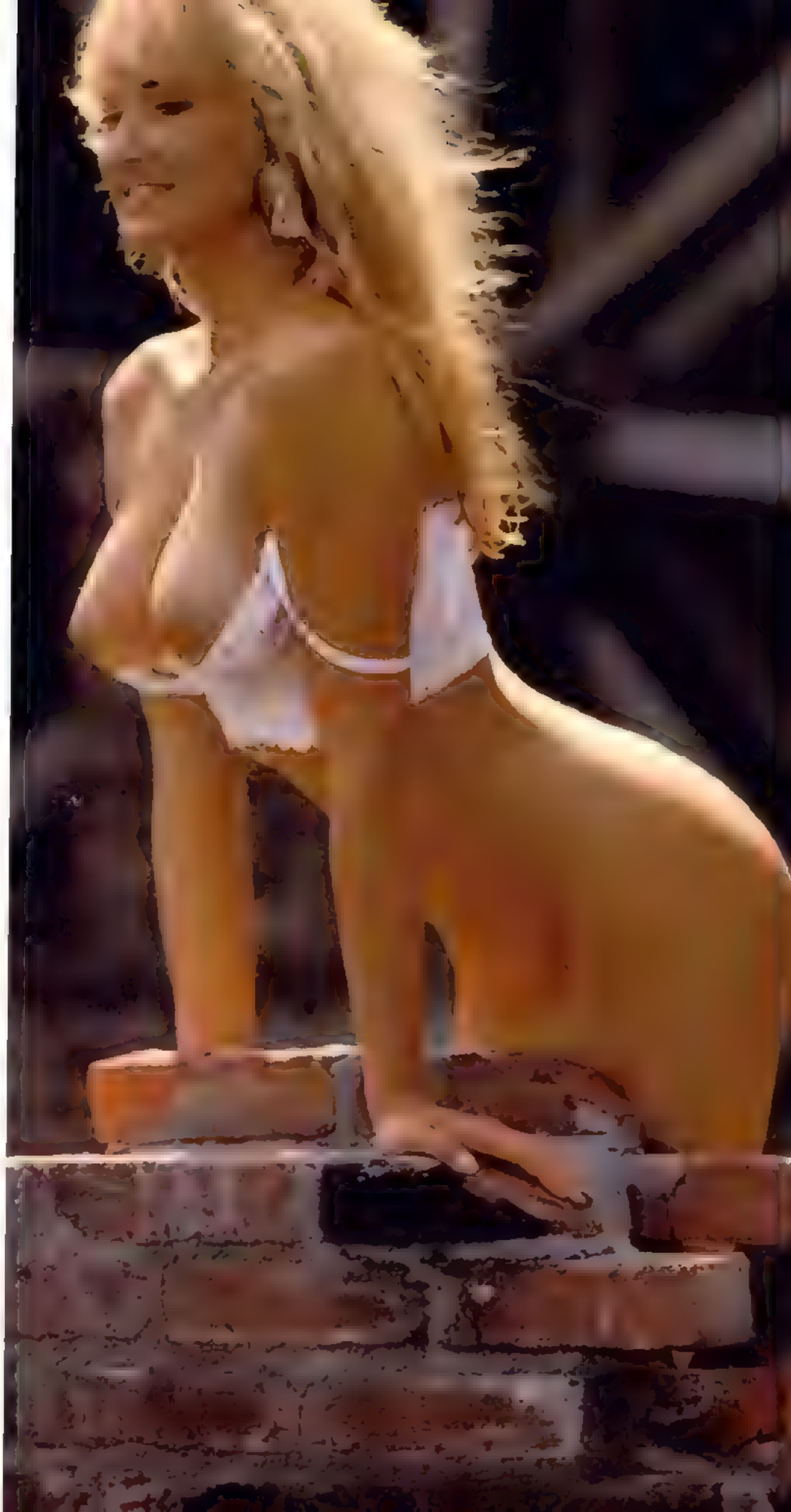


Monique's first film role, as an extra in *Road House*, starring Patrick Swayze, put her in good company. Miss March 1981, Kymberly Herrin (seated, lower left), and Miss July 1988, Terri Lynn Doss (to Swayze's immediate left), joined Miss May (standing, far left) in the cast. On the facing page: pure Monique.



"Even when I knew the *Playboy* people were considering me, I never believed they would want me," Monique says. "Not in a million years. So I wasn't quite prepared for this. You don't pose nude every day. But once I decided just to be me, it was easy." She got over her initial shyness by "letting the fun come out." To Monique, passion and fun are intimately linked. She feels sexiest, she says, when a playful bout of laughter becomes a wrestling match. "You can't plan passion. It has to be spontaneous. It just has to happen. Dancing can do it for me. I'm a wild, crazy, loose dancer. The physicality of dancing—sometimes that will set me off. Or I'll be at home with my boyfriend, just having a good time, laughing and laughing, and the fun spills over. It's like a bomb inside me. It sets my body glowing; I get an all-over sense of *passion*. When that happens, I need an outlet. I like romantic candlelight and fireplaces, too, but there's not always time." Like many of history's blonde bombshells—Monique has twice portrayed Marilyn Monroe in commercials—Miss May is a bit more impetuous than most folks. Perhaps her spontaneity comes from something in her past. Perhaps in a previous life, she was Lady Godiva—who, reborn in the Summer of Love, would likely have reached the Eighties on roller skates rather than on horseback. The evidence is more than pictorial: Asked if she has a favorite sexy outfit, Monique nods. "Nothing."

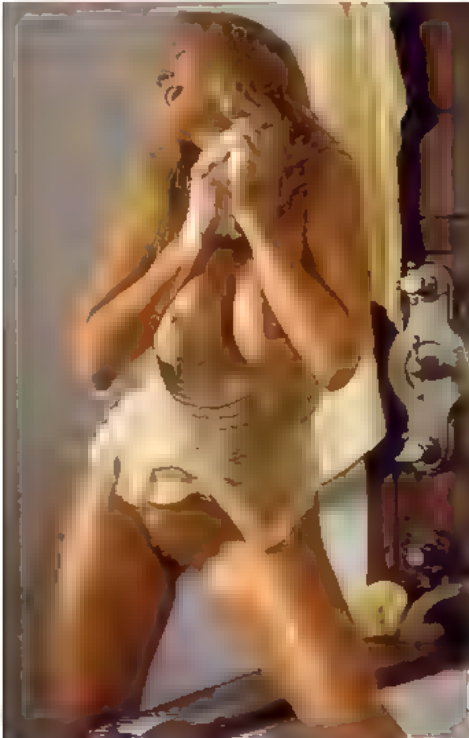
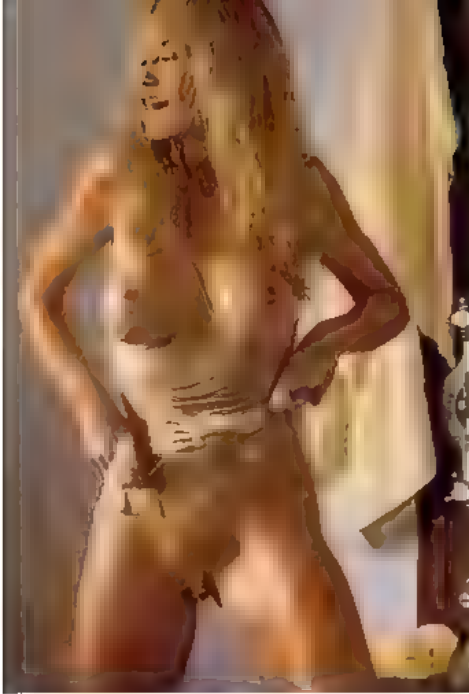
"I do two hundred and forty sit-ups a day," Monique says. "I meditate. I eat granola, raw cashews, fresh fruit and sandwiches of almond butter on whole wheat. All healthy things."







"The best time I've had lately was the day my boyfriend and I were supposed to look at a car. He decided to change clothes first. I started kissing him, and he was saying, 'We gotta go, gotta go,' and that got me started. Then it was just—boom! We forgot the car."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Margaret Had



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MONIQUE NOEL

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 114

BIRTH DATE: 4.28.67 BIRTHPLACE: SALEM, OREGON

AMBITIONS: TO WORK AS A FILM ACTRESS, TRAVEL THE WORLD AND BUILD A RANCH IN THE SOUTHWEST.

TURN-ONS: CLASSICAL MUSIC, DANCING, WILDFLOWERS, LAKE GAMES, GETTING MY BACK SCRATCHED, SPOONING

TURN-OFFS: PEOPLE WHO WHINE, VIOLENCE AND SCREAMING BABIES ON AIRPLANES

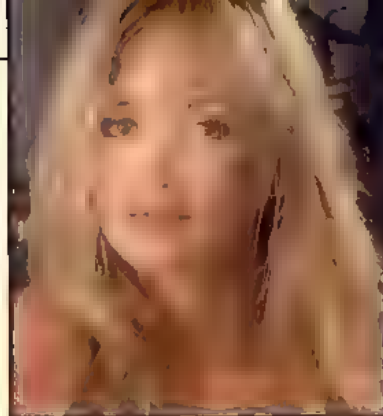
FAVORITE BOOKS: THE SCARLET LETTER, CHRONICLES OF NARNIA, THE BRIDGE ACROSS FOREVER, LIVING IN THE LIGHT

FINANCIAL PLANS: I'M GOING TO CUT ALL MY CREDIT CARDS IN HALF!

TRAVEL PLANS: AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE WITH THE MAN I LOVE.

HEROES: EINSTEIN, MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, ROBIN WILLIAMS

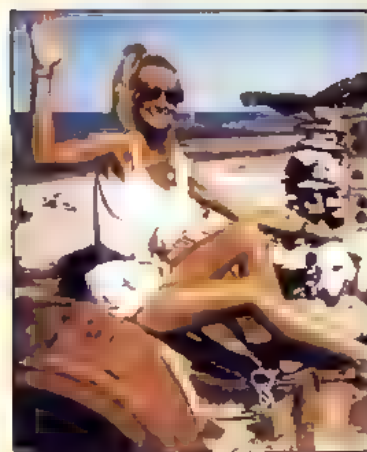
IN A PAST LIFE: I WAS A FAIRY PRINCESS IN A WOOD FULL OF GNOMES!



"FAIRY PRINCESS"



ON THE SET



BAJA HOLIDAY



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A Frenchman and an Italian businessman were seated next to an American on an overseas flight. After a few cocktails, the men began discussing their home lives.

"Last night, I made love to my wife four times," the Frenchman bragged, "and this morning, she made me delicious crepes and told me how much she adored me."

"Ah, last night, I made love to my wife six times," the Italian responded, "and this morning, she made me a wonderful omelet and told me she could never love another man."

When the American remained silent, the Frenchman smugly asked, "And how many times did you make love to *your* wife last night?"

"Once," he replied.

"Only once?" the Italian arrogantly snorted. "And what did she say to you this morning?"

"Don't stop."

A salesman for a high tech-equipment firm had just returned from his first supersonic crossing of the Atlantic and was met at JFK.

"What was it like to fly the Concorde?" his friend asked.

"Mm," he replied, "you know you're traveling faster than the speed of sound when the flight attendant slaps your face before you can get a word out."



The grandmother watched from her beach chair as her grandson built sand castles near the shore. Suddenly, the little boy took a few steps into the water, slipped and was pulled away by a strong undertow.

"Help! Somebody help my grandson!" she shouted.

Hearing the woman's cries, a lifeguard sprinted across the sand, dived full speed into the crashing waves and swam powerfully toward the drowning boy. He finally pulled the child from beneath the water and took him to shore. He gave the boy mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. In a few moments, the child began to cough.

"I think he'll be all right," the winded lifeguard said to the anxious woman.

"Yes, yes," she replied, "but he was wearing a hat."

A man was standing at the country-club bar with a tennis ball stuffed into the pocket of his shorts. The young woman next to him pointed to the bulge and asked, "What's that?"

"Tennis ball," he replied.

"Oh, ouch," the woman said. "I know how that must feel. I have tennis elbow."

When he returned home from work, he found his wife lying naked in bed. He excitedly began to rip his clothes off, when he spotted a cigar in the ashtray beside the bed.

"All right," he yelled, "there's going to be big trouble unless you tell me where that cigar came from!"

"Havana," croaked a voice from under the bed.

The elderly couple returned to their honeymoon hotel to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. As they prepared to retire, the old woman went into the bathroom to put on the new \$200 see-through silk-and-lace nightie she had purchased for the occasion. Only after she had undressed did she realize she had left the sexy number in the bedroom. As she tiptoed into the room to retrieve it, her husband propped himself up in bed, squinted at her and remarked, "Jeez, Martha, for two hundred dollars, you would think they could at least have ironed it!"



Three office workers discovered that they had all recently acquired boyfriends named Leroy. To avoid confusion, they decided to nickname their beaux after soft drinks.

The first said, "I'll name mine Seven Up, because he's about seven inches and always up."

The second said, "I'll name mine Mountain Dew, because he loves my mountains and he sure can do it."

The third said, "I'll name mine Jack Daniel's."

"You can't do that, girl," her officemates protested vehemently. "That's not a soft drink, that's a hard liquor."

"He surely is," she purred.

While in bed with her husband's best friend, a woman got a phone call. She hung up and said "That was Harry, but don't worry. He won't be home for a while. He's playing cards with you."

What was Dan Quayle's favorite pickup line in college? "Can my dad buy you a drink?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"So it's your opinion that the police of this city do a fine job?"

KNOCKOUT LOOKS

fight champ donny jalonde takes on the latest in sport suits

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE





Don't count

Donny Lalonde out. The former World Boxing Council light-heavyweight champion may have relinquished his crown to Sugar Ray Leonard last November at Caesars Palace, but he didn't take the loss lying down. Although business holdings and acting (he'll be starring in the film *Abraaxas* this fall) take up much of his time, Lalonde has vowed to win again in the ring. In the meantime, he has the perfect build for showing off one of today's hottest new fashion looks—lightweight, unconstructed suits that are as laid back as Lalonde himself. It's a unanimous decision. This guy's a winner—and so are his knockout clothes.

Lalonde wears a six-button one-to-button double-breasted suit with pleated pants, by Ronoldus Shamok, \$900; an embroidered sport shirt, by Bill Robinson, \$140; leather/gabardine spectator lace-ups, by Kenneth Cole, about \$125; and cotton-blend socks, by Interwoven, \$7. (Note: Lalonde is a serious Bob Dylan fan—just check the signature on his left glove.)

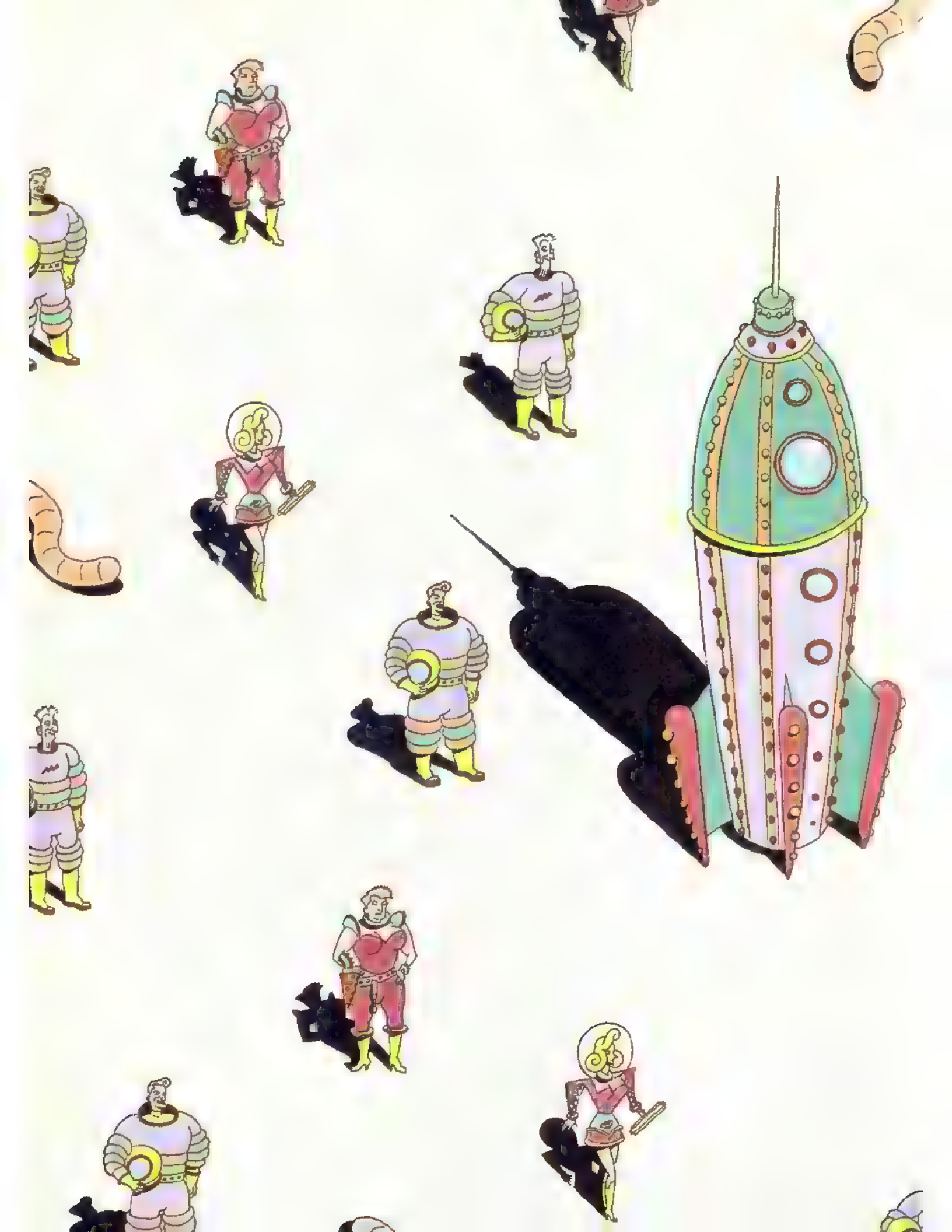


PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE

Left: The clean, crisp look of a single-breasted linen suit featuring a one-button front, notched lapels and pleated pants, \$850, worn with a striped linen sport shirt, \$230, and a silk Jacquard tie, \$50, all by Giorgio Armani. Below: Another winning lightweight linen look includes a rayon/linen four-button one-to-button double-breasted jacket, \$210, with double-pleated matching trousers, \$145, and a linen sport shirt, \$95, all by Bill Robinson. Right: Lolonde definitely isn't down for the fashion count in a double-breasted silk jacket with a four-button one-to-button front, patch front pockets and single-button cuffs, \$650, double-pleated linen pants, \$250, and a spread-collar silk shirt, \$365, all by Giorgio Correggiari; plus handsome leather-soled deerskin lace-up shoes, by Andreagetta for Jandreani, \$187; and cotton-blend rib-knit socks, by Burlington, \$4.50.









HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

imitation is not always a form of flattery

fiction

BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

FROM THE BEGINNING of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measlesed with the colonies of Man.

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship Hopeful, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

When the sky filled with the roar of the descending ship, they all slithered into their holes to wait.

"You know," Captain Standforth said, unclenching his fingers from the controls as the ship shuddered its last and sagged onto the ground, "I think I'm beginning to get the hang of this landing business."

Groans answered him. Chipper young Lieutenant Billy Shelby, the person who normally dealt with landings—Captain Standforth was apt to take the term planetfall literally—managed a cheerful smile and even injected a little perkiness into his voice as he said, "Much better, sir. Why, this was quite smooth!"

Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw, blunt in body, mind and mouth, gave Billy a look. "Not as (continued on page 138)



RICHARD LEWIS

Fifteen years ago, after providing a manufacturer of multicolored condoms with the product name *Rainbows*, Richard Lewis left the world of advertising to begin a career as a stand-up comedian in New York City. Now, after countless club dates, movies, TV specials, series, upwards of 30 guest appearances on *"Late Night with David Letterman"* and considerably more visits to psychotherapists, Lewis has found his place in the comedy hierarchy as the hilarious, if neurotic, Prince of Pain and Bad Posture. Inevitably clad in black, galvanized by anxiety, his long hair flowing behind him like exposed nerve ends, Lewis paces, twists, winces, scowls and races his way through a series of wildly funny, fast and furious raps, focused on the people and the events that have turned him into a therapist's darling. He was getting ready to shoot *"Anything but Love,"* a new television show for ABC, when writer Dick Lochte met with him in his press agent's Hollywood office. "The energy level rose dramatically when Richard walked into the room," Lochte recalls. "He's always on the move. He wanted to prowls as we talked but was worried that the tape recorder wouldn't pick up his side of the conversation. So he stayed seated. Until then, I wouldn't have thought it possible for a man to pace while sitting down."

1.

PLAYBOY: What are you most looking forward to in *Anything but Love*, your new TV show with Jamie Lee Curtis?

LEWIS: I'll be doing a love scene with Jamie in—how many days?—in thirteen days, as we talk. I'm gonna wear more things to tuck my lower belly in. I'm gonna wear more contraptions—I'm wearing the Jules Verne pajamas! Who'd want to be in bed with her and look like—you know, I look like Ward Bond right now. I can't change my body in thirteen days, so I'm gonna have to wear the contraption pajamas. And

we're supposed to be under the

covers, so I told her, "If you feel anything metallic, don't yell." But she's great. She'll go along with it. The wardrobe guy, if he hears that I'm wearing this outfit, he'll go crazy.

2.

PLAYBOY: Have you any tips on dressing for success in bed other than wearing contraption pajamas?

LEWIS: Well, dressing up like an insurance man is out. I tried it; no good. I tried to dress up like a fireman and save the damsel in distress; no good. The only thing that worked once—I did a Mister Rogers impression, and then I segued quickly into Nixon on *Meet the Press*, and I'll tell you, I have never been better in bed. I don't do impressions, so it didn't really sound like Mister Rogers. It sounded more like Fredric March and a little bit like Polly Bergen. But in my mind, it was Mister Rogers and Richard Nixon. Polly Bergen, she's such a lovely woman. She also has one of the funniest names I've ever heard. Polly Bergen. I don't know—is she a parrot? Is she a model? What is she?

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you really spent so much time in therapy?

LEWIS: Oh, God, yeah. I've been in and out of therapy for most of my adult life. I'm not proud of this. I wear stripes, you know. Jung, Rollo May, Adler, Freud. I've done many disciplines and I'm in it again. I just can't seem to get enough—of figuring out where I went wrong. I've made tremendous headway. The only problem is, I have a tendency—or I *had* a tendency—to repeat my mistakes, almost like I had to. I was on this very destructive track, even though I was spending thousands and thousands of dollars to figure out why I was being such a schmuck. Now I try to really force myself to get on another path. I hate to use the word path. It sounds like I'm on the road to enlightenment. Actually, I'm on the road to darkness.

4.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there the risk that if you get on the right path, you will no longer have an act?

LEWIS: I have such a backlog of misery that I could be a swami and still be on stage looking like I do. I mean, the act is me. It's a little more exaggerated. It has to be. Because, first of all, I have a microphone. I had a fight last night with a girl-

friend. I didn't take a mike to bed, though I should have. I would have had the upper hand.

No, I have the same feelings on and off stage. I mean, I usually don't have to structure my pain off stage in the form of jokes—"I'm going to top this misery with this." I'm pretty much the same person on and off. Which scares you, doesn't it?

5.

PLAYBOY: Has your style changed much since you began as a comedian?

LEWIS: No, it was—I was—no, I wasn't nearly as frenetic and involved with my feelings. I never did observational comedy, because I don't really enjoy that kind of stuff, the "did-you-ever-notice" kind of comedy. But I was less into my therapy and more into my family. It was too early for me to be into relationships. I was too young to know the horrors that were ahead of me. And I was too young to know the hundreds of thousands of dollars I would piss away in psychotherapy. So I wasn't obsessed with it. Now I'm totally obsessed with it. Now I send friends and girlfriends to therapy. It's not enough that I'm pissing it away for myself. I piss it away for friends now. It's pretty tragic.

6.

PLAYBOY: Most of your routines have to do with pain and angst and your neuroses. What kind of groupies does that attract?

LEWIS: I get a lot of people who think they have to take care of me. I get a lot of registered nurses and people who are in the medical or pharmaceutical fields. Women send me pictures, snapshots of themselves in a sickbed. "This is me when I had the flu in Rome." It's crazy. I don't understand it.

7.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the sickbed, are there specific parts of the country from which most of your fans come?

LEWIS: From north Jersey and hell, I think. Anyone from hell—boom! "Honey, Richard Lewis is playing this week." "Well, get out of the fire and let's go!" North Jersey because, after all, how many people are from north Jersey? My fans, they're all over the place. I have as many fans as I do now primarily because of David Letterman and *Late Night*.

8.

PLAYBOY: How (continued on page 179)

135

A TOUCH *of* GLASS

here are seven sparkling ways to put your money where your mouth is

SURE, YOU CAN drink your best single-malt Scotch from a jelly jar, but it won't taste nearly as good as it does served neat, on the rocks or with a splash in a cut-crystal glass. The same goes for that symbol of sophisticated quaffing, a dry martini served as cold as the winds of Alaska straight up in a stemmed martini glass. The right

glassware brings to cocktails, vintage wines and fine liquors the same touch of class that a beautiful table setting does to fine food. Pictured here are seven shining examples of fine glassware. While most are meant to be used with a specific beverage, the cut-crystal old fashioned glass by Waterford is ideal for whiskey or water. Bottoms up—with class glass!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



Our glass act leads off (at left) with a French-made mouth-blown vodka shot glass and chiller with silver-plated rim, from Manifesto, Chicago, \$35; Baccarat cut-glass liqueur glass in Massena pattern, from Pavillion Christofle, Chicago, \$92; classic martini glass, from Tiffany & Co., Beverly Hills, \$12; Baccarat cognac snifter with embossed gold crest, from Geary's, Beverly Hills, \$112.50; Cartier Le Must champagne flute, from Cartier, Chicago, \$75; old fashioned glass in Lismore pattern that has been individually mouth blown and hand cut, by Waterford Crystal, \$38.50; and Austrian-made claret glass in Eva pattern, from Tiffany & Co., Beverly Hills, \$45.



"Ensign Benson despised his shipmates. They were here because they were misfits; but why was he here?"

smooth as you, you little toady."

Billy's handsome if not brilliant face clouded. He said, "What's a toady?"

Astrogator Pam Stokes, who had been lost in study of her ancestral slide rule, wondering if it had been damaged in the landing, looked up and said, "Thursday, I think. Back on Earth, that is."

In the baffled silence this created, Captain Standforth mused, "It's that tricky business of not turning the engines off until you actually touch down; *that's* the part I have the trouble with."

"If we've landed on the damn planet," Ensign Kybee Benson said, struggling out of the pod that had absorbed the brunt—though not all—of the impact, "let's take a look at it." A social engineer, an expert in comparative societies, Ensign Benson was responsible for studying each lost colony when it was found and describing its 500 years of unsung history. Being the only one aboard the Hopeful likelier to be interested in the *planet* than in the *landing*, he was the first to cross the command deck to the view-screens, switch them on and look out at a rolling and nearly treeless savanna that looked much like the Rift Valley in Kenya in August, before the rains. Each screen showed the landscape from a different direction, all the views very similar, each with low tan hills far in the background "Hmmm," said Ensign Benson.

The five other travelers in the Hopeful crowded around. Captain Standforth tall and craggy; Pam, beautiful, brainy and blind to passion; Hester, the human fireplug, Billy, the idealist; and Councilman Morton Luthguster, portly as a plum pudding, representative of the Galactic Council, who harrumphed and said, "Fine farmland, I should think."

"Oh, should you?" Ensign Benson snarled. He despised his shipmates, each and every. *They* were here because they were misfits, home base delighted to be rid of them on this endless journey; but why was *he* here? Furious by nature, he said savagely, "We aren't here for real estate, Councilman. Where's the *colony*? Pam? You steered us here."

"This is definitely the nexus," Pam told him, the slide rule flashing in her slender fingers. "We are on the planet Matrix, fourth from the star Mohonk, gravity and air compatible with Earth—"

"It's a big planet," commented Ensign Benson.

"One point one nine three times the size of Earth," Pam agreed. "Earth density to one point—"

"It's a small colony," the ensign interrupted.

"Oh, it's *here*," Pam assured him, getting the idea. "This is the place. The coefficients are—"

Billy, peering at one of the view-screens, said, "I see *something* out there. Little boxes or something."

Everyone peered at the same screen. Thirty yards away on the tundra were low, slender structures of some kind. "Then let's take a look," Ensign Benson said.

They watched the new creatures emerge from the giant silver ship. One, two, three, four, five, *six*. They watched, and absorbed, and studied. Then, for the moment, they slid deeper into their holes, drawing the earth closed above them.

The slender structures were grave-stones, made of metal. "Oh, dear," said Pam.

Ensign Benson looked around at the bare land. A slight breeze blew. "There were forty colonists," he said. "There are thirty-seven graves."

Captain Standforth, who had been scanning the sky—bird taxidermy was his one passion—said, "What's that? You mean the colony never survived at all?"

"Look at the dates," Ensign Benson told him, gesturing at the letters and numbers etched into the metal. "Not one person was born here, and none of the original colonists lasted more than four years after arrival."

Hester said, "But they didn't all die at once, so it wasn't poisoned water or an attack from hostile creatures."

Billy said, "Forty colonists and only thirty-seven graves? How come, do you suppose?"

"Well," Ensign Benson said, being uncharacteristically patient with Billy, his natural animosity softened by the presence of all those headstones, "I suppose there wasn't anybody around to bury the last one, and the other two could have died away from the colony. After five hundred years, you know, Billy, they'd all be gone by now, anyway."

"I guess so," Billy said, nodding but glancing surreptitiously toward the horizon.

Councilman Luthguster pointed at something beyond the cemetery, farther from the ship. "Is that some sort of ruin?"

It was. They approached it and found

that it was at the crest of a low fold in the land, with more ruins on the slope down from them. Crumbled remnants of poured quasi-parquet flooring, stubby bits of pseudostone wall, the entire area scattered with artifacts of domesticity, pots, coat hangers, plastic picture frames. During 500 years of neglect, accumulated rust, wind and dirt had gnawed at the husk of the fledgling colony, working tirelessly to make it unexist, coming closer to that goal with every passing year.

At the bottom of the fold in the terrain, among coatless buttons and doorless handles, the crew found a sturdy metal footlocker half-buried in the earth, buried deeper on one side, indicating the direction of the prevailing wind. The locker's catches were closed, but it wasn't padlocked. Inside were sheets of paper that had all but rotted away, photos faded to a nearly uniform beige and what looked like a video tape, but not of a sort Ensign Benson had ever seen. Picking it up, removing the cassette from its metal box, he showed it to Hester, saying, "Any idea what this is?"

"If that's a tape," Hester commented, "it's goddamn old."

"Hester," the ensign said, "if it's *anything* in this forsaken place, it's goddamn old."

"Well, that's true," Hester admitted. She took the cassette from the ensign's hands and studied it. "Tape seems all right," she said, "but we don't have anything to play this on."

"Then it doesn't matter if it's all right or not," the ensign pointed out.

"Well, I'm wondering," she said, turning the cassette in her hands, "if I could adapt it. If you read this tape the same way our machine does, with a laser, with the same *kind* of laser, maybe I could rewind it or something, fix the machine to take it." She turned. "Captain?"

Captain Standforth guiltily looked down from the skies. "Yes, Hester?"

"Want me to see if I can play this tape?"

"Excellent idea," the captain told her.

Down in the holes, they wove, they spun, they altered, they waited.

For two days, while the rest of the crew roamed and searched the surrounding area, collecting basketfuls of detritus and trash, examining remnants and ruins, learning nothing, Hester struggled with the ancient tape. "It's impossible," she would announce at every meal, smudges of machine oil on cheeks and knuckles, the banked fires of frustration in her eyes. Sometimes it was impossible because the tape was not scanned in the way the machine knew how to scan; sometimes it was because the speed of

(continued on page 150)



ripe and ready
for sexual revolution
is *little vera's* natalya negoda,
making movie history in moscow

THAT GLASNOST GIRL

FORTY-FIVE MILLION Russians can't be wrong, though quite a few were taken by surprise when, as one critic observed, *glasnost* came "storming out of the gate," gloriously embodied by Natalya Negoda in *Little Vera* (see review, page 20). One astonished Moscow movie maven called director Vasily Pichul's controversial film an act of cultural terrorism—as if someone had dropped a bomb into the lap of Mother Russia. There has been

nothing quite like it in the annals of U.S.S.R. cinema. In London, the Red-hot film event was summed up under a banner headline welcoming "VERA THE TERRIBLE." Small wonder that Natalya was hailed in Montreal as "the Soviet Union's first sex star." Thus came worldwide fame to 25-year-old Natalya, who won a Best Actress award at Chicago's 24th International Film Festival for her tute role as the wayward, sultry Vera in the film that was also honored in Chicago as Best Picture. Drugs, nudity, promiscuity and domestic violence are the previously taboo subjects that seem second nature to



Vera, a rebellious working-class girl in the bleak port city of Zhdanov. She sheds her clothes, sleeps around, drinks, pops pills, otherwise generally testing the limits of censorship and contemporary community standards behind the Iron Curtain, of all the unlikely places.

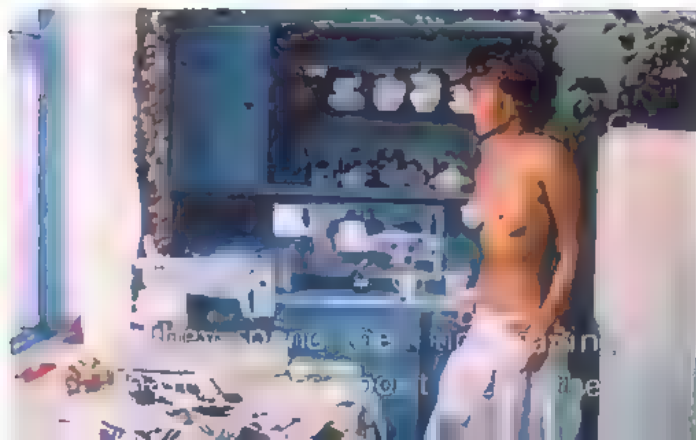
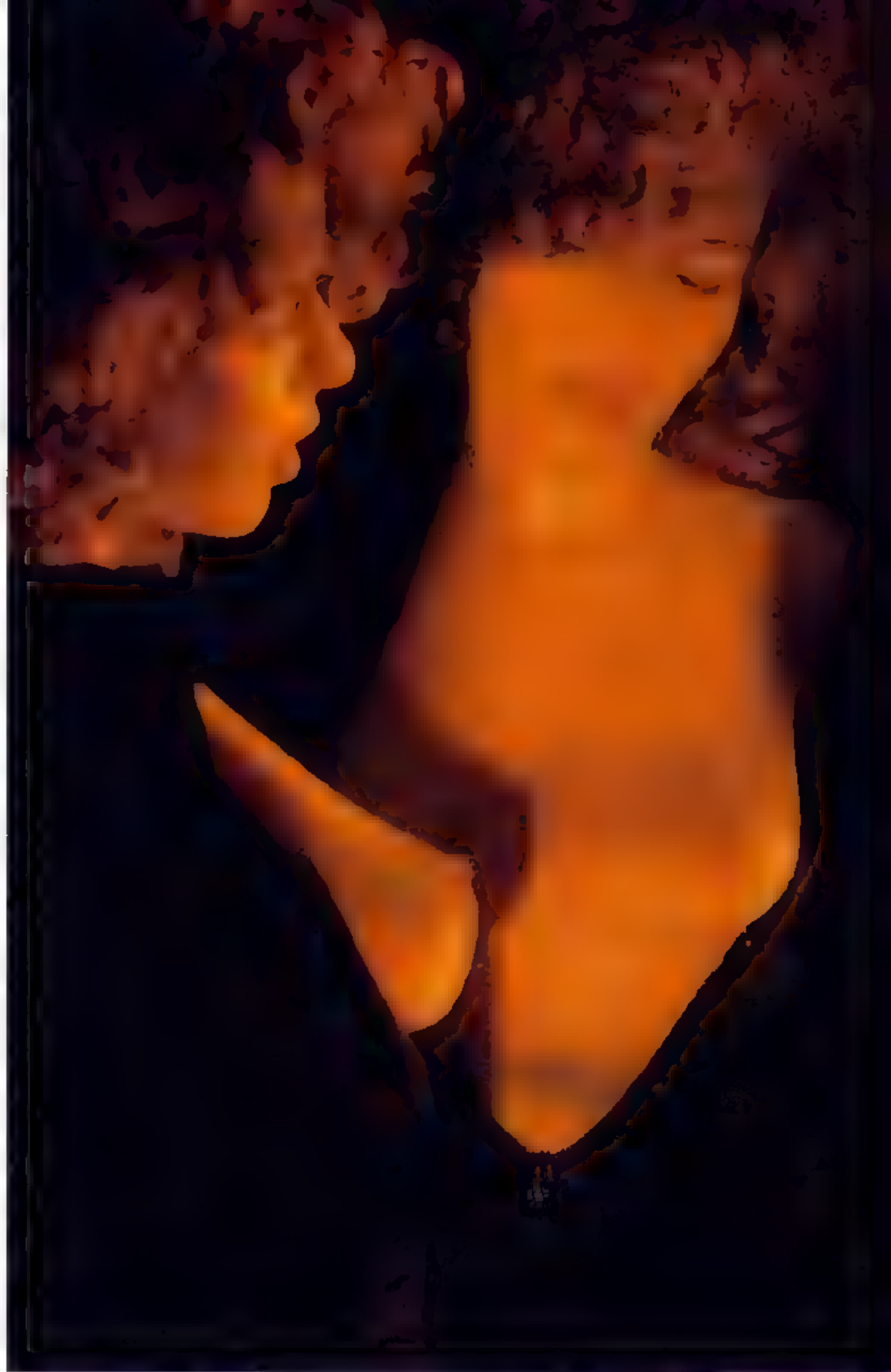
Outside the Kremlin (above), bundled up in a plain sheepskin coat, Natalya blithely said *nyet* to being photographed in furs. "Only rich people wear furs in Russia." Over here, she toured Disneyland and held off incipient homesickness (opposite) by reading Moscow's *Literary Gazette*.



ENTRANCE ONLY
ALARM



Thanks to Gorbachev, that notoriously opaque curtain has begun to show signs of see-through seductiveness, permitting a little political peekaboo between East and West. Naturally, *Playboy's* editors were delighted late last year when some quiet negotiations well below the summit offered reasonable hope that the screen sensation wowing them from Minsk to Moscow might be free to fly West for a revealing pictorial. 'Twas the month before Christmas, and visions of *glasnost* and *perestroika* danced in our heads. Soon, Natalya herself arrived in Los Angeles, accompanied by interpreter Viviane Mikhalkov, to confer with West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, whose first impression was that a Soviet-American space walk might be easier than a joint effort in photography. "Natalya seemed dour, even grim," Marilyn recalls, "and gave off an aura of not trusting *Playboy* or Americans in general. When we asked questions, the word we heard more than anything else was *nyet*." Roughly two weeks later, their cold war had dissolved in a *détente* of girl talk and good vibes. Natalya was in New York to shoot her *Playboy* cover. She had been to Disneyland, even to the Playboy Mansion for a lengthy

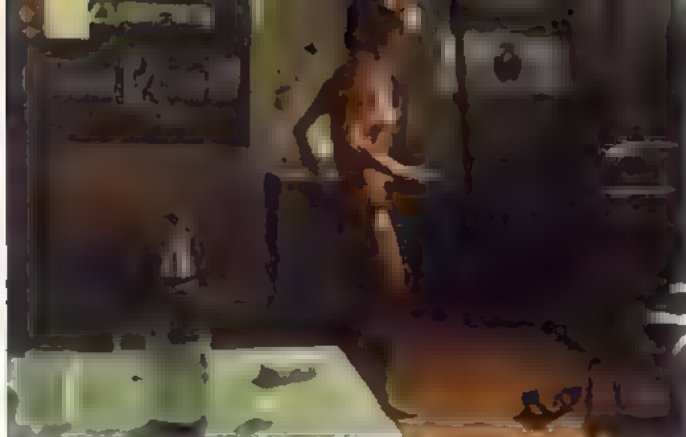


tête-à-tête with Hef (on-the-spot subtitles by Mikhalkov), and reported: "I would be happy that we talked longer, but his lady picked him up." Declaring herself "all filled up with the places I've been," Natalya mused about how Soviet people might view her adventures abroad. "*Playboy* is pretty fast for us in Russia. You know, we're a little heavy-minded."

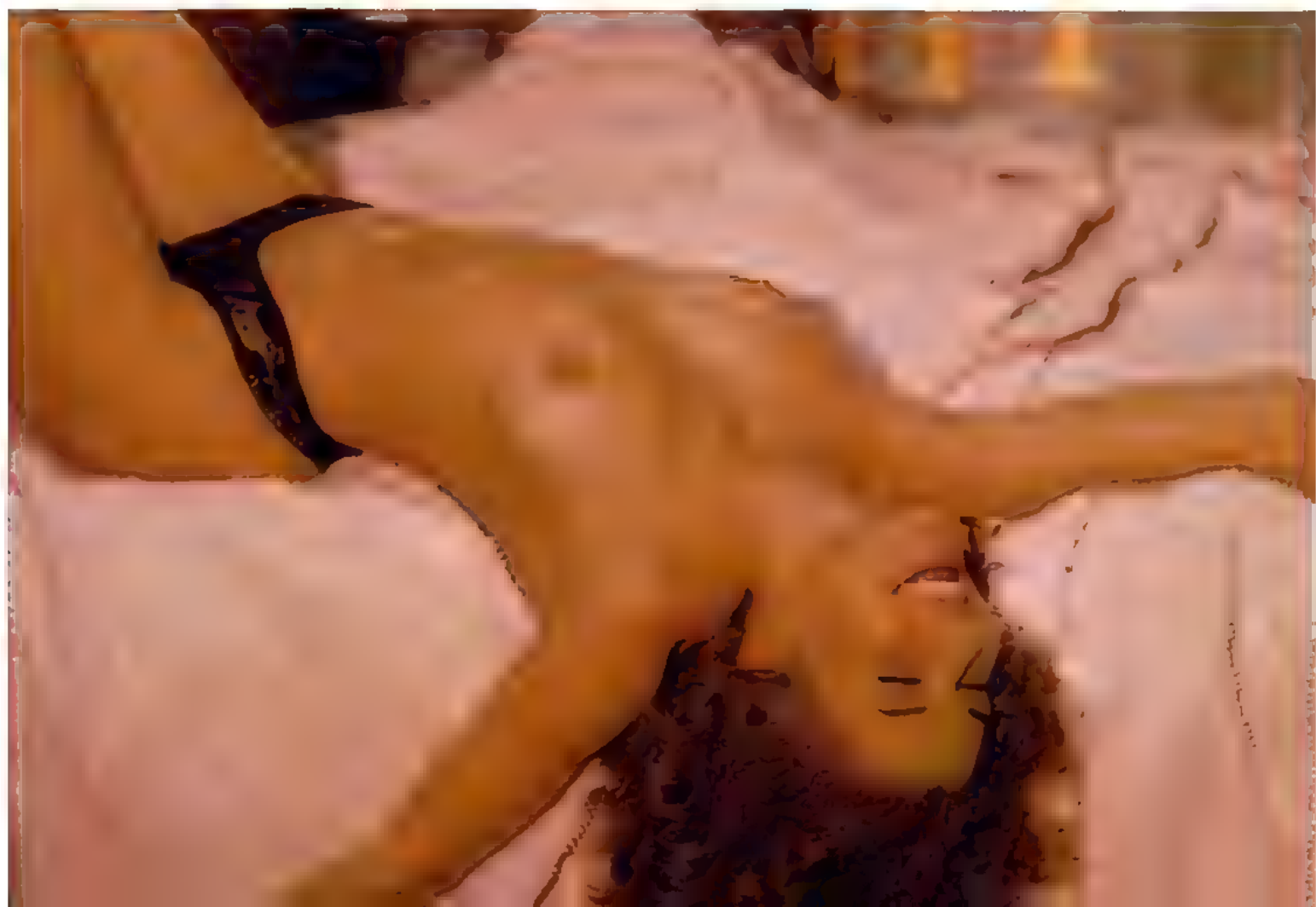
On these two pages, Natalya waxes pensive in her photo summitry for *Playboy*. Far *Little Vera* (left), she strips to try on her wedding dress in what may well be the film's least controversial nude scene.

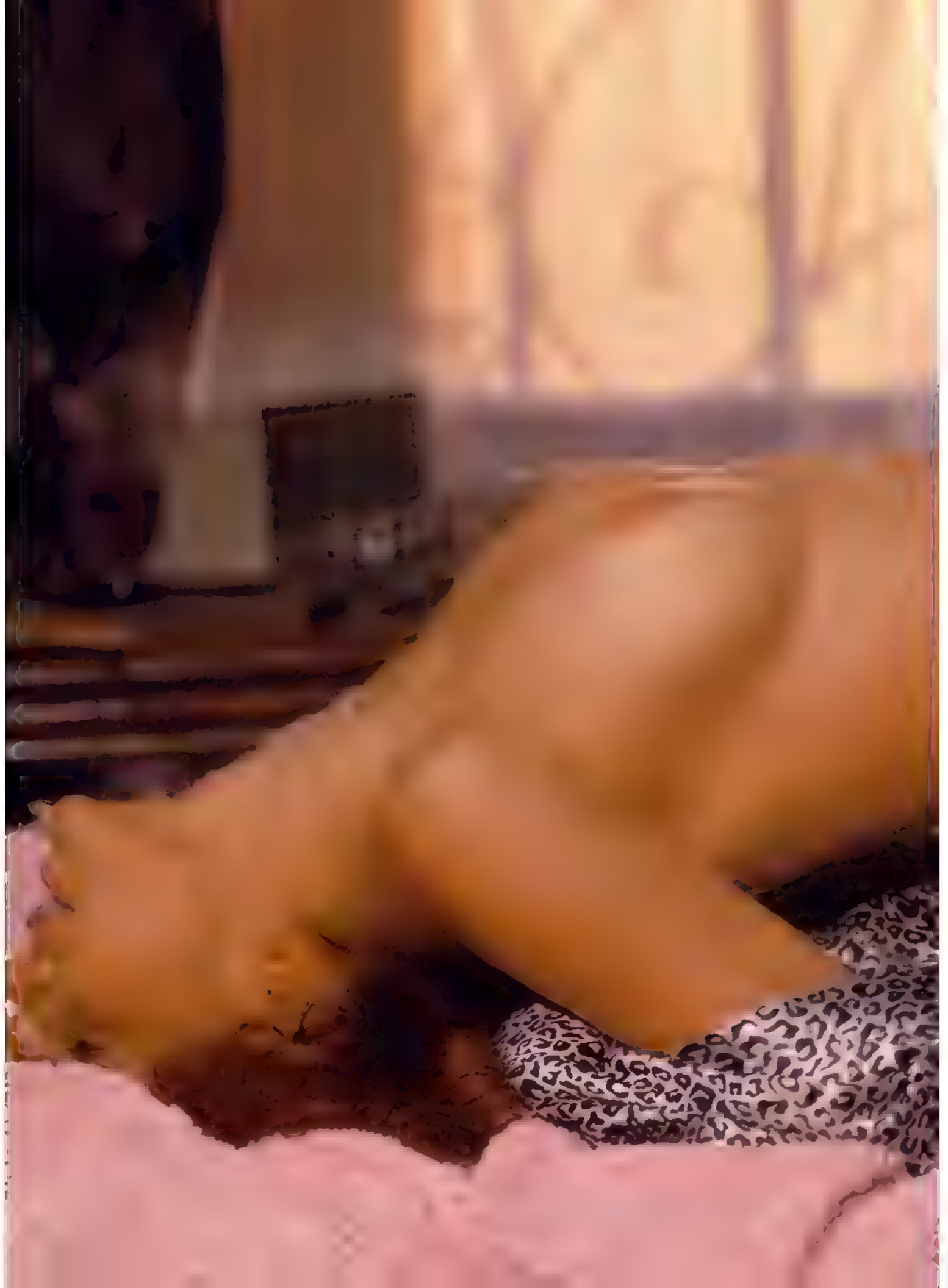
At a leisurely lunch at New York's Jean LaFitte restaurant, Natalya joked, flirted with the waiter and sampled the joys of *crème brûlée*, while her interpreter reminded us: "You know she doesn't have all day free . . . she wants to go shopping." The next day, she would catch a return flight to Moscow, and Natalya gravely noted, "On the plane, I must

Playfully seductive (below and opposite), she mocks her pictures, saying, "What a whore . . . a putana!" At right, Vera, just out of her beau's bed, passes an AIDS poster that warns: AVOID CASUAL SEX.



put my head back into being Russian. I won't be able to transmit all my emotions to my friends back in Moscow. They'll think I am inventing things." She recalled the furor *Little Vera* had set off because in it "a Soviet woman shows her tits in public. At the Moscow premiere, during the sexual scene, they were yelling, 'How dare you?' Don't forget, we are a hypocritical society. The sex was criticized much more than the film's social content." Natalya was intrigued to learn that similar reactions are not uncommon over here. "Young people, who are more open, love this movie. People of Stalin's time are more negative." The film was shot in Zhdanov, which was named for a Stalinist official "who's now nicknamed the strangler of Russian culture. For my generation, it's a paradox, this beautiful city on the seaside, where you want to be in love . . . with huge factories providing the wonders of pollution." In casting *Vera*, director Pichul saw free-spirited Natalya as a natural for the role. "He needed my freedom, I needed his discipline," she says. "Sometimes people ask me, 'How can you know about Vera? Your family is from the intelligentsia.' In Russia, I tell them, we're all in the same boat."







Brought up among worldly artists and writers, Natalya asserts she was "born in a trunk." Her mother is a movie director, her father directs plays. When she first heard about the possibility of coming to America to be photographed for *Playboy*, she didn't believe a word of it. "I thought it was all a joke, some friends playing a trick on me. But here I am." She

As she winds up her photography sessions, Natalya confides, "This was a creative moment for me." Ditto her nude love scenes with Andrei Sokolov (right), which had Moscow film fans queuing up.



didn't get much sleep on her American junket, given the pace of photo sessions in L.A. and New York. Still, from Disneyland to downtown Manhattan, Natalya declared the excitement outweighed her exhaustion. "I'm amazed how easily I was able to fight off a lot of complexes. I invented a role for myself, as an actress in America, and it started to please me very much. Also, people around me were so marvelous and creative. . . . I've been taught here a certain professionalism in front of a camera." Known since childhood as a tomboy, she has a hard time seeing herself as sexy and claims she became an actress because she was lazy and not very good at foreign languages or math. "But, of course, I have a big ego and a lot of pride. I'd love to be famous all over." Natalya's warmest memories of America, she decided, would be "my relationship with Marilyn and the smiles of people I've met." The feeling was mutual, according to Grabowski, who recalls a fond farewell: "She didn't want to say goodbye. I looked at this little girl with springy curls and pretty make-up, wearing a newly purchased sheepskin coat, also the Mickey Mouse watch I had given her as a souvenir, and we understood each other completely." *Dz.*



"A chill ran through Ensign Benson; a life without even the possibility of sex? Bad news."

the tape was unknown and unknowable; sometimes it was because of incompatibilities at the magnetic or the electronic or simply the physical level. And always, having announced the impossibility, Hester would grumble and sigh and shake her head and wade back in to try some more.

Everyone else rooted for her, of course, partly wanting Hester to succeed simply because she was their shipmate and they wanted their shipmate to succeed, but also because they wanted to know what had happened to the Matrix colony and assumed the tape would tell them. That is, everybody but Ensign Benson assumed that. As the struggle to read the tape grew more and more prolonged, he came to believe it would turn out—if they ever did crack it—to be no damn use at all. Instead of the Rosetta tape, instead of the answer to the mystery of the colony's failure, it would prove to be, in Ensign Benson's private, unstated opinion, nothing more than some silly piece of entertainment, songs and dances perhaps, some piece of forgettable 500-year-old fluff brought along by the colonists to distract themselves during the long nights of their settlement's youth. In a brand-new colony, after all, there is no downtown.

On the third day, Hester didn't appear for lunch, she was so engrossed in the complexities of her impossible task. It was midafternoon when she emerged from the ship, looking as disgruntled as ever but with some sort of firm line of satisfaction in her jaw. She marched out across the dusty tan landscape toward Ensign Benson, who had been studying the grave markers yet again, hoping to find some inscription he hadn't noticed before, some clue that had eluded him up till then. Reaching him, she stopped and put her stubby hands on her broad hips. "It's there if you want it," she announced.

He straightened, one hand to his aching back. "Hester? The tape?"

"That's what I've been working on, isn't it?"

"You found a way to play it?"

"I *invented* a way to play it," Hester corrected, "and it wasn't easy."

"I'm sure it wasn't." Then, unable to keep his doubts to himself any longer, he said, "What's on it? A sports roundup? A wet-T-shirt contest?"

"Some gloomy-looking fellow sitting at a table," she told him. "That's all I know.

I'm sick of that damn thing, Kybee. You want to watch it, watch it."

"I want to watch it," he agreed.

"It's in there, in my workroom next to the engine room," she told him. "Just push the green button. It's not the cleanest picture you've ever seen, but you can make it out."

Doubtful, he said, "You don't want to operate it yourself?"

"I don't want to be anywhere *near* it," Hester told him. "Not for a while. Go ahead, take a look."

They were nearly ready. They slithered and groped toward the surface, moving unfamiliar parts, tiny clods of dirt dropping down past their shuuz. Shooz. Shoez. Shoes.

A terrible picture, with green horizontal lines of interference and a pink glow around every object. A raspy, furry buzz obscured the sound track. Ensign Benson leaned forward, squinted and listened.

"I am Hafter Kass," said the frowning, bulky, steep-shouldered, despairing man seated at the black-plastic table, elbows and forearms on the table before him, fingers nervously twining. Behind him was a blank wall with a closed door in it. "I am the real Hafter Kass," the man said, leaning forward, staring intensely at the camera. Then rage broke through. "Do you hear me? The *real* Hafter Kass! Goddamn it, the *real* one!"

"I believe you," Ensign Benson murmured. "Honest, I do."

As though reassured, Hafter Kass subsided into his chair. He was about 40, wearing a rough plaid old-fashioned tunic. He lifted a shaking hand to rub his mouth, then said, "Whoever you are, if anybody ever sees this, get off Matrix. Get off *now*! Before—"

He stopped and looked quickly over his shoulder, then back at the camera. "Have to get hold of myself," he said.

"Good idea," agreed Ensign Benson.

"We arrived three years ago," Kass went on, "and almost immediately lost contact with the mother ship. That's the worst of it, knowing there won't be any help, ever. Not *ever*. Stuck here, doomed here—"

Again, Kass visibly brought himself under control. "They didn't come out right away," he said. "The—the *things*. But then they— No, wait, I'm not making any sense."

"True," Ensign Benson said.

"About two weeks after we landed," Kass said, voice trembling, "they appeared. Creatures that looked exactly like us. Like specific *ones* of us." He gestured toward the door behind him. "Out there, hundreds of Hafter Kassess. Hundreds of Magla Damerons. Hundreds of—" He ran both hands through thinning hair. "Their clothing is exactly like ours, they look exactly like us, they have some kind of low-level telepathy, so they have our memories, our gestures, our expressions. Stee Venking, our zoographer—well, amateur zoographer—anyway, he says these creatures developed this as a defense against predators. *Become* the predator and it can't eat you without being a cannibal."

Kass gestured helplessly, looking around, then back at the camera. "At first, we didn't realize the horror of it. But then we found out what it means. You never know if you're talking to a human being like yourself or one of *them*. You're alone. Every one of us is alone, surrounded by thousands of . . . whatever they are." He shook his head. "Well, we know what they are. If you kill one, it reverts to its real shape, a kind of fat eight-foot long worm."

"Ugh," said Ensign Benson.

"There will never be a child born in this colony," Kass went on. "How could any of us, any of us human beings, go to bed with— Never knowing if— That's a part of the creatures' defense mechanism, too. They make the predators die out, cease to reproduce."

A chill ran through Ensign Benson at that; a life without even the possibility of sex? Couldn't you just go along with what you saw, if what you saw was built the way, uh. . .

But then he frowned, thinking it through. What you saw might be shaped any way at all, but if you knew the odds were hundreds to one that the person in bed with you was really an eight-foot-long worm, even the horniest human being would begin to lose enthusiasm. Bad news.

Hafter Kass was going on, saying, "Is it any wonder most of us chose suicide?"

"No," Ensign Benson told him. An odd, uncomfortable feeling had crept over him, a warmth he rarely experienced. Could it be sympathy? He watched the long-gone Hafter Kass with suspiciously moist eyes.

"That's the only way, finally, we can tell us from *them*," Kass went on. "When they die, they revert to their real shape. At first, we tried shooting them—each of us shooting his own imitations, because those were the only ones anybody could be sure of—but there's just too many of them, an entire *species*. They never fight back, never try to shoot *us*, but it doesn't matter. Violence isn't part of their

(continued on page 166)



Buck Brown



PLAYBOY'S 1989 BASEBALL PREVIEW

THE COMING SEASON'S TOP TEAMS AND HOTTEST PROSPECTS

sports **By Kevin Cook**

NINETEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT was The Year the Ball Died. After a 1987 season in which the hitters feasted, the hurlers reasserted themselves with a little help from a ball that went *wtf*. It was also The Year of Bleeding Blue. After a summer in which the Mets and the Athletics strode from coast to coast, rumbling "*Fee, fi, fo, fum,*" they were struck down in quick succession by a gimp, a choirboy and 23 Dodgers dwarfs. If 1988 proved anything, it was that baseball is too whimsical for predictions.

Whimsical or not, the game offers a stirring prospectus. Hitters, stifled last year, will retaliate. (More remarkable than Jose Canseco's 42-homer/40-steal coup was the fact that he was the only pro in America to hit 40 home runs.) Look for a power surge in 1989. Don't look for the Dodgers to repeat lightning seldom strikes twice in the same Rayme. Expect George Steinbrenner and Dallas Green to try to strangle each other, and if the Yankees are lucky, both men will succeed. The celestial Canseco and Orel Hershiset will be joined on high by a stellar Reds outfield of Kal Daniels, Eric Davis and Paul O'Neill. Cincinnati's Reds and Jose's A's will meet in the world series.

Or not. Reds mascot Schottzie and A's manager Tony LaRussa could spend the fall in a duplex doghouse. Pick one from column A.L. (Twins, Yanks, Jays, Red Sox, Brewers, Royals, Rangers) and one from column N.L. (Mets, Cards, Pirates, Expos, Dodgers, Padres, Giants). All of the above have a chance to survive October. That's ball—the simplest yet subtlest of games.

The game is as simple as hitting a ball with a stick. It is as subtle as the brain storm that led Ernie Banks to describe it thus: "It ameliorates the classic polarization between the self-motivated individual and the collective ideology." Ernie was

right, sort of. Baseball is a balance of polarities—hitting and pitching (often defined as "timing" and "upsetting timing"); power and speed; gut-level decisions and computer-driven strategies, Kirk and Orel; vin and yang. The game rewards a thinking hitter such as Wade Boggs, who works pitchers the way Roger Penske works an engine, but penalizes the man who "thinks too much." It is the most-measured game and still the least predictable. It is classic polarizations reeked out over 2100 games, 19,000 innings, more than 500,000 pitches a year—and all of them can be wiped out by one pitch.

Last year's seven-month campaign was shaken and baked by one pitch on the night of October 15th. Dennis Eckersley threw it; Kirk Gibson hit it. Simple. How did Gibson groove his swing that night? He hit balls off a tee, just like a pee-wee little leaguer.

The flip side of that moment's simplicity is the chain of events that led to it. Before the world series, scout Mel Didier told Dodgers hitters that Eckersley, faced with a left-handed batter and a full count, always threw an outside slider. Late in game one, the hobbled Gibson heard Vin Scully on the clubhouse TV, saying Gibson was definitely out of the contest. That pissed Gibson off. He colored bat boy Mutt Poole and limped to a batting cage under the seats. Poole set up balls; Gibson pummeled them off a tee. He sent word to the field that, in a pinch, he could gimp-hit. In the ninth, Eckersley got two quick outs. Mike Davis, a .196 hitter, held up on a pitch a hairbreadth off the plate and became the 14th batter Eckersley had walked all year. Gibson stepped to the plate and fell behind 0-2. He wrestled the count full. Catcher Ron Hassey signaled slider. Eckersley thought about shaking off the sign,

then agreed. Next came the back-door slider Didier had predicted. Boom. Dodgers scout Didier did not hit the home run, but by shifting the pitcher's natural advantage toward the hitter, he made it more likely that the homer would be hit. In the words of Ernie Banks, he ameliorated the polarizations. Without Didier, Scully, Poole, Davis, a couple of close ball calls by umpire Doug Harvey, a last-second decision by Eckersley and a dozen other fortuitues, the simplest, most famous moment of 1988 might never have happened. Proust is no subtler.

Proust, however, could not hit a lick. The cloud of circumstance that surrounds every event in every ball game is a pundit's delight—it is what makes baseball the thinking fan's game—but the essence of the game is the task at its core: Hit a ball with a stick.

Fans love to hash, rehash and rationalize the game's quirks. We are right to do so. Cogitation enhances our appreciation of the game and wins bets. Put down 20 to one against Gibson's going deep in any at-bat and, in the long run, you'll win a bundle. We also love to apply to ball events heads, hearts, guts and other anatomical metaphors that add human drama to the game. That's fine, too. Gotta have someone to root for. But what we sometimes forget, in analyzing and personalizing the game, is baseball's fundamental simplicity. Its essence is not yin, yang or guts, it's tools.

Tools—strength, speed, vision, coordination—are more basic and more important than character. They enable a man to hit or throw a ball better than 99.9999975 percent of the population. Gibson's will to power may have helped him stamp his scowl on the recordbooks in one historic moment, but there are thousands of fry cooks, truck drivers and housewives who are just as gritty as he

is. The difference between Gibson and the rest of them is that Gibson has tools.

"Speed, power and a strong arm are the basics," says Giants scout George Genovese, who signed Jack Clark, Dave Kingman, George Foster and Gary Matthews when they were gleams in Al Rosen's eye. "Anything you're short on, you had better have a lot in one of the other areas to make it up."

"With hitters, you look at their hands," says George Santiago of the Major League Scouting Bureau. "How fast do they get their hands through the hitting zone?" When Santiago sees a young player—even one with a mile-high bat in his swing—who is quick through the heart of the plate, "Nothing else matters. He might strike out five times in a high school game and you'd still love him." See Darryl Strawberry through Santiago's eyes: "He looks better striking out than most guys look when they hit the ball." That's tools.

"Then there's something else," Genovese says. "Instinct. The ability to move the right way without thinking. It's knowing how to run the bases, how to go from first to third on a single and when *not* to, without being told. Sometimes you'll see a kid who can generate some bat speed, who can run and throw *and* who has that instinct of how to move. Those are the special ones. Those are the ones you think, 'He's got a chance to make it.'"

A chance. But for every prospect who makes it to "the Yard," thousands are left behind—cut down by a vast weed eater, the baseball pyramid. Case in point: Steve White. When I was a freshman in high school, Steve White was the best player on our team. I would try to pull an outside fast ball and would dribble it to short. Steve White would hit the same pitch off the school. I remember being certain that he was ticketed to the big leagues. What happened to him? Beats me. If he were anything like most of the other best players on their high school teams, he washed out a year or so later. He couldn't hit a curve or couldn't get around on a college fast ball. He was beaten out, replaced in the pyramid by guys who would soon be beaten out by guys who would soon be *rejected* by scouts such as Genovese and Santiago. These rejects—relatively elite players, each one a schoolboy hero—did not have the bat speed, or the numbers on the radar gun that impresses major-league scouts. Of the few guys left standing—players now three or nine or 27 levels removed from Steve White—a handful played A ball. They, in turn, were beaten out by guys who made Double A. A handful of those played Triple-A ball. At this point, we are talking about athletes who, in terms of ball-playing tools, make Steve White look like Ernie Phillips. Still, the weed eater whirs. Six hundred twenty-four survive. They are all great players. That is why there are no more Babe Ruths. The weed eater is too efficient. In 1926, Ruth led the A.L. with 47 home runs; Al Simmons was

second with 19. Such discrepancies are impossible now. Every player's tools are Black & Decker.

That's why ball is the game of the long haul. Roger Clemens threw more pitches last year than the top ten N.E.L. quarterbacks combined threw passes. Baseball is the game in which tools are honed by a 162-game season until the finest shades of difference come clear. The great Clemens last year prevented runs two percent better than the unsung Jim Deshaies. It is a game of hairbreadth margins. Even as we cheer Gibson's shining moment, we should remember that the man homered only 4.6

times. Last year, Ozzie Canseco, Jose's identical twin, hit .222 for Humpyville of the Southern League. Why does Ozzie, gifted with the same genes Jose has, toil in the minors, while his twin is the closest thing to Ruth in the game? Because baseball, now 113 years old, selects vanishingly small differences in talent. It turns 95 percent contact into a fly ball and 97 percent contact into a home run. It rewards Jose, who struck out 21 percent of the time, and omits Ozzie, who struck out 25 percent of the time. One subtext of any season is the way this Ruthless game separates the great from the almost great.

Remember 1987, the year of the lively ball? The dominant sound was baseballs plunking 747s. Catchers claimed that the 1987 balls, like rabbits, bred in the ball bag. Fifty-three big-leaguers hit 25 or more homers in 1987. Andre Dawson and Mark McGwire each hit 49, George Bell, 47, and Dale Murphy, 44. The Tigers cranked 225 out of cozy Tigers Stadium. Ozzie Virgil, the Braves' Sultan of Squat, hit 27. Even Rafael Beliard, all 48 inches of him, parked one. Pitchers griped that if they held the ball too long, it took off for the seats under its own power. Then, last year after a slight expansion of the strike zone the rabbit died. Only 22 big-leaguers hit 25 or more homers. Canseco alone reached 40. The Tigers hit just 143 playing in still-cozy Tiger Stadium. Virgil hit nine and split time with Bruce Benedict, who slammed none. Belliard didn't even have a *double*. The majors' composite E.R.A. fell from 4.28 to 3.72, a gap that over the season meant more than 2000 runs. Hitters griped that the ball had a distressing tendency to stick to the bat. What happened?

The commissar's office would like you to believe that the rabbit ball of 1987 was no different from the sloth ball of 1988. Instead, say the suits, two factors explain those 2000 lost runs: the expanded strike zone and the return of pitchcraft. In short, Hershiser threw a few more good curves and got a few more calls. That explanation is bulldurham: If the slightly larger strike zone had caused the dead-ball E.R.A.s of 1988, we would have found its greatest effects in the major leagues, where the control pitchers are. It wasn't so. The power outage blanketed the bushes as well. *Not one* minor-leaguer hit 30 home runs. Rod Murrell and Terry McDaniel led Columbia of the South Atlantic League in homers, with five. Lavell Freeman led the American Association in hitting with the lowest league-leading average in 79 years. Minor-league no-hitters jumped from 13 in 1987 to 32 in 1988. Pitchcraft? In the words of one scout, "You got no Hershisers in the minor leagues." What you have instead, and what the commissars of ball should never tamper with, is a cork center swaddled in yarn and cowhide—a ball that can be wrapped as tight as Steinbrenner's heartstrings or as loose as Kirby Puckett's strike zone.

Last year's ball was Nerfed. "Some of the

OCTOBER STANDINGS PLAYBOY'S PICKS

A.L. EAST

1. BREWERS
2. BLUE JAYS
3. YANKEES
4. RED SOX
5. TIGERS
6. INDIANS
7. ORIOLES

A.L. WEST

1. ATHLETICS
2. TWINS
3. RANGERS
4. ROYALS
5. WHITE SOX
6. ANGELS
7. MARINERS

N.L. EAST

1. METS
2. CARDINALS
3. PIRATES
4. EXPOS
5. CUBS
6. PHILLIES

N.L. WEST

1. REDS
2. PADRES
3. DODGERS
4. GIANTS
5. ASTROS
6. BRAVES

A.L. CHAMPS ATHLETICS

N.L. CHAMPS REDS

WORLD CHAMPS ATHLETICS

percent of the time last season. His A-breaking shot was not just late; it was an intersection of scouting report, catcher, pitcher, batter and late. If guts and heart could produce such moments at will, there would be thousands of big-leaguers.

If Hubie Brooks had scratched out one extra hit a week in 1988, he would have won the batting title. He finished 17th. If wheels merchant Tracy Jones had been healthy enough to leg out one extra hit a week, he would have batted .402. He hit .295, was benched and got traded. Twice. Consistently getting one more hit a week is nearly impossible—pigs could evolve wings but haven't yet. Still, such thin margins illustrate the simple key to the modern game. Every hitter in the big leagues is *almost* as good as Gibson. Every pitcher, given one more close strike call per inning, could be Cy Young. Here is another illus-



THE FRESHEST THE FRESHEST THE FRESHEST

THE REFRESH

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balls I got last summer were so soft you could rub a wrinkle in 'em," says A.L. pitcher Bart Giamatti, are you listening? As you take the reins, engage in a bit of baseball *glasnost*. Admit that the previous regime spent two years tinkering with the ball and running a disinformation campaign to keep the people in the dark. Then take the average compression of the 1987 and 1988 balls, etch those specs into law forever and let the players play.

Whether or not the new comish takes my advice, we can count on more hitting in 1989. If the past two years are a guide, the head office is reheating the ball right now. Even if it isn't, hitting/hurling oscillations tend to even out. The new year should bring higher batting averages, more home runs and bigger E.R.A.s. How much bigger? Not as big as 1987's, but bigger than 1988's. To wit: The cumulative E.R.A. of the majors' top-ten starters two years ago, when the ball was lively, was 3.05. Last year, when the ball was dead, it was 2.38. This zany about-face suggests a midpoint, 2.72, for elite starters to shoot for in 1989. Home runs should go up about 20 percent, to 1986 levels—a tantalizing prospect that hints at 50 for Canseco and 47 for His Darrylness. If healthy all year, Tony Gwynn will hit close to 350, a 12 percent improvement. Boggs could hit 380. Canseco is a good bet to rejoin the Jose-only 40/40 club. Check the N.L. West for a similarly grand performance—the Reds' outfield could combine to go 100/100. Last season, fighting injuries in a pitcher's year, Daniels, Davis and O'Neill had 60 homers and 70 steals.

The balance of power in each league continues its westward shift. The A.L. West boasts the Athletics, last year's finest team (the Dodgers were October's finest), as well as the Twins, who were better than any team in the A.L. East. This season, the A's, the Twins, the Royals and the new, improved Rangers may all be better than any team in the East. Meanwhile, the N.L. East, cradle of five of the past eight N.L. world-series reps, had just two clubs with winning records in 1988. In the N.L. West, only the helpless Braves finished under .500. The N.L. West is now the game's best division. The A.L. West is not far behind. The once-proud A.L. East may be the worst division of all.

Canseco will repeat as A.L. MVP

Strawberry, if there is justice in the world, will win the N.L. M.V.P. he deserved last season. This is also the year the Mets' Gregg Jefferies, a two-time minor-league player of the year, becomes a household name. Household products still. Carv-

he is Dwight Gooden's nephew. Padres second baseman Roberto Alomar and Dodgers hurler Ramon Martinez, both 21, have all-star skills. Ditto Indians strong kid Luis Medina, Phils flash Ricky Jordan, the Cubs' Mike Harkey, Mets lefty David West and the White Sox Shawn Hillegas. The best-tooled of them all, Mariner bonus tot Ken Griffey, Jr., should show up in Seattle for a late season cup of Ovaltine. Then there is Giants third baseman Matt Williams. If he learns to swing at strikes, Williams will be the most dangerous young slugger in the N.L. Last year, he homered five times in a span of six Triple-A at-bats; then he went to the majors and hit 205. He is the same hitter Mike Schmidt was in 1973.

Schmidt, 39, says he is as good as new. Last fall, his shoulder hanging belt-high, the Phillies' future manager said he was thinking about learning to hit lefty. Not a good sign. If healthy, Schmidt will keep the Phils above water in 1989, win a new contract and crank his 600th home run in September 1990. By then, Gary Carter, Carlton Fisk, Dave Parker, Bob Horner, Dan Quisenberry, Ron Guidry, Ken Griffey *pire* and Goose Gosage will all be selling cars. Fred Lynn will still be on the disabled list. And the Rangers' Nolan Ryan, vintage 1947, will still glare at hitters half his age. The milestone of 1989—put a K on your calendar—will come on the season's final day, when Ryan whiffs his 5000th batter.

New York will repeat as the capital of spectacles. Will David Cone write a column? Will Don Mattingly write a book? How is Strawberry's home life? Will Steve Sax see the dark side of Stembrenner, who cleverly disguised himself as a human when he wooed Saxie? Will Stembrenner put out a contract on skipper Dallas Green? Green says he expects no trouble from Stembrenner. "I won't answer phone calls during games." What about telegrams, Dallas? What about letter bombs? Asked if weight training has improved today's players, lum-

bering Luddie Green says, "I hey should run, like we did in the old days," and points out that no one ever went from second to third on an exercise bike. Look for chaos at the stadium unless George runs Dallas down on an Exercycle and makes Mattingly the manager. Flushing, meanwhile, features the computer-generated

STATS

- Last season, in 712 trips to the plate, Wade Boggs struck out swinging 11 times.
- While Jose Canseco became history's first member of the 40-homers/40-steals club in 1988, the Tigers had only one member of the eight-eight club.
- Nineteen eighty-eight's average salary, \$438,729, was more than the total salaries of David Cone, Chris Sabo, Bobby Thigpen and Joe Magrane. Seven members of the last-place Phillies made more than Andy Van Slyke, the Pirates' richest player.
- Last year's balk total more than doubled the previous mark. A new all-time balk record was set in the season's sixth week. This season, with a liberalized back-to-the-plate balk rule, umps will again allow hurlers to go to the plate without a "discernible stop."
- Seven everyday shortstops made fewer errors last year than cement-gloved Angels outfielder Chili Davis.
- Orioles shortstop Cal Ripken, Jr., reached 785 batted balls last season, second-best in the A.L. White Sox wizard Ozzie Guillen, the leader, reached 863—nearly ten percent more.
- The Yankees' Ken "Who?" Phelps hit 24 homers in just 297 at-bats, a better home-run ratio than Canseco's.
- In his September 16th perfect game, the Reds' Tim Lincecum did not go to a three-ball count on any of the 27 Dodgers he faced.
- Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda deserves acclaim for leading a decent 1988 team to the world title and blame for possibly destroying Fernando Valenzuela's arm. In 1986 and 1987, Lasorda let Valenzuela pitch 520 innings—second highest in the N.L.—for Dodgers teams that were never in contention. In 1986, Valenzuela had 20 complete games (Gooden and Rhoden were second in the N.L. with 12). In 1987, he again led the league in complete games. Why? The 1986 and 1987 Dodgers finished a total of 40 games out of first place. Lasorda kept running Valenzuela out there in a vain attempt to finish third. Last year, Valenzuela, rag-armed and possibly finished at the ripe old age of 28, was reduced to throwing out the first ball in the play-offs.
- Texas flame thrower Bobby Witt began 1988 by losing his first five decisions. At that point, the erratic Witt had completed two games in 62 major-league starts. Sent to the minors to work with should-be Hall-of-Famer Fergie Jenkins, Witt became an iron man. Upon his return to the majors, he pitched nine straight complete games.
- The luckiest pitcher in baseball last year was Rangers reliever Ed VandeBerg. He "held" the opposition to a robust .308 batting average. Still, of the 33 runners on base when VandeBerg entered games, only three touched home plate.
- As spring training 1989 began, 21 percent of the players on major-league rosters were born in California.



Carter, as his knees erode, is a year closer to a full time seat in the broadcast booth—a good spot from which to study Jefferies and the rest of the game's new names. The Rangers' 23-year old Ruben Sierra is the A.L.'s next nova. Milwaukee prodigy Gary Sheffield is odds-on to be the A.L. Rookie of the Year. Tools run in Sheffield's family,

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Mets, led by Dave Johnson, the only software nerd ever to hit 43 homers in a season (he did it with the Braves in 1973, the year Jeffries turned six). While Johnson fiddles at his VDT, Darryl will sulk, Doc will sulk, Mookie will sulk, Kevin McKeon will secretly hit 30 home runs and Keith Hernandez will date the Casablanca Agency. The Mets will wear down the Cardinals and the Pirates and, sulking, make the play-offs for the third time in four years.

In the hinterland, where the Humpdome squats, the most entertaining hitter in the game will lack at anything. With no one on base, Kirby Puckett turns up his nose at three-ball counts and hits his way on. With runners on, he drives them in. "He's tough to pitch, because he doesn't swing at particular things," says Red Sox pitcher Dennis Lamp. "He swings at pitches." Puckett, the only man alleged to have swung at Halley's Comet, does not exactly work pitchers. In 1988, he walked 23 times. Wade Boggs walked 125 times. Puckett still hit .356 to Boggs's .366. Puckett had 44 percent more hits than NL. batting champ Tony Gwynn. He is the anti-Boggs, the pitcher's Rubik's Cube and the worst example a young hitter could have. This season, watch the Cubs' Shawn Dunston, the pitcher's friend, chase 0-2 curves in

would have. Baseball is the least predictable game, the one in which the best team wins least often, the one in which tools, guts and fate come together in strange ways. Only a nut would try to predict it. Here goes.

AMERICAN EAST LEAGUE

Milwaukee's **Brewers** bobbed around the 500 mark last summer, charged late and fell short by two. They are all foam and not much depth. A hamstring here, a rotator cuff there or a lingering ache in led Higuera's spine could sink them. But an ultrasound rotation of Higuera, whose curve is the league's best, Don August, Juan Nieves, Mike Birkbeck and Bill Wegman would be plenty stingy. The line-up features 300 hitters Paul Molitor and Robin Yount, boppers Rob Deer, Joey Meyer and Greg Brock and probable Rookie of the Year Gary Sheffield. Dan Plesac's pen saved 51 games, tops in the East. Catcher B. J. Surhoff is an impending all-star. The Brewskis are potent.

Blue Jays left fielder George Bell clubbed three home runs last opening day. His fans—there were at least a dozen of them then—projected his O-day homers over a full season and predicted that he would hit 486, breaking Roger Maris record by 425. He wound up with 24. Whither George? What of the George Bell—Lloyd Moseby—Jesse Barfield outfield that was supposed to be the best in ball? Gone with the wind out of Manitoba. Manager Jimmy Williams had three of the league's finest pitchers last year in Dave Stieb, Jimmy Key and Tom Henke; but beyond them, the staff was so many Musselmans and Guzmans. With a team of the Eighties that has spent a decade performing at 80 percent, Williams could use another M, for magician, in his name.

The **Yankees**, those softies, told captain Willie Randolph to get lost. Steinbrenner ripped his two best players, Dave Winfield and Don Mattingly, in *The New York Times*, *Daily News* and *Soap Opera Digest*. He turned Winfield over to the commissar's office, accusing him of abusing funds—a crime the tycoon/felon/owner knows firsthand. Then Steinbrenner, miming integrity, persuaded free agent Sax to leave

the world champs for the Bridesmaids of Gotham. Scott Ostler of the *Los Angeles Times* had the best line on that: "I'm sure [Winfield and Mattingly] would tell you that your future boss, Uncle George, is the salt of the earth. And the Yankees' players are the open wounds of the earth." Sax is better than Randolph, but the owner has allowed Herman Munster look alike Dallas Green, in a flurry of trades and free-agent pacts, to turn Rick Rhoden and Jack Clark into farm hands and a third of the 83-78 Padres pitching staff. The Yanks were 85-76 already.

Last year, the **Red Sox** continued their S/M affair with their fans. They had Wade Boggs and Mike Greenwell, the East's best hitters. They had Roger Clemens, who led the East in wins and the league in shutouts and complete games. They had Lee Smith, stolen from the equally fan-hating Cubs in exchange for cleats and a hubcap. On Bastille Day, they beheaded John McNamara, brought in Joe Morgan and won 19 of 20. Four games ahead with a week and a

THE YOUNG AND THE TOOTHLESS

It takes time for young players to build their reps and for bygone reps to fade, but every tyke in the left-hand column is more valuable than any of the downhillers on the right.

Comers	Goers
Gregg Jefferies, 21	Gary Carter, 34
Gary Sheffield, 20	Dave Parker, 37
Ken Griffey, Jr., 19	Ken Griffey, Sr., 38
Mike Harkey, 22	Goose Gosage, 37
Hensley Meulens, 20	Jim Rice, 34
Ramon Martinez, 21	Jesse Orosco, 31
Luis Medina, 25	Jeffrey Leonard, 33
Ricky Jordan, 23	Fred Lynn, 37
Bob Milacki, 24	Rick Rhoden, 35
Roberio Alomar, 21	Willie Wilson, 33
Sandy Alomar, Jr., 22	Carlton Fisk, 41
Tommy Gregg, 25	Buddy Bell, 37
David West, 24	Fernando Valenzuela, 28

the dirt and bat .240. Watch Puckett hit 0-2 curves off the Humpdome drapes and bat .340.

Few of us were running backs as kids. Fewer still were point guards. But most of us know what a 3-2 pitch looks like. Maybe we used to hit that pitch off the wall. More likely, we rolled it to the shortstop. Our betters hit it off the school. Their betters hit it off the wall in the minors. Their betters now hit it off the wall in the Yard. Seeing that pitch on a highlight film, we wonder if we, with an ounce more talent, might have done the same. Maybe we

BALL CODE

VELOCITY—speed

THE SHOW or THE YARD—the big leagues¹

WHEELS—feet, if fast²

SCRAPPY—white³

NATURAL ATHLETE—black⁴

LIVE BAT—live wrists

LEADER IN THE CLUBHOUSE—relic on the field

MAX FACTOR—a young pitcher's "make-up"⁵

PERSONAL PROBLEMS—marital strife or drugs

FRANCHISE—Strawberry, Mattingly, Conseco, Clemens, Hershiser, Viola, E. Davis, Ripken, Jr., Steinbrenner

MOTHER # % * @ !—Steinbrenner



¹"The Show" is less courant since the movie *Bull Durham* popularized the term; "the Yard" is coming up fast.

²If slow, they are "tank trucks."

³See Glenn Hubbard, Spike Owen, Wally Backman, et al.

⁴See Bo Jackson, Darryl Strawberry, Eric Davis, et al.

⁵Pitching tools and poise, or lack thereof.

half left, they did their annual impression of Ali MacGraw in *Love Story*. They dropped six of seven and won the East by default. They went 0-4 in the play-offs

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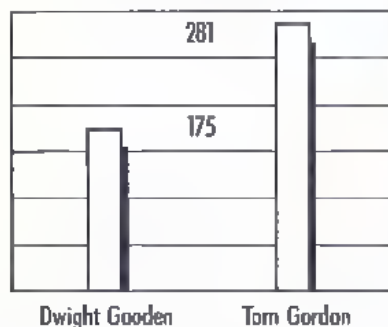
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THE PHENOM

Tom "Flash" Gordon began the 1988 season in A ball, striking out 19-year-olds in Appleton, Wisconsin. Last September, he whiffed Jose Canseco. Pitching for Appleton, Memphis, Omaha and the Kansas City Royals, Gordon fanned 281 hitters in 201 innings. In 185 minor-league innings, he allowed just 96 hits; in 47 innings as a Memphis Chick, he surrendered two earned runs. Not bad for a sixth-round draft pick. "There were scouts who turned up their noses at me when I was in high school. They thought only big guys could pitch in the big leagues," says the 5'9" Gordon. He proved the scouts shortsighted. Last year, in six months, Gordon raced up a minor-league ladder most prospects take at least three years to climb. In his major-league debut, he threw two hitless frames against the Athletics, punching out Canseco with a cruel curve in the dirt. "Nobody's hit my curve ball yet," Gordon says. "If I get an experienced catcher who knows the big-league hitters, I can get them out."

Bob Boone, the wily Methuselah of catchers, joins the Royals this year. He and Flash Gordon would be an electrifying battery. Gordon will bid for a late-season spot in the Kansas City rotation in 1989. He will also, finally, be old enough to buy a beer.

STRIKE-OUTS, 1988



to finish like true Sox, playing .091 ball in their last 11 games. Watch them start the year 90-0, then go 0-72 to lose by a game.

Tigers owner Tom Monaghan also runs Domino's Pizza. The star of Domino's commercials is "The Noid," a sparky little character who zaps late-delivered pizzas, turning them crusty and stale. Monaghan should have kept The Noid away from the Tigers. Sparky's aging boys, who fell 30 minutes short last season, will be lucky to break even. New acquisitions Keith Moreland and Chris Brown are crusty pepperson. Fred Linn's picture is now found in medical texts under HYPOCHONDRIASIS and Jack Morris turns 34 in May.

Two springs ago, *Sports Illustrated*—which is plenty tired of hearing this by now—called the **Indians** baseball's best

team. Anyone can make a mistake (S! swimsuit starlet Christie Brinkley, after all, fell for Brly Joel). Knuckle-baller Tom Candiotti is the majors' heir apparent to Hoyt Wilhelm. Phil Niekro and Charlie Hough, Joe Carter and rifleman Cory Snyder would be famous in any other town. Change-up artist Doug Jones is a genuine all star. That's four, leaving 20 little Indians to be picked off, one by one, by the fates that hate Cleveland.

The **Orioles**, tired of being mistaken for the baby chicken hawk in Foghorn Leghorn cartoons, will replace their cartoon logo with a realistic bird this year—a dodo. Just kidding. It will be a bird of prey, forever pecking out Cal Ripken, Jr.'s liver. Last year, the O's had the worst team batting average in the majors, the worst E.R.A. in the majors, only two hitters who drove in 30 or more runs and *no* pitchers with more than eight wins. They lost 34 of their first 40 games and finished 23½ games out of sixth. Kid pitchers Bob Miacki, Pete Harnisch and Brian Holton could each go wild and win nine in 1989. New catcher Bob Melvin is better than predecessor Terry Kennedy. But except for Ripken, Jr., and Phillies failure Phil Bradley, the Orioles' best hitter is manager Frank Robinson.

AMERICAN WEST LEAGUE

Jose Canseco is Ruth. Mark McGwire is Gehrig. Dave Henderson is Bob Meusel. Mike Moore, rescued from Seattle's Kingdome, is Walter Hoyt. Walt Weiss is Mark Koening. Tony LaRussa, in a dual role, is Miller Huggins and Clarence Darrow. Dave Parker is through, but the **Athletics** will not miss him. They are the 1927 Yankees. It is tempting to love the oncoming Twins, Rangers and Royals, but the A's are more than gifted. They are hungry. "Last year is going to be a constant irritation for us," says LaRussa. "We've all thought a lot about the world series. We've got a lot to prove." And more than enough with which to prove it.

Eighteen months ago, the **Twins** were counting world series shares. Their best chance this year is to wave their Homer Hankes toward Oakland in surrender, move to the East and coast to the play-offs. Frank Viola, if he pitched in Dodger Stadi-

FACTOIDS

The poor, pitiful **Browes** used their number-one pick in December's major-league draft to acquire *their own guy*, having accidentally left Ben Rivera unprotected in the draft.

Giants outfielder Candy Maldonado had off-season surgery for hammertoe. Doctors shortened one of his piggies.

Free agent Bruce Hurst spurned the California Angels to accept fewer millions from the San Diego Padres, explaining that he wanted to play near his Utah home. San Diego is 90 miles farther from Utah than Anaheim, where the Angels play. Maybe Hurst was worried about Angels owner Gene Autry's tenuous hold on clichés. After Angels G.M. Mike Port, a harsh negotiator, failed to sign one free agent, a disappointed Autry coined this gem: "You can catch more flies with jelly than you can with salt."

Dwight Gooden had a bathing cage installed in his Florida home.

The **Moriners**, looking for "experience" and "presence," signed outfielder Jeffrey Leonard. Leonard was called Penitentiary Face when he was plain old Jeff Leonard. So he insisted on being called Jeffrey, whereupon his nickname became Correctional Institution Face. He is also known for carving obscenities on his bat.

In the 1948 N.C.A.A. baseball finals, Yale trailed USC 3-1. In the bottom of the ninth, Yale loaded the bases with nobody out. Jerry Breen strode to the plate. On deck stood future President George "Poppy" Bush. Breen hit into a triple play.



um or the Astrodome, would be making three mil a year. He is the game's best pitcher. Kent Hrbek makes every vowel count. Kirby Puckett, the cuddliest star this side of A.L.H. is a mystifyingly great hitter and an undersung defensive player. But starter Allan Anderson chickened out last fall, passing up his final start to protect a minuscule lead over Milwaukee's Ted Higuera in the E.R.A. race. Anderson finished with a 2.4465 E.R.A. to Higuera's 2.4546. Wuss! That difference represents one earned run in 1200 innings—*six years of a starter's career*. For that alone, Anderson deserves to be forever confused with Indians catcher Andy Allanson, and the Twins deserve to finish second.

The **Rangers** got Julio Franco, the league's best-hitting second baseman, for guys they didn't want. They got sweet-swinging Rafael Palmeiro and crafty

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Jamie Moyer from those chronic muggers, the Cubs. They got Nolan Ryan for cash. They have one of ball's best young hitters in Ruben Sierra, plus Pete Incaviglia's raw, goofy power. One of their starters, Charlie Hough, has the wickedest knuckler in the game (Phil Niekro says so). Another starter—Bobby Witt, the boy Ryan—harnessed his raw, goofy heat last year. So why won't the Rangers win the West? Because the West is too strong. Ball clubs seldom jump from 70-91 to 91-70 in one year, and even if the souped-up Rangers pull off such a stunt, 91-70 will not win the West.

George Brett's **Royals** boast an outfield of Bo "Eric Davis by Way of Eric Dickerson" Jackson, Willie "Zillion Dollars a Year for Life" Wilson and Danny "Nobody Knows It but I Had 26 Homers and 102 R.B.I.s" Larabull. Add 304-hitting Kevin

14 steals. And try to explain how Kansas City wound up 19½ games out of first place. The **Royals** will finish one game out of first for every week Brett spends on the disabled list.

The **White Sox**' obscure rotation is one of the league's strongest. New manager Jeff Torborg can rotate baby burners Jack McDowell, Melido Perez, Shawn Hillegas and Jeff Butiger, all righties, and toss in creaky lefty Jerry Reuss as a change of pace. Bullpen closer Bobby Thigpen racked up 34 saves in 1988. So much for the good side of this unbalanced team. The soccer-style defense, even with the wizardly Ozzie Guillen at short, led the majors in errors. The offense was almost as bad, hitting .244 to finish the season 242 hits off the league lead. Its most productive hitter by far, Carlton Fisk, was 40 years old. "Good pitching stops good hitting, and vice versa," Casey Stengel said. The **White Sox** have enough vice but not enough versa.

After a somber 1988, in which they fell 29 games short of the **A's**, the **Angels** went after fun-guy manager Doug Rader and free-agent hurlers Nolan Ryan and Bruce Hurst. They landed Rader. They signed leftovers Bert Blyleven, 38, and Claudell Washington, 34. This is rebuilding? Rader, the ex-taxidermist, is famous for taking a line-up card to the plate in a frying pan, sitting nude on a birthday cake and describing himself as "eighty-two percent body fat." He will need every trick in his whiz bag to distract attention from a cub that stars flat-footed outfielder Chili Davis ("My claim to fame is not leaping . . . I'm not sure what my claim to fame is") and all-star candidate by default Wally Joyner.

The **Mariners** wear a trident on their caps. The trident, symbol of Poseidon, marks ventures that go belly up. Last season, their highest-paid player, Steve Trout, recorded only two outs against the **A's** on April sixth. He threw seven strikes, 22 balls and two wild pitches. Pitching coach Billy Connors called him "caca." In return for his \$990,000 salary, Trout delivered four wins and a league-high 7.83 E.R.A., allowing an astounding 122 base runners in 56½ innings, and the **Ms**, sinking fast, were last seen 35½ games under the **A's**. They should pick up that half game this year while waiting for a child, Ken Griffey, Jr., to lead them in 1990.

The 1988 **Mets** scored the most runs in the N.L. and surrendered the fewest. They hit 30 more homers than anyone else. They struck out the most batters, walked the fewest and led the majors in E.R.A. They won 100 games. They were better than the **Dodgers** at every position except second base and Orel Still, they lost. That's ball. They are the equal of the **A's**, the game's other great team. Oakland has edges at first, short, center and (barely)

NATIONAL EAST LEAGUE

right field, the **Mets** are better at catcher and left field. The **Mets** have better pitching but even worse karma. Two years ago, beaten, they rode a Bill Buckner bungle to the world title; last year, they lost the playoffs to karma's team. Rookies Gregg Jefferies and David West and lefty closer Randy Myers are golden. So is the rotation, though Doc is not the surgeon general he once was. Keith Hernandez and Gary Carter are not dead yet. Darryl is the Splendid Straw. But if the **Mets** can contrive to Buckner their way out of their rightful place in the series, they will.

Whitey Herzog is a possum, not a laboratory rat. In 1985, his **Cards** won the pennant. The next year, they lay low, going home 28½ behind. In 1987, they won again. Last year, they played possum again, finishing 25 games out. "My pitchers are hurt," Herzog sobbed. He is rubbing his paws now. If his hurlers are unhurt in 1989, his brains, Todd Worrell's superconducting right arm and a Coleman-Ozzie-Guerrero-Bruno-McGee-Pendleton-Oquendo-Pena line-up will bounce the **Cards** back.

"Whitey Herzog is not going to be down two years in a row," says Pittsburgh skipper Jim Leyland. "We are gonna have to play good not to finish *last*," he says, grinding out a cigarette. Take his prediction with a grain of nicotine. The **Pirates**' center fielder, Andy Van Slyke, a scout's toolbox, is the least famous all-star in the N.L. Left fielder Barry Bonds is a chip off the 30/30 block his dad, Bobby, once owned. Jose Lind ranks high among the N.L.'s adroit young second basemen. Starters Doug Drabek and John Smiley and stopper Jim Gott are three of the best-kept secrets in the game. Tim-glove corner man Bobby Bonilla, Leyland says, "looks like a lot better third baseman once you see him circling those bases." The **Bucs** are a year away but young enough to wait.

Not so *les Expos*, the dynasty that never was. After the decade-long funk of the Carter-Dawson administration, they still drift. The *lanceurs*, bolstered by ex-Phil Kevin Gross and 6'10" Randy Johnson, the tallest player ever to stretch a big-league uniform, are top-drawer Pascual Perez

INFANTICIDE

Ever notice how your favorite team always bills its farm-system phenom as the second coming of Cy Ty Honus "The Splendid Say-Hey Train" Ruth? And the kid hits .560 in spring training? And they still send him to the minors for a few weeks of "seasoning" at the beginning of his rookie year? Don't you hate that? Know why it happens? Because in its most recent pact with the owners, the Players' Union agreed that only players with three full years of major-league service are eligible for salary arbitration. That means that in 1991, when Padres stor-child Roberto Alomar has 2.88 years under his major-league belt, Mrs. Kroc will still have the right to treat him like an all-beef patty, unilaterally limiting his salary. That is the way Players' Union representatives—the grizzled veterans who help negotiate agreements with the owners—skew the salary structure in favor of grizzled veterans. For instance, Dan Quisenberry, age 36.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Dan Quisenberry	Roberto Alomar
1988	1988
Won: 2	B.A.: .266
Lost: 1	H.R.: 9
Saves: 1	R.B.I.: 41
E.R.A.: 5.14	Stolen bases: 24
Earnings	Earnings
\$2,288,843	\$62,500

Sentzer. Magnum armed shortstop Kurt Stillwell and a one-two pitching punch of Mark Gubicza and Bret Saberhagen. Then add Brett, who crawled off the training table to hit 24 homers with 103 R.B.I.s and

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and Dennis Martinez—the man with the quick-draw pick off move—allowed only 460 base runners in 423 innings last year. Bryn Smith walks nobody. Andres Galarraga is bullish at first base. The *voltigenus* (south of the border, “outfielders”) can run, hit and volt. Do you spose three Tims—Rames, Wallach and Burke—can lead the ‘Spots to *glorie*?

Portrait of a goombah franchise: Two years ago, the **Cubs**, weary of Lee Smith's saves, dumped him for Calvin “I’m No Lee Smith” Schiraldi and Al “Me Neither” Nipper. Suddenly lacking in saves, they swapped 27-homer man Keith Moreland for Goose Gossage, who treated save opportunities as grenades. So this past winter, still trying to fill the void they made by trading Smith, they gave up potential batting champ Rafael Palmeiro to get scatter-armed Mitch Williams (in 1988, the only reliever in the majors worse than Williams was Gossage). If not for the sterling farm chain Dallas Green left behind, this club would be as holey as Harry Caray’s toy cow. Harry and second baseman Ryne Sandberg are headed for Cooperstown; manager Don Zimmer and G.M. Jim Frey will soon be asked to hit the road.

The **Phillies** have an imposing offense again. Manager in waiting Mike Schmidt is back. Tommy Herr is on hand, moving Juan Samuel to center, where he belongs. First baseman Ricky Jordan’s corked wrists and outfielder Ron Jones’s short, sweet stroke are back from sweet short seasons in winter ball. The pitching staff, though, has a chance to be even worse than last year’s Salvation Army. In 1988, Phillies pitchers gave up *104 more walks* than any other N.L. team and had the league’s worst E.R.A. After an off-season shake-up, the staff’s only star is closer Steve Bedrosian, who is on the trading block. Nineteen eighty-nine will be tough on Phillies fans, but not as tough as they deserve. Last summer, they booed an injured Schmidt.

Asked to name the clubs she feared most in the **Reds’** division, owner Marge Schott took four tries to name an N.L. West team. This is an owner who calls one of her coaches “Thingumbob.” She takes her Saint Bernard, Schottzie, to the ball park. She sends Riverfront Stadium security guards to fetch her ice cream. But Schott, dotty as raisin bread, is dogged in her pursuit of a pennant. This is the year the dog’s team has its day. The manager may have a fondness for

NATIONAL WEST LEAGUE

bench warmers who, like him, are at that Grecian Formula stage of their careers, but Pete Rose is smarter than a lot of folks think. He is smart enough to perform the manager’s most important function—waving his arm when the opposition least wants to see a new pitcher. His flightfully

THE LONG MAN

Manic-depressive? In 1978, he compiled a 3.29 E.R.A., pitching half the time in hurlers’ hell, Wrigley Field. His record was 7–15. In 1979, he gave up Lou Brock’s 3000th hit. In 1985, he went 11–0 for Toronto; only Tim Lincecum, in 1929, won more games in a season without a loss. Two seasons later, he was released three times in one year. And last year, pitching half the time in another hurlers’ hell, Fenway Park, he went 7–6 with a 3.48 E.R.A. He started no games and notched no saves but played a key role in Boston’s A.L. East title. After a 12-year career, Dennis Lamp has established himself as one of the game’s best long men.

“My job is to cut the bridge down,” says the Red Sox’ bridge between Roger Clemens and Lee Smith. If Clemens falters early, Lamp must stop the hemorrhaging. “A lot of times, when I come in, the other team is at its peak—men on base, they’ve knocked the starter out and they’re sky-high. I have to settle things down.”

In the late innings of a close game, it is Lamp’s job to protect a narrow lead, allowing Smith to earn a save. “I may not get the glory of the save,” Lamp says, “but if I’ve held the opposition down and made sure that Lee Smith doesn’t have to get more than two innings’ worth of outs, I’ve done what I’m paid to do.” Lamp, who signed a minor-league contract last year and had to make the team in spring training, has a fat new contract this year.

CAREER WINNING PERCENTAGE

Dennis Lamp, 82–85
.491

Rollie Fingers, 114–118
.491

talented team has made a habit of going A.W.O.L. for months at a time, charging late and finishing second. This season, Rose, after a Schottzie-eat-dog September, should win the pennant he needs to keep his job. His outfield is perfect. His line-up is the league’s best blend of power and speed. His young rotation could give the Mets a run for their millions, and John Franco is one of three unbuttable left-

handed stoppers in the league. Schottzie is starved. So are the Reds.

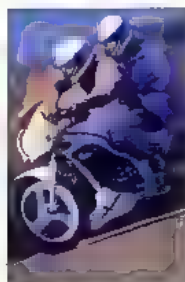
Last May, the **Padres** were 16–31. Then Mrs. Kroc sent Little Larry Faudlerov the way of the late, unlamented McKib Sandwich—another failed experiment that, like Bowa, was thin-skinned and tasteless. Under Jack McKeon, the Pad people played .588 ball. Enter Jack Clark (69 homers in two years), millionaire lefty Bruce Hurst (salvaging at the prospect of pitching in Jack Murphy Stadium after nine years in Fenway) and bulldog righty Walt Terrell (ditto after four years in Tiger Stadium). The great Tony Gwynn is a three-time batting champ, pen ace Mark Davis rules the ninth, boy wonder Roberto Alomar will be an all-star before he starts shaving and the supporting cast compares favorably with the Old Vic’s, but this club is a gang blind date. The pieces *seem* to fit, but teams so quickly overhauled tend to gel slowly.

Destiny’s **Dodgers** rode six strong arms (Orel Hershiser, Tim Lincecum, Tim Lincecum, Ken Howell, Alejandro Peña and John Tudor) last year. The only port paw in the bunch, Tudor’s is now duct tape. Bad sign. Rookie Ramon Martinez, Tudor’s sub in the rotation, has a fast ball that moves like a snail darter. Good sign. Hershiser, Lincecum, Howell and Peña would have to sell their souls to repeat 1988. Bad sign. Eddie Murray replaces Franklin Stubbs at first base. Good sign. Willie Randolph replaces Steve Sax at second. Bad sign. Health Department bluenoses found that some of the kitchen personnel in Tommy Lasorda’s restaurant were rodents. Omen.

Matt Williams, the **Giants’** proto-Schmidt, hit four home runs in four at-bats last May 25th. That was at Triple-A Phoenix. In San Francisco, he hit two off Tudor in a single game, the rest of the time, he hit .195. If Williams can take over at third, the Giants can put Kevin Mitchell in left (Candy Maldonado—last seen hammering winter-ball pitching—in right and bring ex-phenom Tracy Jones off the bench.

First baseman Will Clark, the least popular player in the league, can make up in run production what he lacks in personality. Center fielder Brett Butler, the game’s best bunter (18 bunt singles in 34 tries last year—a .529 average), can beat out almost anything. The Giants’ split-fingered hurlers, if healthy, can go toe to toe with the Dodgers and the Reds. But, as they say

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in the Campbell's-soup warehouse, that's a lot of cans. The Giants are humm-min good, but probably not good enough.

The **Astros**, fanciers of home cooking, start the season with nine straight Dome games. Watch them jump to a start as quick as Mike Scott's fast ball, then fold like the armadillos on the dead, departed Ryan's Alvin, Texas, ranch. Glenn Davis is a massive talent who could hit 50 homers if his home park were Wrigley or Fulton County Second baseman Bill Doran, when he is not in traction, is Ryne Sandberg's peer. Outfielder Kevin Bass is a perennial semistar—the mystery is that the Astros put him at the top of their trade-bait list every year. But bull pen ace Dave Smith has a trick elbow and his valet, Juan Agosto, has as much of a chance of repeating last year's performance as the 'Stros have of finishing second in baseball's best division.

In Fulton County Stadium, the fans sing three-part harmony—four-part when there are four fans—and end the anthem

'O'er the land of the free and the home of the Braves.' The Braves' home, however, is an empty nest. Macrocephalic mascot Homer the Brave is all that remains of America's team. Four years ago, the Braves could have traded moderate talent Gerald Perry, career disappointment Brad Komminsk and franchise Dale Murphy for an all-star or two and a couple of Triple-A all-star teams. They passed, believing in an organization that has proved as efficient as the Soviet economy. Now they face a season in which they could lose 110 games. Youngsters Ron Gant, Jeff Blauser and Tommy Gregg are valuable properties, but the farm chain is pocked with a few good arms and no hitters. Last year, owner Ted Turner postponed a home game to make time for one of his colorized movies. It was a mercy billing. The Braves wound up 54-106 in 160 games, two fewer than the schedule called for. Turner postponed one game, God canceled two.



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

(continued from page 150)

nature, because it doesn't matter. They've found the ultimate defensive weapon."

Again, Kass rubbed a shaking hand across his mouth. "One of the worst things," he said, "is that after one of us dies, they still go on with the imitation. Your husband, your wife. . . . You *know* they're dead, but there they are, walking around. And again. And again. Hundreds of them. Smiling at you, calling you by the pet name that only the two of you knew."

The door behind Kass opened, and a cluster of people, a dozen or more, came in, looking concerned, saying, "There you are, Hafter," or "Why are you hiding in here, Hafter?"

Kass didn't even turn as the people gathered around him. His expression bleak, he faced the camera. Beneath the friendly cries of the newcomers—two of them, Ensign Benson realized with a sudden shiver, identical Hafter Kasses—beneath their voices but clear and passionate, Kass said to the camera, "Get away from here. This is hell. This is the worst you can imagine. I may even be the last human alive here, there's no way to know. I'm surrounded by people, and I've been in solitary confinement for three years."

"Oh, Hafter," one of the others cried, happy and careless, "you're taping! Can I tape, too? Shall I sing?"

"No," Hafter said. Rising, he moved the table, shoving the others out of his way as though they were dummies on rollers—none objected—and darkness descended as he approached the camera. There was a click, and the recording ended.

"Oh, boy," Ensign Benson said. "Not good." Decisively, he got to his feet, left Hester's workroom, hurried through the ship to the exit and went down the ramp, looking around for the rest of the crew.

The nearest was Pam, walking diagonally away toward the ruined colony. "Pam!" Ensign Benson called, and when she turned, he waved to her to stop, to wait for him. "We've got to get into the ship!" he cried, trotting up to her.

She frowned as he approached. "Kybee? What's wrong?"

"I'll tell you later. Just get into the ship; I'll go after the others." And he hurried past her toward the ruins. But when he looked back after a few half-running paces, she was still standing there, frowning at him. "For God's sake, Pam!" he yelled. "Get going!"

"Kybee?" Pam said. "What's wrong?" But her voice came from behind him.

When Pam saw the strange woman beyond Kybee, she couldn't understand who it might be. A survivor from the colony, for 500 years? One of the three without graves? But that was impossible. This



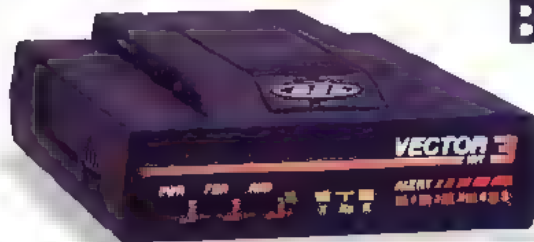
"Socrates thinks he's provocative, but as far as I'm concerned, he's just another ball breaker."

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Model	Sensitivity, dBm/cm ²	
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BEL Vector 3	117.2	115.6
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Cincinnati Microwave Escort	112.9	106.8
Cincinnati Microwave Passport	114.1	107.8
Cobra Trapshooter RD-3170	113.4	110.8
Fulton 15-0900 Snooper D-4000	109.4	108.8
Kraco KRD 16	102.7	104.7
Mascot PH222	101.5	94.6
Maxon RD 25	109.3	106.8
Radio Shack Microzilla Road Patrol XK	107.6	106.0
Uniden RD9XL	113.1	108.8
Whisper Spectrum 2	115.6	110.4
Average unit	110.1	106.3

Source: *Road & Track*, Nov. 1988
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attractive-looking woman was young, was certainly no more—
Was herself.

Dread touched Pam. All at once she was not an astrologer, not a scientist, not a rational, civilized person, but a primitive creature feeling a sudden surge of the most basic fear. She stared, not understanding, and the woman stared back at her with an expression of horror. "Kybee!" they cried together. "What's happening?"

He stared from one to the other. "Which— Which—"

"Kybee, it's me! It's Pam!" But it was the other one who said that.

Pam hurried toward Kybee, crying. "Don't listen to her! She's— She's— I don't know what she is!"

"The ship," Kybee muttered, dazed. "Save the ship."

"Yes," Pam said, reaching for his arm, her terror deepening when he pulled away. "We'll go into the ship," she said. "We'll figure out—"

But he was backing away, staring from her to the impostor, his eyes terrified. "How do I— How can I— You don't get inside the ship!" And he turned and ran.

The Billys and the Hesters and the Ensign Bensons were building sheds and lean-tos. The Councilman Luthgusters were sorting through the food supplies Kybee had pushed out of the ship the day before so that the real crew members wouldn't starve to death. The Pams were cooking on the makeshift stoves the Hes-

ters had constructed. Most of the Captain Standforths had quit banging on the Hopeful's door and yelling at the monitor cameras and had wandered off across the landscape, presumably in search of birds suitable for taxidermy.

In a horrible way, it was fascinating to see how the creatures worked it. The fear and disbelief and repugnance that were the natural reaction of the real crew members were perfectly mirrored in all the imitations. Then, as time went by without any change in the situation, with no further events, no escalation of threat, as horror became dulled, that, too, was echoed, the real and the fakes all calming together, getting used to this madness together.

If he were out there with the rest of them, would he behave any differently from the headshaking wide-eyed Ensign Bensons he watched on the viewscreens? No, he would not.

It was two days since Kybee had run back into the ship and sealed the entrance behind him, and he had not yet slept. What was he going to do? What were any of them going to do? They were doomed here, just like the original colonists. He couldn't fly the ship alone, and even if he could, what about the others? He couldn't just abandon them here, in this hell on Earth. Or hell on Matrix. "In this case," Kybee muttered to himself, watching the mobs on the viewscreens, "hell really is other people."

It was strange how circumstances changed attitudes. Kybee had always felt impatient loathing toward his shipmates,

knowing himself to be the only truly sharp—and sharp-edged—person on the ship. He had thought it miserably unfair that he should be assigned to this team of losers on this mission into oblivion, what did he have in common with *them*?

It was only now, in this extremity, that he found himself drawing parallels, that he saw his own social prickliness as much of a habitus as Hester's bluntness or Pam's unworldliness or the councilman's pomposity. Damn it, somehow, damn it, in the course of their voyage, damn it, they had become a team, damn it, a unit, while his back was turned, damn it, some kind of stupid tribe. His shipmates were in trouble out there, damn it, and he was the only one in the universe who could help.

Except, of course, that he couldn't. What was there to do? Forty colonists had spent four years trying to solve this problem, without success. How could he hope to do anything but keep the interior of the ship free of impostors by banning *everything*?

There's something comforting about despair. When Kybee realized that there truly was no way out, that they were all stuck on Matrix for the rest of their lives, himself inside the ship and the rest of the crew outside amid the crowds of ersatz, a kind of peace descended on him. There's nothing to be done; doom is at hand; no point struggling. Yawning, easy at last in his mind, warmed by the hopelessness of their situation, Kybee left the viewscreens and went to bed.

It was dark. He was suddenly wide-awake. Sitting up, he spoke into the back room. "It *isn't* the same. The colonists had to live here, somehow, live with those creatures forever. All I have to do is find the right five people and get them on the ship. That's all."

It was light. Kybee drank nearcoffee and brooded at the viewscreens. More of them were out there today. A couple of thousand by now. Food would become a problem soon. And as for finding the right Pam, the right Billy—

No. It was still impossible.

Nevertheless, the comfort of despair had been wrested from him. He had no choice. The task might be impossible, but he was going to have to try it, anyway. "The tape," he told himself. "I'll watch it again. I'll watch it a hundred times if I have to. Maybe there's a clue in it, maybe there's something—" He sighed and finished his nearcoffee and went off to watch again the final testament of Halter Kass.

Kybee was slapping Hesters. His hand had begun to sting as he left reddened cheek after reddened cheek in his wake, but he persisted. "Kybee!" the Hesters cried, blinking, putting their hands up to their slapped faces. "What are you doing?" they cried, or "What was that for?" or "What's the big idea?"

He didn't answer, not a one of the



"It's my wife. She gets a little tense about flying."



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stinking worms. He'd left the ship, sealing the entrance behind him, carrying the only electronic key that would work with the combination he'd just created, and now he was moving among the crowd, slapping and slapping.

What a mob there was, more than ever, and how they liked to mill around. Kybee shoved Billys and Ensign Bensons out of his way, seeking out the Hesters, slapping them, slapping them, and at last, one of the Hesters yelled, "What the hell was that for?" and slapped him back.

Seated at the viewscreens, Hester watched Kybee rove through the crowd, tweaking councilmen's noses. "The bastard's enjoying himself," she told the air, watching Luthguster after Luthguster recoil, fat hands flailing the air, piggy eyes filling with tears, noses reddening.

Her own cheek still stung from that hefty wallop the bastard had given her. Having now watched that poor doomed fellow, Halter Kass, on the tape, and having had Kybee point out to her that Kass described the worms as nonviolent, she could understand that violence was the only way to find the real wolf when surrounded by sheep in wolf's clothing, but that still didn't excuse him for hitting so hard. It's because he was enjoying it, that's all.

Still, being rescued from the legion of look-alikes was worth it, no matter what the cost. It had been really frightening

down there for a while, not knowing who anybody was, surrounded by piss-poor imitations of herself—why couldn't Kybee have simply noticed that the fake Hesters were dumber and uglier than the original?—and never knowing if the ship would up and leave, abandoning her to an entire population of Captain Standforths and Councilman Luthgusters and second-rate Hesters for the rest of her life.

(The true long-range horror hadn't occurred to her while she was out there and probably hadn't yet occurred to the rest of the Earthlings still trapped out there, but now that she'd seen Halter Kass's description of life on Matrix, she knew just how horrible it would have been and how lucky she was *not* to be nonviolent.)

Outside, Kybee moved off the edge of one viewscreen's range and was picked up by another, tweaking Luthgusters left and right. All reacted in the same roly-poly fashion, pained and astonished, waving arms and legs, and Kybee kept moving. And then one Luthguster, after Kybee turned his back, yanked off a shoe, ran up behind him and whammed him over the head with the heel.

"Now," said Hester, smiling, "why didn't I think of that?"

Out there, Luthguster kept swinging the shoe, shouting in rage, letting out all the mad emotions created by their mad situation, while the surrounding throng backed away, like cattle slightly disturbed at their

feeding. Kybee went down under the rain of blows, huddling to the ground, and the councilman started kicking the fallen social engineer with his shod foot. Kybee rolled away, tumbling a nearby Billy and a Hester like numpins, and Councilman Luthguster pursued him, hopping on one foot, that massive belly, like Falstaff's *flacon* of sack, blooming over the ground. Kybee managed to scramble to his feet and come running toward the ship, Luthguster and his furious paunch bounding along in his wake.

"There you go, Kybee," Hester said, nodding. "That's the way to bring him home."

The ship's entryway controls were at her fingertips. Across the viewscreens came Kybee at a dead run, bowling a path through the shoals of Pams and pseudo-ensigns, the councilman following, bobbing like an escaped grapefruit. Up the ramp came Kybee, heelmarks on his forehead and cheeks, eyes wild, voice echoing from the intercom, "Hester! Open up! Open up!"

Her fingers hovered on the controls. Luthguster came panting up the ramp, looking now more like a lobster than a grapefruit, and gave Kybee just one more whop. Then Hester opened up.

It was breasts he tweaked on Pam. In the first place, he simply couldn't bring himself to behave harshly toward that beautiful

face or harm that beautiful nose. And in the second place, when would he ever again get the opportunity to cop a feel in a noble cause?

"Kybee! Stop that!" Pam after Pam threw up protective arms, and when he reached for the second breast, backpedaled in horror and shame. Exactly like Pam, of course, but not good enough. On he went.

If this doesn't work, he told himself, clutching breast after breast, I'll just have to escalate. The thought was not untimed with a kind of anticipation.

"Kybee! Stop that! What's got into you?"

"It's what's getting into *you*, baby," Kybee leered and lunged for the other breast, and this Pam slapped feebly at his lupine fingers.

Slapped? Was that meaningful? To be certain, Kybee aimed for target number three.

"I'm sorry I gave you a bloody nose, Kybee," Pam said.

"Dad's all wry," Kybee told her tilting his

head back, holding many blobs of absorbent cottonique to his nose while Hester held an ice pack to the back of his neck. Councilman Luthgaster stood off to one side, looking, Kybee knew, pleased with this turn of events.

"Now that I know there was nothing personal in it," Pam went on, "I'm not upset any more."

Kybee rolled his eyes. Some problems remain insoluble, no matter what.

"I think it's stopped bleeding," Hester said, stepping back, giving him a critical look.

Kybee lowered the bloody rags from his nose, straightened, breathed experimentally and said, "OK. Back into the fray."

"Gee whizz!" said *all* the Billys.

"Kybee? Did I have a fly on my nose?" asked all the captains.

"The problem is," Kybee said, back in the ship, in serious concave with Hester, Pam and the councilman on the control

deck, "the real Billy and the real captain are *also* nonviolent."

Pam said, "Kybee, we can't just leave them there."

Hester said, "There has to be a way."

"Glad to hear that," Kybee told her. "What's the way?"

"Beats me," Hester said.

The councilman brooded at the view screens, where the walking, milling simulacra still included hundreds of himself. "Ghastly out there," he said. "To see myself in the mirror in the morning and, of course, on election posters, that's good enough for me."

Kybee also looked at the view screens. "I used to think sometimes," he said, "I'd be really content in a world where everybody was exactly like me. Well, half like me and half like Pam. Well, like Pam, but with modifications."

Blinking without comprehension, Pam said, "Kybee? What can you mean?"

"But now," Kybee went on, ignoring her for one of the few times since they'd shipped out together, "I'm going to have to find a new dream. When I'm shaving in —"

He stopped. He frowned at the view screens: "Could they?"

The others all sensed the change in him. Hester said, "Kybee, do you have something?"

"I don't know," Kybee turned toward the others, his manner intent but distracted, as though he were already outside, doing whatever it was. He said, "When we came aboard, they put a lot of sports equipment on. Didn't they? Bats and balls and rackets and all that?"

"Clattering up my storage space," Hester grumped.

Kybee nodded at her. "Still there, eh? Hester, get me a bat. A tennis ball or something."

"Hey, Billy! Catch! Hey, Billy! Toss it back!"

"Hey, Billy! Catch! Hey, Billy! Toss it back!"

"Hey, Billy! Catch! Hey, Billy! Toss it back!"

"Hey, Billy! Catch!"

And finally, out of a sea of lefties, one Billy caught it right-handed. Beaming, holding it up, Billy called, "Want me to throw it back?"

"No, Billy," Kybee said. "You come along with me."

"Mirror image," Kybee explained to the others. "There was just a chance, when they did their imitations, they wouldn't *match* us, they'd *mirror* us. Do what they see us doing, which isn't exactly like doing what we do."

"Gee," Billy said, smiling at everybody, delighted and relieved to be back in the ship, "I don't know how you *think* of things all the time, Kybee."

Kybee looked at him. "Variety is good," he said. "I'd be unhappy if everybody was



"It means a lot to a father to see a son indicted in the family business."

the same as me. I'll have to keep reminding myself of that." He tossed the yellow tennis ball into the air and caught it. "And now," he said, "to bring in the captain."

"Oops. Sorry, Kybee," said all the captains

"And now the problem is," Kybee told the others back in the ship, "the captain can't catch a ball thrown at him. And even if he could, he isn't sure if he's right- or left-handed"

Sonorously, Councilman Luthguster said, "He's ambidextrous, you mean" (He loved to say long words he could wrap his tongue around)

"That's what I mean," Kybee agreed. "He's equally inept with either hand." He looked at the viewscreens. Out there, in the lengthening shadows of afternoon, the false crew members milled and trailed along, all except the Captain Standforths. One by one, they were moving toward the ship, looking up at the monitor cameras, waving and gesturing. Their thin reedy voices began to be heard on the open intercom: "Kybee? Billy? How about me out here? Hester? Hi, don't forget about me! Hello!"

Pam stood beside Kybee, looking at the viewscreens. "Kybee? How can we save him?"

"I wish I knew," Kybee said.

They turned the intercom off that night, but in the morning, the captains were still there, crowding around the ship, more of them than ever. The numbers of the other *faux* crewpersons in the background seemed not to have increased by much, as though it were harder to create imitations once the original was gone, but the Captain Standforths had doubled overnight.

"More and more of them," Kybee said grimly. "How are we ever going to sift through that mob?"

"O Captain, my captain," Pam said, and sighed.

"The captain of his soul," Hester said, and sighed.

"A captain courageous," the councilman said, but didn't sigh.

"And a right good captain, too," Billy said, and brushed away a tear.

"Gimme a break," Kybee said and went away to his own room to think.

"Kybee? Pam? Anyone at all?"

It was late afternoon. Captain Standforth felt lonely, sad, tired, hungry, worried and confused as he stood with all these bumbling fellows outside the Hopeful. Who were all these awkward people, anyway? "Why don't you be off about your business?" he told a few nearby louts. "Go find your own ships."

"This is my ship!" one of them announced, poking himself in the eye in his agitation.

"My ship!" cried dozens of others.

"Oh, really!" snapped the captain and

raised his plaintive face to the monitor camera high on the Hopeful's side. If only he'd caught that ball yesterday, things would be so different now. But he'd never been any good at sports. Back at the Academy—

"Captain! Listen up!"

It was Kybee's voice, amplified over the speakers. The captain—and all these oafs around him—alertly listened up. Many of them even said, "Yes, Kybee?"

"Bad news, Captain," Kybee's voice said.

Oh, dear, the captain thought. If only I'd caught that ball.

"There's no way to tell which of you is real," Kybee's voice went on. "We can't stay here forever. We have to leave. But if some other ship stumbled onto this place and found you, we could be vaporized for mutiny."

Ah, thought the captain, so they can't leave. No one wants to be vaporized.

"Tomorrow morning," Kybee's voice continued, "before we leave, we're coming out to shoot all the captains. We're sorry, Captain, but you can understand. That's the only way we'll be safe."

The captain gaped at the ship, astounded and appalled. Shoot him? He looked around, and all the other captains were also astounded and appalled. Shoot them all?

And yet, of course, Kybee wouldn't want to risk being vaporized by the authorities. It did make an awful kind of sense.

"Oh, dear," Captain Standforth said. So did most of the others.

Morning. Kybee and Hester went out onto the ramp, armed with heavy laser-guns, and looked around at a world crawling with thousands and thousands of Pams, councilmen, Billys, Hesters and Ensign Bensons, many, many more than ever before. But not one Captain Standforth.

"By golly, Kybee," Hester said, "you were right."

"Of course I was," Kybee said, though he hadn't, in fact, been at all certain it would work. "Tell them that everybody who looks like the captain is going to get shot, then everybody who *can* look like somebody else *will*." He pointed his laser-gun at a nearby councilman, the largest available target. "Where's the captain?"

A hundred imitations pointed. "Betrayed!" wailed the voice of Captain Standforth from the shed in which he'd taken cover.

It took quite a while to convince the captain he wasn't going to be shot, but even then, he was too nervous to handle the take-off, so Billy did, to everybody's relief.

"That was fun," said a Billy, watching the great silver ship soar upward.

"Oh, I don't know," a Hester said. "Let's get out of these damn shoes." Shoez. Shooz. Shuuz. Sshhhhuuuuu.



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"I love the way you crawl into bed."

GERALDO RIVERA

(continued from page 112)

summit meeting: While attending the 50th-birthday party of showbiz impresario Jerry Weintraub not long ago, Geraldo found himself face to face with Johnny Carson. "He came up to us, right, honey?" he says, looking to his wife for confirmation. Fraught with import, he continues. "He just put his arm around C.C. and said to her, 'Please don't let anything ever happen to this man. If you do, I'll be out of materia..'"

Here Geraldo cannot help but bare his dentition and beam with pride

Cheech perpetrated what was perhaps the first Geraldo parody on record. Literally, on record: On a Cheech and Chong comedy album from the mid Seventies, there is a cut titled *Wake Up America*, in which an intrepid reporter named Horrendo Revolver (curiously portrayed by Cheech affecting a belabored lisp) barges into a blaxploitation recording session, seeking to snuff it down. Foiled in his effort, he is somehow enlisted as a shoobedooing backup singer. It is a humbling portrait—Geraldo, undone—that loopily portended his notorious professional belly flop years later, the fruitless excavation of Al Capone's secret vaults in Chicago. Geraldo sang that tune, too. Sinking off the air in the dank, bulldozed basement of Scarface's decrepit lan, he weakly warbled the refrain of the old tune *Chicago*.

Geraldo does not deny his showman ship. Explaining his unlikely alliance with Cheech, he blurts, "There aren't that many of us brown guys in show business." He is referring to Cheech's Mexican-American heritage and his own Puerto Rican descent. But he implies something larger. Both of them are performers—one a tragedian, the other a fool, theatrically speaking. (Occasionally, one may even actually cross into the other's province, but why name names?) They've known each other more than 15 years—since the days of Geraldo's short-lived ABC-TV talk show *Good Night America*, on which Cheech and Chong were guests. They've traveled the globe together. Their ex-wives used the same divorce attorney. Cheech's son was conceived on Geraldo's couch.

Cheech, on Geraldo: "He has an intense edge and I have a laid-back edge. We complement each other."

Geraldo, on Cheech. "I like hanging around with him, because he tells me what's hip and I wouldn't know otherwise."

But even beyond the Cheech connection, Geraldo's recent résumé is bound inextricably to Hollywood. He left ABC News—his professional Petri dish—in a snit stemming partly from the suppression of an incendiary 20/20 report on Marilyn Monroe's death (it wasn't even Geraldo's piece; such are the selfless principles of this man). Contract talks at NBC News, where he hoped to hire on next, unraveled

when Geraldo reportedly asked for the inclusion of a clause permitting him to appear in movies. While he soon after found his present niche in the syndication market, film offers were, in fact, tendered, including one for the role of a homicidal hairdresser in *The Morning After*, which starred Jane Fonda. Geraldo opted to pass.

"He can't act worth a damn," says Cheech.

"The only thing I'd ever do," says Geraldo, "would be one of Cheech's movies."

"Yeah," says Cheech, grinning. "He's gonna star in my new movie, *Prison Rape*. A thousand convicts and Geraldo."

"I'm very big in prisons," says Geraldo.

Lest we forget, Geraldo is first and foremost a newsman. His editorial antennae constantly receive society's plaintive signals, which he is quick to impart for the benefit of those who dwell in his company. Here are three random flashes.

During a cocktail-hour discussion of a notorious child killing, Geraldo says, "That's a drug story. I tell you, dope is the biggest story of our time."

During a breakfast discussion of racial tension in jails, Geraldo says, "Race is the biggest story of our time. Prison riots are only a microcosm."

While watching a television promo for an NBC movie called *She Was Marked for Murder*, Geraldo says, "Murder. It's the biggest story of our time. Without question."

It is doubtful that Geraldo has ever killed a man. Which isn't to suggest that he has never been tempted.

For instance, he sputters at the mention of the Joel Steinberg—Hedda Nussbaum case, in which Steinberg was being tried for the murder of his adopted daughter in New York. "He's a total slimeball," Geraldo mveighs. "He should die tomorrow and I should be his executioner."

Retribution, as a concept, makes Geraldo lick his chops. "If you challenge me, I'll fucking kill you," he likes to hypothesize. "I'll fight you bare-knuckled, I'll fight you knife to knife, I'll fight you gun to gun." I ask him if he actually packs heat. "I'll never tell what I make for a living or whether I'm armed," he replies cagily. "But let me say that I am very comfortable with firearms."

(As for knives, C.C. was once quoted as saying that in Geraldo's secret vault, if he had one, there would be "a quart of Cuervo tequila, a switchblade and a Johnny Mathis tape.")

Fisticuffs are more his style. He has brawled in saloons and boxed in Madison Square Garden (for charity), and, when savoring details of such square-offs, he delights in spraying around corny Forties pug lingo, such as, "I was raining blows down on his head and body." He is a 45-year-old punk, always ready to rumble. Dukes up, he twitted at evil genius Charles Manson during their televised tête-à-tête

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last spring. "Charley, you mass-murderin' dog!" Geraldo sneered. "I could take you!" He still grieves that Manson didn't accept the bait: "It would have been impossible to lose. *What*—he's gonna jump on me? Charley Manson's gonna jump on me?"

The day the chair flew on his talk show (its topic: "Teen Hatemongers"), one skinhead panelist persisted in calling Geraldo "Jerry." Geraldo seethed. "That's your name, isn't it?" the skinhead demanded.

"No, it's *not*," Geraldo softly replied, resting a leaden paw on the hatemonger's shoulder. "And I would really recommend you don't push me too far." It was a moment of *macho frisson*, a flash of the essential Geraldo, scarily telegraphing his urge to surge. The fracas that erupted later (incited by racial slurs between panel guests) was merely anticlimax. Still, even after the program had been tabled and Geraldo had been chaired, his bluster prevailed. "I promise," he said, caressing his busted nose. "it was the only time that Nazi-thug-pig was able to land a blow."

"This whole *macho* trip troubles me," he is now saying, reconsidering his soul in the mountain air. "It's this pride, this unswerving commitment, a rigidity that I don't appreciate in myself. To live your life constantly at war . . . I really should mellow out a little. Here I have all this money now and all this future, but if someone challenged me in a bar and said, 'Your mother wears Army boots,' I would fight him. It's just the way I grew up dealing with problem solving. Direct action. And I'm not a violent person. I mean, I don't hit women or children."

Gabriel Rivera has heaped onto his plate from the buffet table a sweet muffin, an alp

of whipped butter and several tiny jars of honey and preserves

His father glowers at him.

"That's not a breakfast," he admonishes. "Now go back there and get some eggs, some fruit, some pineapple."

The boy obeys and quickly returns to his seat with a second plate loaded down with members of many important food groups, none of which he elects to consume. Instead, he toils, slathering butter and honey onto his muffin, and chats happily with his family. In the process, a steady shower of crumbs and glops of honey pelt the carpet below.

"Gabriel, concentrate on what you're eating!" his father finally suggests, not without affection. "Because if you drop one more crumb, I'm going to make you pick it up with your nose."

I ask Citizen Rivera to reveal his Rosebud

"For me," he replied, "wouldn't that be Noseblood?"

Open his psyche, however, and you will find pulp. As a boy, he suckled on Saturday-afternoon serials. Visions of swash-buckling danced in his head. "I was a hero waiting to happen," he is fond of saying, an allusion to his dichotomous pedigree. His father, Cruz Rivera, left Bayamon, Puerto Rico, in 1937 and settled in New York, where he married Lily Friedman of Newark. They never prospered (Cruz drudged as a kitchen laborer), but their five children were bequeathed an ethnic-fizz bloodline. "I come from two violently different cultures," Geraldo says. "I can remember one schoolyard fight where I was simultaneously called a dirty Jew and a kousy spick. I mean, that's tough."

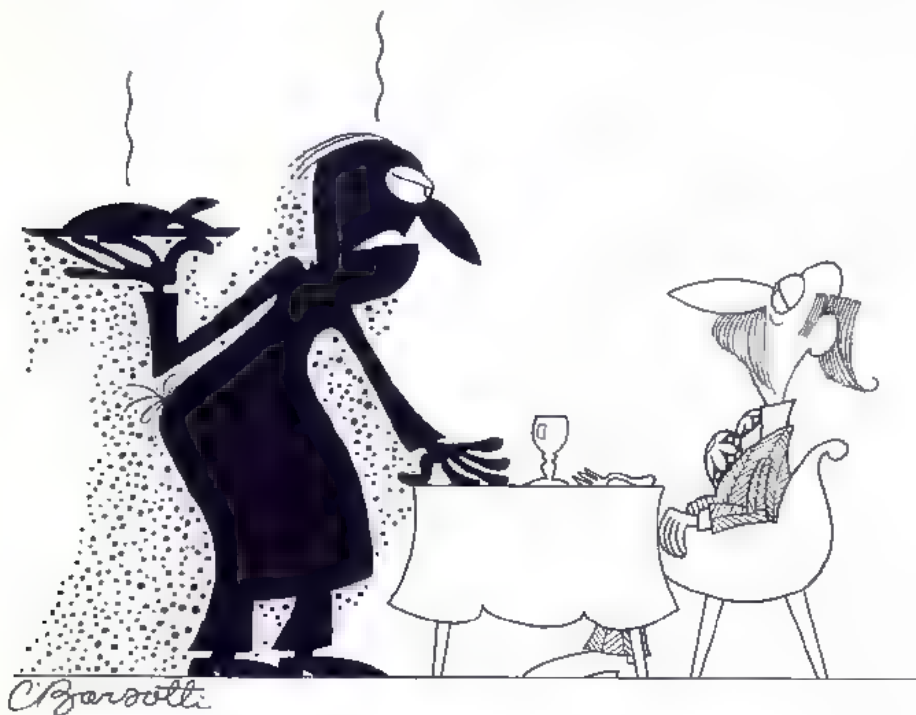
It was a chromosomal curse that would later pay off. Being half-Jewish, he theorizes, embedded in him congenital compassion and outrage at human suffering. Being half-Latin gave him the overheated *brío* to spring to the rescue, to kick some ass, if provoked. He merely took his cues from chifli-hanger plots and practiced when no one was looking: "I remember going out into my back yard and pretending I was Flash Gordon in the spaceship, triumphing over evil. Everything was fantasy and heroes. But you've gotta understand—I lived in Long Island, which is no place. I mean, the horizon was the edge of the table."

His comic-book dreams solidified when he entered Brooklyn Law School at the age of 23. "Geraklo was born then in every sense," says Geraldo weightily. "That was the beginning of my life." There, while earning his degree, he spit-polished the righteous indignation he would eventually brandish as a crusading local TV reporter at WABC in New York and, later, as a network correspondent. Up from the streets himself, he covered the streets with an instinctive aplomb. Like an emotional howitzer, he trampled the hallowed rules of objective coolness. On camera, he harangued in the face of injustice and he wept in the presence of plight. He wept a lot. "The toughest man, in my view," he asserts, "is someone unafraid to be woman-like."

Action, however, was his forte. Hunting down scoops, he went—and still goes—plain gonzo: clambering over rooftops, crawling through windows, hurdling walls, ambushing reluctant interviewees, dodging bullets, wearing dopey disguises ("I'm the one in the red bandanna," he memorably informed viewers during footage of a drug raid in one of his later syndicated specials). His reports crackled, sometimes excessively, but crackled nonetheless. By the time his star was in the ascendant at ABC News, armloads of Emmys (and one Peabody) stocked his trove.

"You may hate it," he says of his method "but you have to know that I don't turn it on. It's not an act." Indeed, he has even made crime fighting his hobby. More than once, he has thwarted purse snatchers on New York streets. He regularly walks his dog in Central Park after midnight, sniffing for hoodlums. "I'm out there like a frigate on patrol," he acknowledges. He rails at any junkie in his path ("Aren't you fucking embarrassed? Look at you, you god-damned junkie!") and is the scourge of the crack hustlers who congregate at pay phones outside his Times Square studio. "I just pull them away from the phones, throw them against the wall, pat 'em down, frisk 'em and kick 'em in the ass," he says, laughing. "It's a citizen's harassment. I scream at them, 'Don't you have any fucking self respect?' I am outraged by it all."

"One day I'm gonna get killed and it'll



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	The true ideal lager, judicious hops, smooth, creamy, world-class standard.		18.	BECK'S —Germany 20.1
3.	DOS EQUIS —Mexico 22.2		19.	MILLER HIGH LIFE —U.S. 20.1
	Deep amber gold, brilliant complexity and richness, refreshing finesse.		20.	HENRY WEINHARD —U.S. 20.1
4.	GROLSCH —Holland 21.9		21.	CORONA EXTRA —Mexico 19.8
	A light kiss of hops, giving an almost fruity elixir, a most refreshing zing.		22.	HEINEKEN —Holland 18.9
5.	FOSTER'S LAGER —Australia 21.6		23.	STROH'S —U.S. 18.9
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	Subtle intrigue of hops, fine creamy head, impeccably brewed, ingratiating.		26.	SAN MIGUEL —Philippines 18.2
7.	CHIHUAHUA —Mexico 21.2		27.	RED STRIPE —Jamaica 18.1
8.	HUSSONG'S —Mexico 21.2		28.	DORTMUNDER UNION —Germany 17.7
9.	TECATE —Mexico 21.1		29.	SAPPORO —Japan 17.7
10.	LOWENBRAU-ZURICH —Switzerland 20.8		30.	KIRIN —Japan 17.5
11.	KRONENBURG —France 20.7		31.	BUDWEISER —U.S. 17.4
12.	CARLSBERG —Denmark 20.6		32.	COORS —U.S. 17.4
13.	STEINLAGER —New Zealand 20.6		33.	MOOSEHEAD —Canada 17.1
14.	COOPER'S LAGER —Australia 20.5		34.	MICHELOB —U.S. 17.1
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LOS ANGELES TIMES MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 6, 1982

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 **PLAYBOY FASHIONS**

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be by some fourteen-year-old crack addict with his mother's kitchen knife," he concludes, smiling, clearly charmed by the notion. "What a way to go, though."

Geraldo can be embarrassed. He doesn't embarrass easily, mind you, but when it happens—OK, so it has happened only once, if you don't count the Capone thing, which wasn't so awful, since the ratings were huge. But when it happened, his very *raison d'être* was dashed against a crag of dishonor. In the process, his career teetered. He was caught, pants half-mast, in a drug transaction.

Granted, it was a minor infraction (the substance in question was grass) and he was guilty by association only. For the record, Geraldo personally swore off marijuana more than a decade ago, albeit grudgingly. "I really enjoyed it," he admits a tad wistfully, "and if I weren't in the public eye I would probably still indulge occasionally." The intervening years, however, saw rabid hatred of dope become his signature attitude riff. ("Aren't you fucking embarrassed?")

So imagine the compromise, the utter awkwardness, he must have felt in October of 1985, during the waning minutes of his network existence: A senior producer and reporter at *20/20*, Geraldo had already bleated to the press about the censorial shekining of the Marilyn Monroe exposé detailing her allegedly fateful dalliances with the brothers Kennedy. (ABC News president Roone Arledge, a Kennedy crony, was, in Geraldo's vocal opinion, chickening out to protect his friendship with the family.) At the same time, his contract was up for renewal and he had been feeling grossly underappreciated by his news brethren. "After almost a decade and a half and around two thousand stories," he would later write in *Esquire*, "I was still the outsider at ABC, the passionate oddball barely tolerated, almost never acknowledged by the Prep School Mainstream." Lonely at the top, he soon got downright desolate.

The bottom dropped out thusly: C.C., who was then his girlfriend as well as a *20/20* staffer, was caught employing an ABC messenger to buy marijuana for a friend from someone at another network. Geraldo was away on assignment when it happened, but his mortification was epic. He is still incredulous. "She was such an airhead," he laments. "She grew up in Massachusetts, with nothing ever happening to her. So when her sister's boyfriend says he wants an ounce of grass—no problem—she sends a network messenger to get it. It was appalling naïveté."

"You have to understand, though, it was nothing evil. She's not into drugs herself. But for ABC to be able to hold that over my head put me in a seriously weakened position. It undermined my moral high ground. And my rule is to always command the moral high ground."

A new contract was never delivered.

"If I hadn't been fired, I never would

have left," he says now, waxing philosophical. "The *20/20* deal would probably have just been ending now. I would have stayed a member of that ensemble and continued being the prodigal son to my anchor parents, Barbara Walters and Hugh Downs. Ultimately, I just would have been three years older."

"Hey, Spielberg's coming over," Cheech tells Geraldo and C.C.

The Riveras have been slurping hot glögg before a crackling fire in the lobby, recovering from a fine day's schussing (Cheech's wife is off getting a massage.) At Cheech's insistence, Steven Spielberg and his wife, Amy Irving, who also happen to be staying at this lodge, approach and pull up chairs. Pleasantries are exchanged. Then Geraldo, who has never met the Spielbergs previously, mentions that he spotted Amy not long ago in New York at the Russian Tea Room.

"I bet that was the day my purse got stolen there," she says, prompting a quorum on Manhattan peril. While making a film in town last year, it seems, she encountered rampant surliness. Her husband even hired a security detail to protect her.

Spielberg confesses, "Hey, I got real nervous just getting out of the car and walking a block to where they were shooting."

Geraldo, undoing the top buttons of his flannel shirt, shares a tale of his own. Climbing into a cab with C.C. outside the *New York Times* building last summer, he says, "I saw in the rearview mirror this fucking bum all of a sudden running behind us—"

"I thought it was a street psycho," C.C. interjects.

"Here was this long-haired freak," Geraldo continues, "with a huge beard and flowing braids, a real Sixties throwback. He jumps up onto the trunk . . . and it's him." He points to Cheech.

Cheech smiles.

"He was in costume, making a movie about hippies," says Geraldo. "It's a good thing I didn't have my gun. I might have used it."

Cheech stops smiling.

Geraldo loosens more buttons.

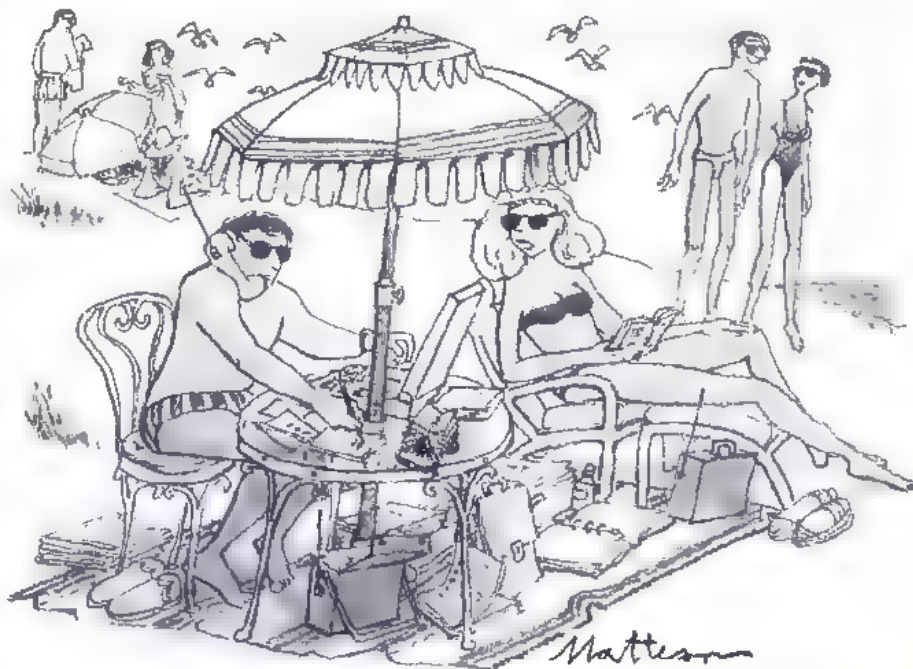
Further movie talk ensues. Spielberg suggests that Geraldo should sometime devote his program to a movie theme. Geraldo blanches. "That's kind of out of character for me," he says. "But who knows? I definitely want to change a little. Lighten up some."

"The show of yours I liked the most," Spielberg tells him, "was the Mafia show. Very informative show."

"*Sons of Scarface*," says Geraldo proudly. "You know, after it aired, the Mob was after me. They fucked up my car, sent threats, had some of their goombahs come rough up my doorman."

"Really?" says Spielberg, impressed. "We sit out there in TV-land and have no idea what you have to go through in real life."

Geraldo opens his shirt completely, exposing his thermal underwear. He tells Spielberg he cried while watching *E.T.* He inquires about the next Indiana Jones film. (Geraldo considers Indiana Jones a kindred spirit, but he doesn't tell Spielberg that.) Suddenly, it seems, the most important man in Hollywood and the man who



"You're impossible. No wonder your wife won't go on vacation with you."

invented tabloid television have found an easy rapport. They swap skunk stories and Geraldo mentions breaking some ribs in a wipe-out last year.

"Did you find it difficult to catch your breath?" Spielberg asks, concerned.

"Catch my breath?" Geraldo huffs. "I couldn't even make love!"

Before the fireside chat breaks up, his flannel shirt is gone altogether and he wears only a T-shirt. All the others have kept on sweaters.

Scene from a marriage, on love and death (actual dialog)

C.C.: I find murder fascinating

GERALDO: It's the ultimate selfishness.

C.C.: Murder? I think *adultery* is the ultimate selfishness

GERALDO: No. It's murder

C.C.: Adultery

GERALDO: Murder!

Confessions of a reformed lecher

"Until now, I was never faithful to any wife or girlfriend. The greatest thrill of my life was finding a new pussy. You know, just finding out what it felt like, who she was and what the circumstances would be. It was an addiction. I took tremendous joy in sampling the variety of bodies and minds and attitudes. It's a marvelous adventure, a conquest. There came a time when it wasn't even my conquest any

longer. It was *them*. They were attracted to my fame. Cause, let's face it, there are a lot more better looking guys. On a scale of a hundred, I'd give myself a sixty, a sixty-five. So, ultimately, I'm not sure who was fucking whom, as the disco song goes. It was the rock-and-roll phenomenon: I was being used so that they could go tell their friends about it afterward. It was like being in a candy store. I mean, I've had thousands of women, literally *thousands*. It's *gaudy*. But figure it out for yourself: If you have a different woman every couple of days, and you do it for some years running, it just adds up. I'm forty-five. I'm old. I've been around. I've done every pussy. Even during my courtship with C.C. and all through our engagement, I was wildly unfaithful. But there finally just came a time when it was either lose her or lose the lifestyle. And losing her just wasn't worth it. There's no looking back. I really feel I'm married forever now. My wife totally satisfies me sexually. She's my partner in life. I'm not tempted to go searching elsewhere. At all."

I ask C.C. what frightens Geraldo.

"Going bald," she replies. "And lingering death. He wants to die in action."

Bluntly put, what frightens Geraldo is aging. Like a matinee idol dipping a toe into his middle years, he clings to his vanities. He is a man unafraid to preen, to

luxuriate in his virility. He is forever lovingly stroking his mustache. He labors over his physique, which he likes to display in razor-cut clothes or in hardly any clothes at all. (Backstage at his television studio, he inevitably greets staff and visitors bare-chested.) His wife tolerantly—bemusedly—tells friends, "He fantasizes that he will always be able to run with the bulls and swim with the whales." (He has done both for 20/20 assignments.)

"One thing I never want to be is physically weak," he tells me, tugging on a beer. "I have seen people like Walter Cronkite go from giant to feeble, relatively speaking. I never want to be frail. I never want someone else to have to defend me. I have a mortal fear of embarrassment or humiliation. At the same time, I have an absolute arrogance about mortality. I don't fear death at all."

Do you fear fear? I ask.

"I don't think that a brave person is a person who is not afraid," he says thoughtfully. "If you have a hero-martyr complex, as I do, you don't show fear—you thrive on it. Jesus, I'm afraid a *lot* of the time. For instance, I was really spooked after *Sons of Scarface* aired, when the Mafia guys were after me, sending threats. Even now, before drifting off to sleep at night, I imagine every possible worst-case scenario and play out my reaction to it. Crazy scenarios, like seven guys in *ninja* suits coming at me and sixteen goombahs with shotguns and armies of skinheads. I think, How am I gonna blow my way out of this? And who do I take out first?"

He gives a robust laugh.

"See, I'm not fated to turn and run," he says. "They'll never get me in the back. Unless they sneak up behind me."

After dinner one night, the Riveras repair to the Marins' suite to watch a movie on tape. The VCR starts up and the two families hunker down onto couches and armchairs around the television. The movie is *A Christmas Story*, a fairly recent yarn set in the Forties about the yuletide high jinks of a wholesome Midwestern family. Geraldo is instantly befuddled. "Is this movie colorized?" he asks, helpless. "When was this made? Is that supposed to be Ronald Reagan narrating?" Soon his eyelids grow heavy and he moves from the couch onto the floor, where he sprawls and quickly dozes off.

"Get your dad a pillow," Cheech tells Gabriel.

Gabriel retrieves one, creeps up behind his father and, crouching near his head, stealthily attempts to slip the pillow into place. Geraldo, perhaps dreaming of *ninjas*, flinches suddenly and almost bolts upright, then sees the situation for what it is.

"Oh, thanks, Gabe," he says groggily.

He burrows into the pillow and sleeps through the rest of the movie, never stirring.



"As long as you're doing that, how about revitalizing the neighborhood a little, too?"

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RICHARD LEWIS

(continued from page 135)

did you meet Letterman?

LEWIS: Letterman and I go back—he doesn't go back as far to the misery as I go back: I came out of the comedy tap pits. But we met in Los Angeles and became friends. And we respected each other's work. He knew my style and he knew that it was better for me to sit for ten minutes than to cram material into five. In fact, the only time I've ever done stand-up since then on television was—and I had no choice, really—on his anniversary show at Radio City Music Hall. There was no way I wasn't going to do it, even though it was precisely the reason I haven't done stand-up. It's so frenetic. A hundred thousand jokes in three and a half minutes. I looked like a chicken, a Jewish chicken without its head. My mother said that I actually paced out of her television set and wound up taking a bath in her apartment. I said, "Mother, I had to pace." It was like performing on a battleship, with six thousand people screaming. I had to get their attention. If I'd stood there like Jack Benny, I would have been assassinated. I kept moving. I don't think I could have taken a chair onto that stage. It would have been sitting-duck comedy. A whole new school.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember what your first romance was like?

LEWIS: My first romance? My first romance had more to do with, I think, intercourse than anything else. There was a woman in New York one friend had gone out with and I know that he'd had intercourse because he had an affidavit. And I had a banner over my head, INTERCOURSE OR Bust 1961 PLEASE! Finally, I met this woman. She was far more advanced than I am now, even. My parents went to Puerto Rico for the weekend and I tried to lose my virginity. I tried it in every room of the house. And I finally did it in the—it's sad—I did it in my parents' bed. That moment of losing my virginity in my parents' bed was what catapulted me weeks later into psychoanalysis. So it was, like, a good and bad thing, you know? I got laid, which was exciting. But I did it in my parents' bed, which—little did I know—would set me back a lot of money.

10.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any successful relationships?

LEWIS: I guess not, if you judge them by my not being in them anymore. Then I've been a miserable failure. I've been with some really wonderful women in my life. And I've been with some pretty horrific women I've run after. First, I ran after people who didn't want me, because I felt that they represented all the rejection I got growing up. So I figured I'd get them to love me. That didn't work. That never works. Then I went the other way. I went

with people who idolized me. But I slowly lost respect for them. And they slowly resented being with me. So now I'm looking for people who idolize me for the right reasons.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest time that you've been in a relationship?

LEWIS: I dive headfirst into relationships, with all my Freudian cannons blasting. I've been with women for three years, four years, five years. The sad part of it is that I should have been with them for one week, two weeks, three weeks. That's what I didn't learn. I didn't learn how to get out of a bad relationship. I felt that I deserved a bad relationship. But now what happens? Now I don't know if people are gonna want to be with me because they dislike me. I don't know. It's hard to find someone I may have to marry myself in drag. And then have Brian De Palma shoot it as a small film.

12.

PLAYBOY: Do you usually break up with women or do they break up with you?

LEWIS: It's been around fifty-fifty. And I don't foresee that statistic changing much. For a while, I had a good record with women I loved, whom I lived with or who lived with me. Then I had one woman who's like an asterisk on the record. She ruined my average. It's not fair for me. I had three years, four years, five years. And then this woman came out and she lived with me for a week and a half and blew the whole average. She was caught cheating on a blimp flying over Venice Beach. People saw her have intercourse with this guy who was my best friend and every record went into the toilet. I gave her money; she slept around on me with a best friend. She did it in public, she advertised it. She wrote a one-act play about it. Every record that I had for being able to commit was blown because of this one woman who destroyed me. But that happens, you know?

13.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you see as the perfect woman for you?

LEWIS: It's tragic, but I think the perfect woman will have to live in another home. That's the only thing I can see right now. My ideal woman through the years has been someone who would allow me to be myself. Now I feel that I need someone to allow me to be someone else. If anyone gets to know me, just me, purely, for three or four days in a row, it's over. I think the perfect woman is not around for me because I'm so imperfect that it would take a total masochist to be with me. And I'm sure she's out there and I'm sure I'll find her.

I'm not a sadist, but I would be almost like a sado-hypochondriac. Basically, she would sit in the car wearing lingerie and watch me shop for pharmaceuticals in a

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drugstore. That would be our sex. Sado-hypochondriac sex. Actually watching me shop for needless over-the-counter drugs. "Honey, I got the stuff for the asthma." "You don't have asthma." "I know. Isn't that great! Aren't you hot now?"

14.

PLAYBOY: What is it that you find most confusing about women?

LEWIS: Their gender. Their gender confuses me more than any other gender. I'm scared of men and I'm confused by women. So where does that leave me? Card-board cutouts. I can go with Sexually, women have the more magnificent possibilities of the two genders. By comparison, men are slob, sexually. I mean, I'm still very naïve. In college, they had to take me from the gym by ambulance when they foolishly showed the natural-birth film. If I ever have a child, I'm going to have maybe a rabbi or a social worker deliver it. I don't want to see something coming out. Then I'd really never have sex again. I don't want to be there. Just call me when he comes, darling.

Actually, I think that one of my strengths sexually is having women laugh at the experience afterward. As long as it's gonna not work out in bed, at least let me put on a show, huh? And then I tell them at the end, "So, here we're in bed for only forty minutes. If it doesn't work out, I'll entertain. I'll play some cassettes, some old shows I did some old *Letterman* reruns. It'll be a ball! I'll make popcorn." One of my goals this year is to make love naked. And I hope to be naked in bed soon. I usually wear three-piece women suits to bed.

15.

PLAYBOY: Was being on Dr. Ruth Westheimer's show any help?

LEWIS: It was a good experience until I realized that she had a need to say the word penis more than a hundred and eleven thousand times in a six-minute interview. Regardless of what I said, she *segued* to penis. I said, "I went to Ohio State University." She went, "That's very nice, penis." "I'm involved in a relationship now." She says, "Good, penis." So it got to a point where I was sitting there just thinking

about my penis, you know? And I just didn't want to talk about my penis that much on national television.

But you know something? She helped me. What she did was—I didn't see this, but I had the tape—after I went off stage she apparently analyzed me. And my penis. In front of the studio audience. She's very bright. She said some pretty astute things. My therapist at the time was a little threatened by that. I mean, how dare this woman think she knows me so fast? But she had some good insights. They were basically about my penis, though. She has penis insights.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's a typical day for you when you're not on the road?

LEWIS: I try to get a good fifty to sixty minutes of weeping in, you know? A typical day? There is no typical day. People like milkmen have a typical day. I'm gonna get up, I'm gonna deliver cottage cheese, go home, make love, see a movie. I think I've tried not to be typical so much that my life is chaotic. I'll go to a movie at nine in the morning. I'll have dinner at four. It's not a good way to live. A lot of it has to do with the work I'm doing. If I'm writing a movie then my life centers on that. If I'm getting ready for a big concert, it centers on that. Of course, it wreaks havoc on a relationship. Just try to tell someone you're supposedly in love with who needs your rare blood type that you have a meeting with the Osmonds.

Few people know it, but I was the seventh Osmond. I was living in Utah. I built a little synagogue. I was the congregation. I was the rabbi. I did everything there. There aren't that many Jews living in that state. But I—quietly, you know—I would sing in the back. And if you look closely at some of the old Osmond tapes, you'll see a guy there with *peves* and a cantor's hat. That's me. Chaim Osmond.

17.

PLAYBOY: We thought you were carrying on the tradition of the man in black started by Lash La Rue, Hopalong Cassidy and Johnny Cash. Now it seems you were a rabbi in Utah. What's the real story behind all the dark duds?

LEWIS: In college, I saw a film called *The Magician*. It's a Bergman film and I started crying black tears when I saw it. I went home and got so freaked out by the movie that I threw out all my Hawaiian shirts. And I started wearing black from then on. And, I don't know, I think it was a way to hide behind a lot of craziness that I felt was going on. I felt that it was a pure kind of thing to wear, that I could just express myself without having to make a statement. Some people may argue, well, why not white? Isn't that purer? And I say, hey, I'm an bisexual. I'm in psychotherapy. White may have been the way to go. But it's too much like an ice-cream man. Too much



"My charges are based on a sliding scale, depending upon the amount of respect and consideration I'm shown."

like—you know, like maybe I needed a sitar. I just felt that black was the purest color to hide behind. It's like wearing a wall. Sometimes, though, if I have a good day, a good brunch, I put on a black shirt with little flecks of white.

18.

PLAYBOY: What got you to move to the West Coast?

LEWIS: I had toured with, opened as a young comic for Sonny and Cher. Which to this day still seems like science fiction to me. I did it, and I learned a lot about what I wanted to do with the rest of my career, and I also was hired to come to L.A. to be on their TV show. But I came out and then I realized what I had to do on the show. It wasn't Sonny and Cher's fault. It was just that I felt humiliated doing what I had to do. I wasn't cut out to dress up like Spartacus. So I quit.

One of the main reasons I knew I had to leave was that my mother watched the show, and she usually watches anything I'm on with a microscope she got from the Mayo Clinic. She watches every nuance, everything as if it were the Zapruder film. She plays it back frame by frame so she can judge me with some credibility. And she said, "I watched the whole show. Where were you? Where were you?" I said, "I'm quitting." If Mom couldn't find me on the screen, I'm out. So I quit.

19.

PLAYBOY: All of your fears and worries seem to be about sex. What about death? Is that a fear, too?

LEWIS: Death? No. I've been through hell already, you know? So I can't go there. I'm not afraid of death. I'm afraid of not living long enough to be in a really healthy relationship. That's a fear. And I suspect now that it's a fear that I'm gonna take with me to my deathbed!

I'll do *Letterman* after I die, though. If he wants me to come back. But it will cost him a pretty penny.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are your hopes for the future?

LEWIS: If I find a nonactress, I'll move away from Los Angeles. Actresses are the greatest to be with for two hours of the day. It's the other twenty-two that make life miserable. And I'm an actor, too. So the thing is, I'm going to have to find a nonprofessional who is blind to the incredible narcissism that actors have. And I think I almost have to find a sweet, loving nonprofessional whom I save from, say, an ice-skating accident. Pull her out of the hole in the ice and she owes me. The only one who's going to marry me is someone who owes me. So I hang around places where there could be major accidents and hope to save a very attractive, sweet, bright nonprofessional from death. And we'll go to the Owe-Me clinic and we'll get married.



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DESIGN by GIUGIARO

(continued from page 106)

enough of himself to go around. There are currently 330 employees on the Italdesign payroll (ranging from engineers and mechanics to modelmakers, electricians, saddlers and other handcraftsmen), but the maestro still remains firmly in control of the over-all concept, he insists on being personally responsible for every new model delivered to his clients. No doubt it is this hands-on attention that makes the difference between an ordinary car and an Italdesign model. The ancient Italian traditions of artisan handwork are evident everywhere around the Italdesign shop. No one pounds metal or shapes wood as well as the Turin coachbuilders do. Computers in Giugiaro's shop are for engineering studies only, styling springs from his head, not from microprocessors.

On the engineering side, Giugiaro's partner and cofounder of Italdesign, Mantovani, handles the calculations and techniques that not only turn the maestro's

ideas into running prototypes but also design the dies and machinery and manufacturing processes to mass-produce them. For the first Hyundai Pony, in 1975, Italdesign delivered the car (minus the motor) and the assembly line for building it. They're not kidding when they call it a fully integrated consulting company.

The tremendous demand for his services has led Giugiaro to found two sister firms. Giugiaro Design, for nonautomotive product design, and Giugiaro SpA, for men's fashion. Want shoes, neckties, socks or jackets with a distinctive touch? You can get Giugiaro models now. As for general industry, the output of Giugiaro Design is so vast that it would take most of the space of this article merely to list it all, as evidenced by the diverse products—from bicycles to yachts—presented in this feature. The maestro was not above creating a new urn for a Spanish company named Roca, but he drew the line when an Italian company requested a line of funeral accessories. Designer coffins? Too much. *Basta!*



"Wow! Your foreplay is fantastic!"

THE HUMAN FLY

(continued from page 96)

crazies in my time, but this guy is something else—if he makes it, we'll have a zillion and a half offers for him. Either way, we make out, right?"

"Right," I said, but I was thinking of Zoltan, his brittle limbs pressed to the unyielding metal, the terrible pull of the g forces and the cyclonic blast of the wind. What chance did he have?

Sol cleared his throat, shook a few lozenges into his fist and rattled them like dice. "Your job," he said, "is to make sure the press shows up. No sense in this nimrod bagging it for nothing, right?"

I felt something clench in my gut.

Sol repeated himself. "Right?"

"Right," I said.

Zoltan was in full regalia as we boarded the plane at L.A. X. along with a handful of reporters and photographers and 100 grim-looking Ecuadorians with plastic bags full of disposable diapers, cosmetics and pen-light batteries. The plan was for the pilot to announce a minor problem—a clogged air-conditioning vent or a broken handle in the flush toilet, we didn't want to panic anybody—and an unscheduled stop to repair it. Once on the ground, the passengers would be asked to disembark and we'd offer them free drinks in the spacious terminal while the plane taxied out of sight and Zoltan did his thing.

Problem was, there was no terminal. The landing strip looked as if it had been bombed during the Mexican Revolution, it was 100 degrees inside the airplane and 120 out on the asphalt and all I could see was heat haze and prickly-pear cacti. "What do you want to do?" I asked Zoltan.

Zoltan turned to me, already fumbling with his chin strap. "It's perfect," he whispered, and then he was out in the aisle, waving his arms and whistling for the passengers' attention. When they quieted down, he spoke to them in Spanish, the words coming so fast you might have thought he was a Mexican disc jockey, his voice riding on a current of emotion he never approached in English. I don't know what he said—he could have been exhorting them to hijack the plane, for all I knew—but the effect was dramatic. When he finished, they rose to their feet and cheered.

With a flourish, Zoltan threw open the emergency exit over the wing and began his preparations. Flashbulbs popped, reporters hung out the door and shouted questions at him—Had this ever been attempted before? Did he have his will made out? How high was he planning to go?—and the passengers pressed their faces to the windows. I'd brought along a TV crew to capture the death-defying feat for syndication, and they set up one camera on

the ground while the other shot through the window.

Zoltan didn't waste any time. He buckled what looked like a huge leather truss around the girth of the wing, strapped himself into the pouch attached to it, tightened his chin strap a final time and then gave me the thumbs-up sign. My heart was hammering. A dry wind breathed through the open door. The heat was like a fist in my face. "You're sure you want to go through with this?" I yelled.

"One hundred percent, A-OK," Zoltan shouted, grinning as the reporters crowded round me in the narrow passageway. Then the pilot said something in Spanish and the flight attendants pulled the door shut, fastened the bolts and told us to take our seats. A moment later, the big engines roared to life and we were hurtling down the runway. I could barely stand to look. At best, I consider flying an unavoidable necessity, a time to resurrect forgotten prayers and contemplate the end of all joy in a twisted, howling heap of machinery; at worst, I rank it right up there with psychotic episodes and torture at the hands of malevolent strangers. I felt the wheels lift off, heard a shout from the passengers, and there he was—Zoltan—clinging to the trembling, thunderous wing like a second coat of paint.

It was a heady moment, transcendent, the camera whirring, the passengers cheering, Zoltan's greatness a part of us all. This was an event, a once-in-a-lifetime thing, like watching Hank Aaron stroke

his 715th homer or Neil Armstrong step out onto the surface of the moon. We forgot the heat, forgot the roar of the engines, forgot ourselves. He's doing it, I thought. He's actually doing it. And I truly think he would have pulled it off, if—well, it was one of those things no one could have foreseen. Bad luck, that's all.

What happened was this: Just as the pilot was coming in for his final approach, a big black bird—a buzzard, somebody said—loomed up out of nowhere and slammed into Zoltan with a thump that reverberated throughout the plane. The whole thing took maybe half a second. His black bundle appears, there's a thump, and next thing, Zoltan's goggles are gone and he's covered from head to toe in raw meat and feathers.

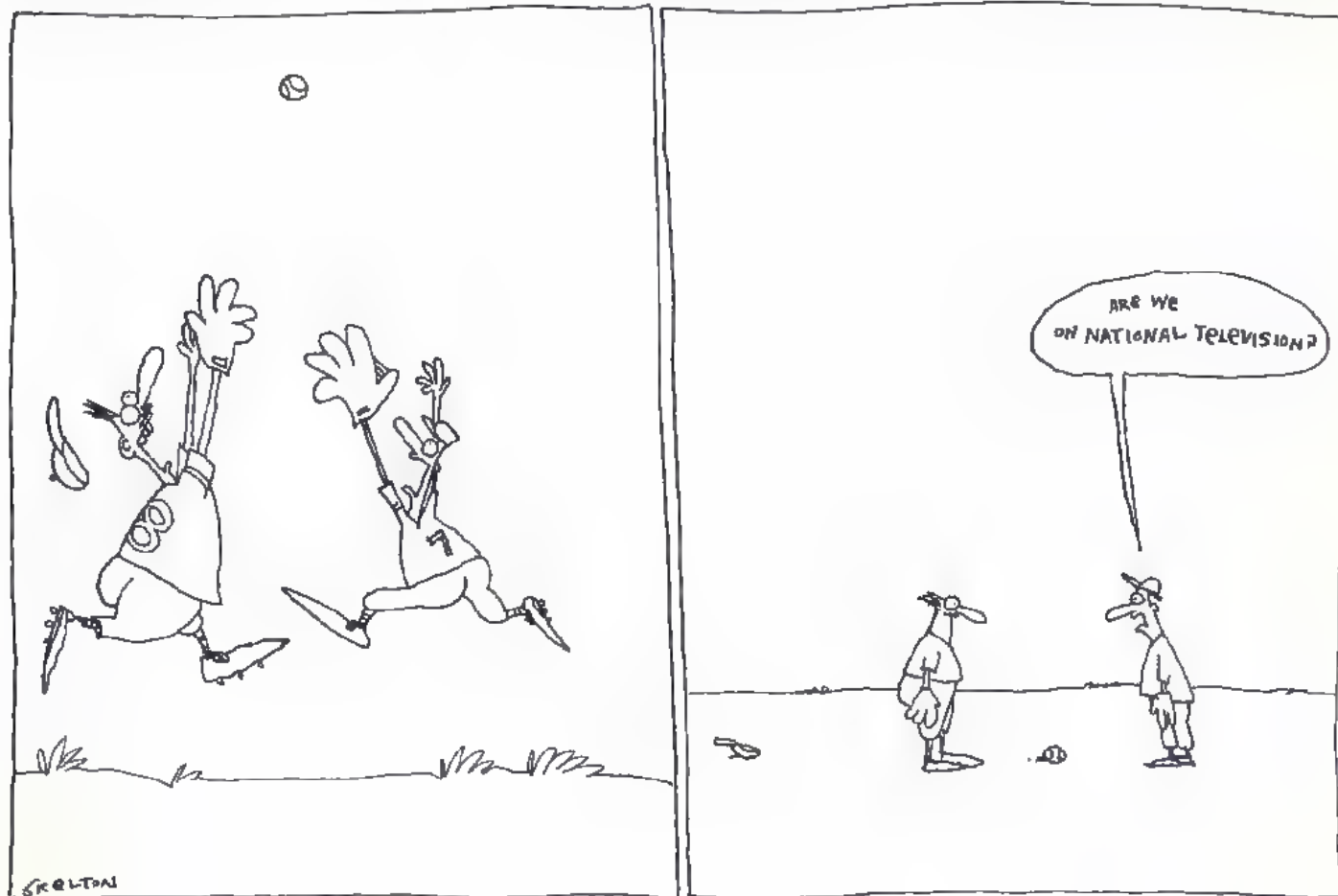
A gasp went through the cabin. Babies began to mewl, grown men burst into tears, a nun fainted. My eyes were riveted on Zoltan. He lay limp in his truss while the hot air sliced over the wing and the jagged yellow mountains, the prickly pear and the pocked landing strip rushed past him like the backdrop of an old movie. The plane was still rolling when we threw open the emergency exit and staggered out onto the wing. The copilot was ahead of me, a reporter on my heels. "Zoltan!" I cried, scared and sick and trembling. "Zoltan, are you all right?"

There was no answer. Zoltan's head lolled against the flat hard surface of the wing and his eyes were closed, sunk deep behind the wrinkled flaps of his lids.

There was blood everywhere. I bent to tear at the straps of the aviator's cap, my mind racing, thinking alternately of mouth-to-mouth and the medical team I should have thought to bring along, when an urgent voice spoke at my back. "*Perdóneme, perdóneme*, I am a doctor."

One of the passengers, a wizened little man in Mickey Mouse T-shirt and Bermudas, knelt over Zoltan, shoving back his eyelids and feeling for his pulse. There were shouts behind me. The wing was as hot as the surface of a frying pan. "Jes, I yam getting a pulse," the doctor announced, and Zoltan winked open an eye. "Hey," he rumbled, "am I famous yet?"

Zoltan was right: The airplane stunt fired the imagination of the country. The wire services picked it up, the news magazines ran stories—there was even a bit on the *CBS Evening News*. A week later, the *National Enquirer* was calling him the reincarnation of Houdini and the *Star* was speculating about his love life. I booked him on the talk-show circuit, and while he may not have had much to say, he just about oozed charisma. He appeared on the Carson show in his trademark outfit, goggles and all, limping and with his arm in a sling (he'd suffered a minor concussion, a shoulder separation and a fractured kneecap when the bird had hit him). Johnny asked him what it was like out there on the wing and Zoltan said, "Loud." And what was it like spending two weeks on the face of the Sumitomo Building? "Boring."





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Zoltan rumbled. But Carson segued into a couple of airline jokes ("Have you heard the new slogan for China Airlines?" Pause "You've seen us drive, now watch us fly") and the audience ate it up. Offers poured in from promoters, producers, book editors and toy manufacturers. I was able to book David Mugillo, my harebrained comedian, on Zoltan's coattails, and when we did the Carson show, we got Betina Buttons on for three minutes of nasal simpering about *Tyrannosaurus II* and how educational an experience it was for her to work with such a sensitive and caring director as so-and-so.

Zoltan had arrived.

A week after his triumph on *The Tonight Show*, he hobbled into the office, the cape stained and torn, tights gone in the knees. He brought a distinctive smell with him—the smell of pissed-over gutters and fermenting Dumpsters—and for the first time, I began to understand why he'd never given me an address or a phone number ("You want me," he had said, "leave a message with Ramon at Jiffy Cleaners.") All at once, I had a vision of him slinging his grapefruit sack from the nearest drainpipe and curling up for the night.

"Zoltan," I said, "are you OK? You need some cash? A place to stay?"

He sat heavily in the chair across from me. Behind him, on the wall, was an oil painting of an open window, a gift from Mu's bass player. Zoltan waved me off. Then, with a weary gesture, he reached up and removed the cap and goggles. I was shocked. His hair was practically gone and his face was as seamed and scarred as an old hockey puck. He looked about 112. He said nothing.

Well," I said, to break the silence, "you got your wish. You made it." I lifted a stack of correspondence from the desk and waved it at him. "You're famous."

Zoltan turned his head and spat on the floor. "Famous," he mocked. "Fidel Castro is famous. Irving Berlin. Evel Knievel." His rumble had turned bitter. "Peterbilt," he said suddenly.

This last took me by surprise. I'd been thinking of consolatory platitudes, and all I could do was echo him weakly: "Peterbilt?"

"I want the biggest rig going. The loudest, the dirtiest."

I wasn't following him.

"Name to L.A.," he rumbled.

"You're going to drive it?"

He stood shakily, fought his way back into the cap and lowered the goggles. "Shit," he spat, "I ride the axle."

I tried to talk him out of it. "Think of the fumes," I said. "the road hazards. Potholes, dead dogs, mufflers. You'll be two feet off the pavement, going seventy-five, eighty miles an hour. Christ, a cardboard box'll tear you apart."

He wouldn't listen. Not only was he going through with it but he wanted to coordinate it so that he ended up in Pasadena,

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The New York Times

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for the swap meet at the Rose Bowl. There he would emerge from beneath the truck, wheel a motorcycle out of the back, roar up a ramp and sail over 26 rigs lined up fender to fender in the parking lot.

I asked Sol about it. Advance contracts had already made back the money he'd laid out for the airplane thing ten times over. And now we could line up backers. "Get him to wear a Pirelli patch on his cape," Sol rasped. "It's money in the bank."

Easy for Sol to say, but I was having problems with the whole business. This wasn't a plastic dinosaur on a movie lot or a stinko audience at The Improv; this was flesh and blood we were talking about here, a human life. Zoltan wasn't healthy—in mind or body. The risks he took weren't healthy. His ambition wasn't healthy. And if I went along with him, I'd be no better than Sol, a mercenary, a buckster who'd watch a man die for ten percent of the action. For a day or two, I stayed away from the office, brooding around the kitchen in my slippers. In the end, though, I talked myself into it—Zoltan was going to do it with or without me. And who knew what kind of bloodsucker he'd wind up with next.

I hired a PR firm, got a major trucking company to carry him for the good will and free publicity and told myself it was for the best. I'd ride in the cab with the driver, keep him awake, watch over Zoltan personally. And, of course, I didn't know how it was going to turn out—Zoltan *was* amazing, and if anyone could pull it off, he could—and I thought of the Sumitomo Building and Aero Masoquisto and hoped for the best.

We left Bangor in a cold drizzle on a morning that could have served as the backdrop for a low-budget horror picture: full-bellied clouds, gloom, mist, nose-running cold. By the time we reached Portland, the drizzle had begun to crust on the windshield wipers, before we reached New Hampshire, it was sleet. The driver was an American Indian by the name of Mink, no middle name, no surname, just Mink. He weighed close to 500 pounds and he wore his hair in a single braided coil that hung to his belt loops in back. The other driver, whose name was Steve, was asleep in the compartment behind the cab. "Listen, Mink," I said, the windshield wipers beating methodically at the crust, tires hissing beneath us, "maybe you should pull over so we can check on Zoltan."

Mink shifted his enormous bulk in the seat. "What, the Fly?" he said. "No sweat. That guy is, like, amazing. I seen that thing with the airplane. He can survive that, he's got no problem with this rig—long's I don't hit nothin'."

The words were barely out of his mouth when an animal—a huge brown thing like a cow on stilts—materialized out of the mist. Startled, Mink jerked the wheel,

the truck went into a skid, there was a jolt like an earthquake and the cow on stilts was gone, sucked under the front bumper like a scrap of food sucked down a drain. When we finally came to a stop 100 yards up the road, the trailer was perpendicular to the cab and Mink's hands were locked to the wheel.

"What happened?" I said.

"Moose," Mink breathed, adding a soft, breathless curse. "We hit a fuckin' moose."

In the next instant, I was down and out of the cab, racing the length of the trailer and shouting Zoltan's name. Earlier, in the cold dawn of Bangor, I'd watched him stretch out his mesh bag and suspend it like a trampoline from the trailer's undercarriage, just ahead of the rear wheels. He'd waved to the reporters gathered in the drizzle, ducked beneath the trailer and climbed into the bag. Now, my heart banging, I wondered what a moose might have done to so tenuous an arrangement. "Zoltan!" I shouted, going down on my knees to peer into the gloom beneath the trailer.

There was no moose. Zoltan's cocoon was still intact, and so was he. He was lying there on his side, a thin fetal lump rounding out of the steel and grime. "What?" he rumbled.

I asked him the question I always seemed to be asking him: Was he all right?

It took him a moment—he was working his hand free—and then he gave me the thumbs-up sign. "A-OK," he said.

The rest of the trip—through the icy Midwest, the wind-torn Rockies and the scorching strip between Tucson and Gila Bend—was uneventful. For me, anyway. I alternately slept, ate truck-stop fare designed to remove the lining of your stomach and listened to Mink or Steve—their conversation was interchangeable—rhapsodize about Harleys, IROC Camaros and women who went down on all fours and had TRUCKERS DELITE tattooed across their buttocks. For Zoltan, it was business as usual. If he suffered from the cold, the heat, the tumbleweeds, the beer cans and the fast food containers that ricocheted off his poor lean scrag of a body day and night, he never mentioned it. True to form, he refused food and drink, though I suspected he must have had something concealed in his cape, and he never climbed out of his cocoon, not even to move his bowels. Three days and three nights after we'd left Maine, we wheeled the big rig through the streets of Pasadena and into the parking lot outside the Rose Bowl, on schedule.

There was a fair-sized crowd gathered, though there was no telling whether they'd come for the swap meet, the heavy-metal band we'd hired to give some punch to Zoltan's performance or the stunt itself, but then, who cared? They were there. As were the action news teams, the souvenir hawkers and the hot-dog vendors. Grunting, his face beaded with sweat, Mink

guided the truck into place alongside the 25 others, straining to get it as close as possible. An inch could mean the difference between life and death for Zoltan, and we all knew it.

I led a knot of cameramen to the rear of the truck so they could get some tape of Zoltan crawling out of his grapefruit bag. When they were all gathered, he stirred himself, shaking off the froth of insects and road grime, the scraps of paper and cellophane, placing first one bony foot and then the other on the pavement. His eyes were feverish behind the lenses of the goggles and when he lurched out from under the truck, I had to catch his arm to prevent him from falling. "So how does it feel to conquer the roadways?" asked a microphone-jabbing reporter with moussed hair and flawless teeth.

"What was the worst moment?" asked another.

Zoltan's legs were rubber. He reeked of diesel fuel, his cape was in tatters, his face smeared with sweat and grease. "Twenty-six truck," he rumbled. "The Human Fly is invincible."

And then the band started in—smoke bombs, megadeubels, subhuman screeches, the works—and I led Zoltan to his dressing room. He refused a shower but allowed the make-up girl to sponge off his face and hands. We had to cut the old outfit off of him—he was too exhausted to undress himself—and then the girl helped him into the brand-new one I'd provided for the occasion. "Twenty-six truck," he kept mumbling to himself, "A-OK."

I wanted him to call it off. I did. He wasn't in his right mind, anybody could see that. And he was exhausted, beat, as starved and helpless as a refugee. He wouldn't hear of it. "Twenty-six truck," he rumbled, and when I put through a frantic last-minute call to Sol, Sol nearly swallowed the phone.

"Damn straight he's going for it!" he shouted. "We got sponsors lined up here. ABC Sports wants to see the tape, for Chrisisake." There was an outraged silence punctuated by the click of throat lozenges, and then Sol cut the connection.

Ultimately, Zoltan went for it. Mink threw open the trailer door, Zoltan fired up the motorcycle—a specially modified Harley Sportster with gas shocks and a bored engine—and one of our people signaled the band to cut it short. The effect was dynamic, the band cutting back suddenly to a punchy drum-and-bass thing and the growl of the big bike coming on in counterpoint. . . and then Zoltan sprang from the back of the trailer, his cape still with the breeze, goggles flashing, tires squealing. He made three circuits of the lot, coming in close on the line of trucks, dodging away from the ramp, hunched low and flapping over the handle bars. Every eye was on him. Suddenly, he raised a



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bony fist in the air, swerved wide of the trucks in a great arcing loop that took him to the far end of the lot and made a run for the ramp.

He was a blur, he was nothing, he was invisible—a rush of motion above the scream of the engine. I saw something—a shadow—launch itself into the thick brown air, cab after cab receding beneath it, the glint of chrome in the sun, 15 trucks, 20, 25, and then the sight that haunts me to this day. Suddenly, the shadow was gone and a blemish appeared on the broad side panel of the last truck, the one we'd taken across country, Mink's truck, and then, simultaneously, there was the noise. A single booming reverberation, as if the world's biggest drum had exploded, followed by the abrupt cessation of the motorcycle's roar and the sad, tumbling clatter of disassociated metal.

We had medical help this time, of course, the best available: paramedics, trauma teams, ambulances. None of it did any good. When I pushed through the circle of people around him, Zoltan was lying there on the pavement like a bundle of broken twigs. The cape was twisted round his neck, and his limbs—the sorry fleshless sticks of his arms and legs—were skewed like a doll's. I bent over him as the paramedics brought up the stretcher. "Twenty-five truck next time," he whispered. "Promise me."

There was blood in his ears, his nostrils, his eye sockets. Yes, I said, yes. Twenty-five."

"No worries," he choked as they slid the

stretcher under him. "The Human Fly . . . can survive . . . anything."

We buried him three days later.

It was a lonely affair, as funerals go. The uncle, a man in his 70s with the sad scrawl of time on his face, was the only mourner. The press stayed away, though the video tape of Zoltan's finale was shown repeatedly over the air and the freeze-frame photos appeared in half the newspapers in the country. I was shaken by the whole thing. Sol gave me a week off and I did some real soul searching. For a while, I thought of giving up the entertainment business altogether, but I was pulled back into it despite myself. Everybody, it seemed, wanted a piece of Zoltan. And as I sat down to sort through the letters, the telegrams and the urgent call-back messages, the phone ringing unceasingly, the sun flooding the windows of my new well-appointed and high-flown office, I began to realize that I owed it to Zoltan to pursue them. This was what he'd wanted, after all.

We settled finally on an animated series, with the usual tie-ins. I knew the producer—Sol couldn't say enough about him—and I knew he'd do quality work. Sure enough, the show premiered number one in its time slot and it has been there ever since. Sometimes I'll get up early on a Saturday morning just to tune in, to watch the jerky figures move against a backdrop of greed and corruption, the Human Fly ascendant, incorruptible, climbing hand over hand to the top.



BURNING DESIRES

(continued from page 100)

like that again. And I just looked at that book and said, "You've got another think coming, because we're going to fucking do it." And then our album started taking off.

Sure enough, as the group stormed across America, wild stories of wretched excess circulated about the Beasties. There was the time they putted up the glass shower in a San Francisco hotel room to create a giant swimming tank in which to cavort with groupies, but when someone opened the door, the room flooded and the floor caved in. And so on. The problem with those stories was that they sounded too contrived, dredged from the imagination of someone who had overindulged on the *Porkey* movies.

It turned out that most of them *had been* invented. There was something a little wimpish about the real-life Beastie Boys, trying too hard to follow in the footsteps of their merciless rock gods and instead coming across as the sexually frustrated nerds in their songs.

In New Orleans, after the concert, there is no crush of beautiful young women backstage. The bowl of ribbed and colored condoms remains untouched; even the presence of Horowitz' new girlfriend, teen cinema queen Molly Ringwald, provokes little excitement. Serious girlfriends seem like intruders in this world of arrested adolescence. When Horowitz, son of playwright-screenwriter Israel (*Author! Author!*; *The Indian Wants the Bronx*) Horowitz, first took up with Ringwald, Yauch blasted him in the press as a traitor. "Ad Rock hangs out with Molly a little while, next thing you know he's watching *Pretty in Pink* on TV all the time like there's no tomorrow. The fucking dude. We went to New York for two days and he went to L.A. to party with her. He's chunking out on the whole band. He's a pussy! Tell her to come to New York!"

Despite Yauch's hostility, it appeared to be a perfect match, the pairing of two teen icons. The full-hipped young actress with the auburn mop top had come to symbolize female adolescence in the Eighties through her portrayals of smart, sexy, hypersensitive girls in movies such as *Sixteen Candles* and *The Breakfast Club*. Horowitz, who looks like a young Eddie Fisher, was the ultimate high school wise guy, the kind who'd finally wear down Molly's resistance in the movies. But Molly seems ill at ease backstage in New Orleans tonight, a little embarrassed by her uncouth boyfriend.

When Horowitz, in a moment of restless boredom, snatches a slice of American cheese off a banquet table laden with chicken, cold cuts and bottles of beer and splats it against the wall of the sterile little dressing room, Molly rolls her eyes and sighs. "Oh, Gawd. And when he begins to tell a Sam Kinison gay-bashing joke, the media-savvy actress quickly tries to cut

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him off ("I really don't think you want to tell this joke. . .") and, when that fails, she demands that our tape recorder be turned off before allowing him to plunge ahead.

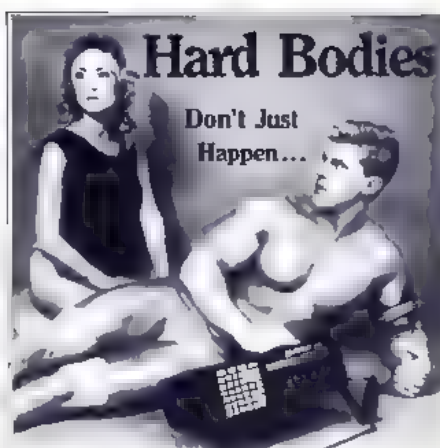
During the concert in New Orleans that summer night, a small army of vice cops keeps a lid on it all. But afterward, in the steamy French Quarter, it comes spilling over. Packs of excited girls, their dresses plastered to their skin by the awesome humidity, roam the hallways of the ornate, antebellum Royal Orleans Hotel, where the Beasties are holed up, scrawling words of devotion in lipstick on the hotel walls. The heavy air outside shakes with the loud thuds of *Fight for Your Right (to Party!)* booming out of cruising cars. Frat boys with glistening bare chests bellow at the moon, tanked on ice-cold Hurricanes, the sickeningly sweet but potent specialty at Pat O'Brien's. On *rue Dauphine*, a mulatto girl packed tightly into a pair of red pedal pushers like a hot *andouille* sausage has jammed a pretty white boy into a doorway and is working her hips against his with shameless abandon.

The fact that Beastie Boys shows should unleash the pent-up energies of male adolescents was no surprise. The real news from the front was the extent to which girls were joining in, and even leading, the celebration. In suburban Detroit the following week, at the Pine Knob Music Theater, the scene is more menacing, more juiced with testosterone. Helmeted police on horseback and in dune buggies patrol the grounds, but chaos reigns on the dusty, teeming hill overlooking the stage. Thunderbolts of sound from Olympian speakers shake the earth. Boys misbehave, girls are groped by strangers. The girls love it. "The guys here are really rude, outrageous and free with their hands," says 18-year-old Gina. "This music causes aggression, it's loud and exciting and these people get crazy. But I love it, I love it to dance to."

Seventeen-year-old Megan, a tall, sturdily built girl with jet-black hair, lipstick and nail polish, wearing a revealing black tank top, black jeans and black boots, takes big swigs from a king-size bottle of cherry soda spiked with vodka and testifies about the aphrodisiac powers of rap music. "I mean, we partied before the Beastie Boys were ever invented. It's just more fun to do it while you're listening to their music. Of course, nowadays," she adds, "you've got to slap a rubber on guys." And what if they refuse to wear one? "They can go to hell. I say, 'Later, dude—no glove, no love.'"

Backstage, after the show, 19-year-old Shawn, a short, pretty blonde with green eye shadow and an abbreviated black skirt, says she felt excited to be one of the girls plucked from the audience to dance in the notorious cage. Didn't she feel kind of humiliated? She and her girlfriends answer in unison, "No way." In their eyes is utter disdain. *Look, lighten up, it's all a big joke, and we're in on it.*

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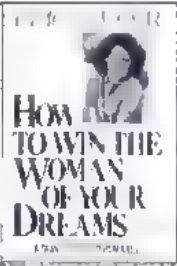
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shows, but these girls were not in the least intimidated. In fact, it seemed to amuse and excite them; they grabbed hold of it for their own pleasure. The teenage girls seemed like a hardy new breed, perfectly capable of taking care of themselves without being brought under the protective custody of the P.M.R.C. and other guardians of adolescent welfare.

Teenagers, even all-American ones, are simply faster than the nation's chaperons care to know. After rising sharply in the Seventies, sexual activity among U.S. teenagers began to decline slightly in the early Eighties. But adolescents throughout the nation are still being deflowered in unprecedented numbers. We know this because the mating habits of American teens have been scrutinized more rigorously than the amorous exploits of Rwanda apes. Rollsters, psychologists, family planners, Government researchers, teen magazines and educators are constantly launching expeditions into teenage erogenous zones, trying to penetrate the veil that adolescents desperately, and often futilely, draw around their privacy. If, as the late French philosopher Michel Foucault observed, the attention that contemporary Western society lavishes on sex, the compulsion to tell all, is yet one more way of controlling this primal force, then American teenagers—surveyed and discussed to the point of distraction—are, with the possible exception of gays in the age of AIDS, the most regulated sexual beings in the country.

These are some of the things we know about teenagers and sex as a result of the exhaustive snooping of curious adults: More than half have engaged in sexual intercourse by the age of 17 (a 1986 Harris report). The majority of these boys and girls believe intercourse improved their relationships (a 1985 *Rolling Stone* survey). The average age for a girl to have intercourse for the first time is 16.2 years, and 15.7 years for a boy (the Center for Population Options in 1987). In some inner-city areas, the average age of first sexual intercourse can be as low as 12 (a 1985 Johns Hopkins study).

Sometimes, even experienced teenagers are astounded by their generation's sexual precociousness. "Kids are fast nowadays," we were told by Maria, an 18 year-old Hispanic mother with big brown eyes and a serious demeanor who is enrolled in a program for teenage parents in San Francisco's Mission District. "I heard a ten-year-old the other day saying, 'Hey, did you get over on that girl?' I said, 'What?' That little kid? You hear boys saying things all the time, like, 'Yeah, we pulled a train [today's slang for "gang bang"] on that girl the other night.' I think it's usually just talk, but once in a while, you'll really see a girl do stuff like that."

Our talks with teenagers around the country—at high schools, teen counseling centers, music clubs and rock concerts—made all the polling data jump to life

While girls often still feel the pressure to act more demurely, there is no doubt that their sexual appetite equals that of boys. "Most kids can't wait to have sex, and it's not just the guys," said Naomi, a 17-year-old who edits the newspaper at her suburban Cleveland high school. "Girls sit around and talk about sex all the time."

"I feel perfectly comfortable exploring and doing anything and everything in bed," stated 15-year-old Debbie, who counsels fellow high school students in suburban Los Angeles about sex. "You know, I just think. Hey, no foreign objects."

So sexually forthright is the new teenage girl that some boys feel hunted. "I've been pushed to have sex too hard by women several times," complained Jason, a 16-year-old baby-faced blond who works as a volunteer in the same counseling program as Debbie. "And a lot of times, it's really hard for men. Because saying no is not a real *macho* thing to do."

But if teenage girls and boys are more sexually experienced today, they are also surprisingly uninformed and anxiety-ridden. American teenagers get pregnant and give birth and have abortions at much higher rates than do kids anywhere else in the Western world. The Alan Guttmacher Institute estimates that fewer than half of American teenagers use contraception the first time they have intercourse and 15 percent *never* use it. Teenagers are also disturbingly ignorant about AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. A 1986 report published in the *American Journal of Public Health* found that 40 percent of the students surveyed at ten high schools in San Francisco did not know that using a condom was an effective way of preventing transmission of the AIDS virus.

This country's absurdly high rates of teenage pregnancy, venereal disease and sexual neuruses amount to a savage indictment of sex education in America. Sex instruction of one sort or another has become a regular feature of U.S. school curricula, and public support for it is widespread. But because of the determined, well-organized opposition of a conservative minority, the vast majority of sex-education courses are timid and sketchy, distinguished more by what is missing than by what is taught. The principal classroom taboos are sexual pleasure and technique, masturbation, homosexuality and abortion. Many courses are still taught by embarrassed gym coaches and drivers' ed instructors with all the depth and feeling one might find in a football playbook or motor vehicle-code manual. Other schools tag sex instruction "family-life education," a less politically volatile term, and cram it between such unrelated topics as drug abuse and death and dying.

These morbid associations were reinforced when the subject of AIDS was introduced in sex-education classes. Liberal pro-family-planning educators saw the epidemic as an opportunity to begin talking more freely about condoms and

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nonrisky types of sexual play. But, as taught in most schools, AIDS instruction has become only one more instrument of sexual terror wielded against impressionable kids. The emphasis is not on the joys of safe sex but on the poisonous specter of dread bodily fluids.

Some sex instructors do manage to dispense detailed, useful information in a way that affirms both the glory of physical pleasure and a teenager's right to control his or her own body. So rare are these creatures in today's censorious climate that they assume heroic stature. Hene Kelly, a family life teacher at San Francisco's Woodrow Wilson High, is one such legend, whose teaching style is so bold and exuberant that she has achieved notoriety even within her relatively tolerant school district. She touches, she squeezes, she works her classroom like Phil Donahue on ecstasy. She is not afraid to make her kids feel sexy. "Ooh, you're so cute, I love your new haircut. I may let you meet my daughter."

While many sex-ed classrooms are draped with more warning signs than a nuclear test site (AIDS alerts, chlamydia alerts, pregnancy alerts) and blunt exhortations to remain chaste, Kelly's classroom features a poster titled GOOD REASONS TO SAY YES TO SEX ("To show love, to make a baby, for pleasure, to release sexual tension"). Kelly does fret, of course, about her young

charges ("I worry about them every time the weekend comes around"), but she delivers her admonitions in a decidedly unprissy way: "Hev, don't get any S.T.D.s [sexually transmitted diseases], don't get anyone pregnant and don't get pregnant!" she booms in her bullhorn voice as the kids file out after the bell.

Kelly is a short 46-year-old woman with pretty brown eyes and a fondness for shapeless house dresses that are often adorned with teachers'-union pins and buttons with urgent messages. The daughter of a Jewish rabbi she graduated from the University of Chicago and began her career as an English teacher but switched to sex ed. ("I never want to teach reading again—you put a dirty picture in front of teenagers and they'll find a way to read [the caption].") Kelly and her husband, also a public school teacher, have two children.

Her kids at Woodrow Wilson, a worn-out but clean school near Candlestick Park with a predominantly black, Hispanic and Asian student body, receive an education that is rich in practical details ("I tell them *sahva* is the best lubricant. They go absolutely nut fuck: 'Oh, Gawd! Spit?'") and humane values ("I tell the boys, 'This girl is a person, not a vagina. What if she were your sister or daughter?'"). But she is best known for her cucumber lessons. "I bring in the biggest cucumber I can find to show how rubbers can stretch to fit any size, because some boys always say, 'Mine's too big'."

One little Chinese girl's eyes got as big as saucers when I held up a really impressive cuke. I said, 'Don't worry, Sandra, they're not all this big.' I show how sexually active you can be with a rubber by blowing it up, swinging it around my head, doing all sorts of things to show how durable it is."

Midway through her condom demonstration one day, the principal unexpectedly walked into Kelly's classroom. Unfazed, she promptly drafted him to serve as a model. "I made him stand there holding the cucumber at groin level while I rolled on the rubber. But as I was putting it on, he got nervous and jerked it away and the tip of it snapped off. One of the kids piped up, 'You've always wanted to do that to someone in administration Mrs. Kelly!' I said, 'All right, next, let's demonstrate how to insert a foam applicator,' but he made a quick exit."

Despite the tenor of the times, Kelly refuses to expurgate her lessons. "If they hire me for being so outspoken, I don't care," she declares. "I'd give out birth-control devices in class if I could. I don't disagree entirely with the abstinence message, but kids have the right to say yes, too. Most of us are going to at some point, so it's my job to prepare them for that moment."

Part Three will appear next month



HELLO, my name is Jeffrey DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil to roses.

In pursuit of this master's thesis I first had to generate the world's most extensive non-academic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON and the methodology Growing Plants Pyraponically.

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system below the Phototron has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate such as Hawaii in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length (the distance between two leaf sets). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%) to ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in greenhouses for planting the next crop.

PHOTO TRON

STATE OF THE ART BIOTECHNOLOGY

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 36 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

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THE WIZARD OF AHS

Clear the desk for action. The age of the electronic organizer has arrived and out go overstuffed daily diaries, little black books bursting at the seams and portfolios that look as though they've been forced steroids. Hand-held devices such as the Wizard from Sharp Electronics, shown here, are a veritable sorcerer's

apprentice, with memories that can be expanded with the addition of IC software cards. The Wizard, for example, has a basic I.Q. of 32K RAM that can be expanded to a genius 96K. And it can store as many as 600 names, numbers and addresses and can even cross-reference and sort listings (as in blondes, brunettes and redheads?) It's a wizard of a device.

It may sound like magic, but Sharp's Wizard is six devices housed in one compact 4" x 6" streamlined package that weighs a mere eight ounces. It includes an appointment diary, a calendar, a phone directory, a note pad, a calculator and a world clock. Furthermore, you can load schedules, phone listings, documents, etc., into the Wizard directly from your personal computer. (A "secret" mode keeps everything confidential, if you choose.) All for \$299. And an eight-language translator and a thesaurus/dictionary are available as options. Smart thinking!

STEVE CONWAY





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at the movies in
Running Man and
more recently in
The Naked Gun.
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photographers
have a rough
life, don't
they?

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Sing It Again, Sam

SAM BROWN writes her own music and sings it, too. Her debut album, *Stop!*, includes two tunes featuring David Gilmour. After singing with groups such as Dexy's Midnight Runners and Spandau Ballet, Sam's flying solo.



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Watch Your Step . . .

Sings **ANITA BAKER** to her sax player, **EVERETTE HARP**, in concert. Baker is so hot right now that she can walk where she wants. She co-hosted the American Music awards, was up for a bunch of Grammys and entertained at the Inaugural Ball. This is Anita's year to soar.

PATTY BEAUDET





ROBERT MATHÉU

Ax to the Max

Stray Cat BRIAN SETZER has lots of reasons to kiss his guitar these days. The Cats' latest album, *Blast Off*, was released, with Dave Edmunds producing once again. Setzer, Lee Rocker and Slim Jim Phantom have once again given rock-a-billy its contemporary twist. Look for a tour sometime this spring and get out your dancing shoes, boys and girls, because it's go, Cats, go.

Get Hooked

JANE'S ADDICTION is an L.A. band that came up from underground, released *Nothing's Shocking* and now has everyone talking. The music has been described as psycho-metal, somewhere way past heavy. Listen up.



PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

Golden Girl

We received MARCO GLAVIANO's incredible coffee-table book *Models: Settings 1978-1988* too late to write a holiday book review. But in his case, a photo's worth 1000 words. Model KIRSTEN ALLEN was sprayed in precious metal for this shot. Other models include Carol Alt, Cindy Crawford, Kelly Emberg, Brooke Shields and the great Paulina Porizkova. Our advice? Run to the bookstore or write to Day Dream Publishing, P.O. Box 21157, Santa Barbara, California 93121. Keep a copy on the bedside table for your morning wake-up. We promise it will wake you up!

MARCO GLAVIANO



OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLLS

Gallery Monde Magique opened some time ago in the Place des Antiquaires, 125 East 57th Street, New York 10022, and its name, which is French for Magic World, certainly is appropriate. Monde Magique specializes in automata—mechanical figures, mostly crafted in Paris in the 19th Century, that move with lifelike precision. The prices for these figures aren't cheap. The clown pictured here is \$55,000. Other figures are from \$5,000 to about \$100,000. You'll certainly be the first on your block to own one.

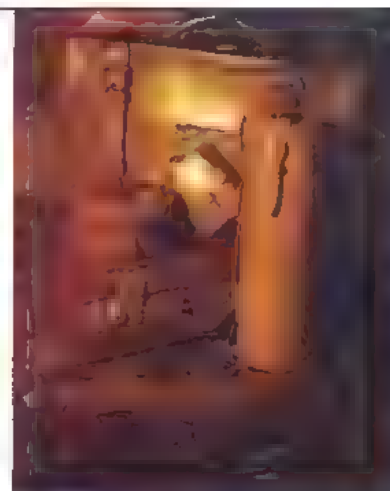
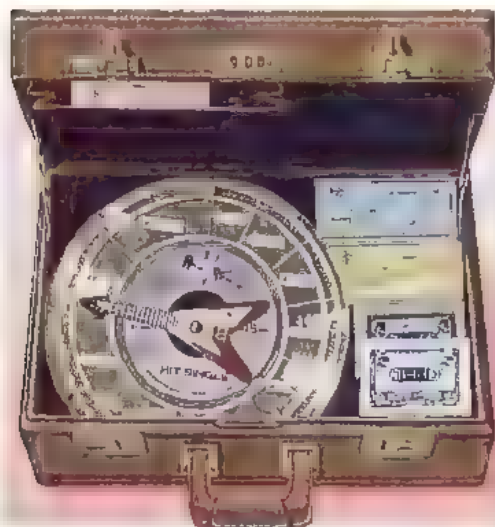


GETTING ALONG—SWIMMINGLY

Chronicle Books' *Making Waves*, "Swimsuits and the Undressing of America," is coming ashore in bookstores nationwide, and if you want to read a revealing history of how skin went public in America, this is it. The authors, Lena Lenock and Gideon Bosker, have explored many aspects of the design and manufacture of swimwear and its appeal. Obviously, *Making Waves* is illustrated: pictures of Marilyn Monroe, Joan Collins, James Garner and Ronald Reagan are included, plus swimsuit pinups by Alberto Vargas and George Petty and even a selection of photographs from *Sports Illustrated's* annual tribute to the female form. *Making Waves* sells for \$19.95. Grab your bikini and hit the beach!

IT'S ALL ROCK AND ROLL

"Make the most money and get out as quickly as possible" is the way you win at Rock 'n' Roll. The Music Biz Game, according to Randall Barbera, one of the game's creators. The main playing board, which is a spinning album with a tonearm, situation cards that look like actual cassettes and game rules printed on an oversized concert ticket are just some of the details that make playing Rock 'n' Roll fun. Symmetry Games, P.O. Box 1067, New York 10021, sells the game for \$34.95, postpaid. Or call 800-633-1700 to get it fast.



KINGDOM OF WONDERFUL STUFF

London abounds in unusual antique shops, but the one we like best is King and Country, which is tucked away in the basement of Alfie's Market, 19 Church Street, NW8. King and Country's specialty is antique sports and travel equipment, and the store—with its billiard-green walls, brass fittings and dark wood paneling—has the feel of a gentlemen's club. Everywhere you look, there are wonderful objects: antique leather luggage, wooden skis with bamboo poles, vintage golf clubs, ancient trophies, old books, cricket bats, picnic baskets. We'd like to move in. And King and Country's owner, Lucy Tenison, is as classy and contemporary as her stock is venerable and vintage. A price list is two dollars. Get it!

GERMPROOFING YOUR COMPUTER

Now that human-generated viruses that can gobble up months of work stored in a computer have become a worrisome reality of life, it's time you checked out Disk Watcher. According to the manufacturer, RG Software Systems, 2300 Computer Avenue, Willow Grove, Pennsylvania 19090, it's "the first disaster-prevention software that automatically pops up whenever a virus attempting to infect or attack appears." (It protects against accidents, too.) The price: \$107.95, postpaid.



MAN OF MANY FACES

Caricaturist Al Hirschfeld has been hailed as the artistic successor to Daumier and Aubrey Beardsley. And if you'd like to own one of his original drawings, etchings or lithographs, drop by The Margo Feiden Galleries, Ltd., at 75 University Place, New York 10003. Drawings are \$2700 to \$15,000; lithographs and etchings range from \$350 to \$7000. The 21 1/2" x 24 1/2" Marilyn Monroe etching here, in a limited edition of 125, is \$1200.



NEW CONTRA-BAND

Just when you thought Ollie North and company had quietly faded away, along come Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards, featuring The Secret Team—Reagan, Bush and North, along with such lesser lights as CIA cargo kicker Eugene Hasenfus and *Contra* fund-raiser Carl "Spitz" Chan-nell. On the backs of the cards are "career stats" taken from information developed by the Christic Institute, a public-interest law firm. A boxed set of 36 cards costs \$8.95, post-paid, sent to Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, California 95436. Comic is the right word for this team.

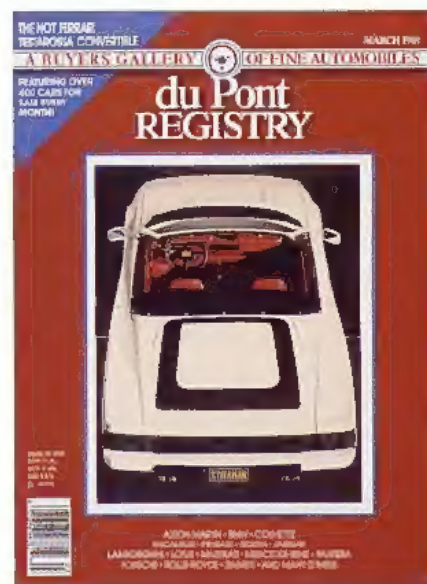


STRYCHNINE WITH YOUR SCONES, LOVE?

Lock up your Hindu dagger that doubles as a letter opener and hide the croquet mallets in the boot of the Rolls. The Mysterious Press has recently published *English Country House Murders*, an anthology compiled by Thomas Godfrey of upper-class crime as perpetrated in short stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, P. G. Wodehouse and Agatha Christie, among others. The Mysterious Bookshop, 129 West 56th Street, New York 10019, will send you the book for \$20.95, post-paid. Anyone know what curare costs these days?

WISH BOOK FOR WHEELS

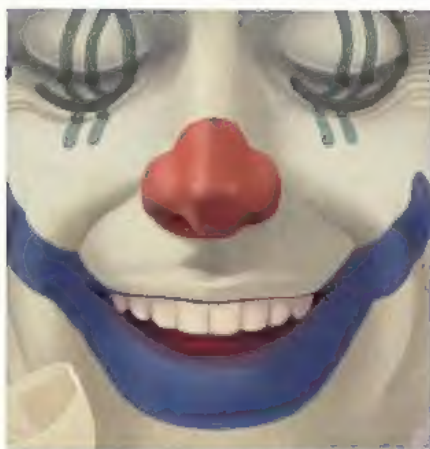
The *duPont Registry*, "a buyers' gallery of fine automobiles," has been around for four years. And we've enjoyed it so much that not long ago we invested in the publication and bought some of the action. So if the *duPont Registry* is good enough for us, we thought you'd want to take a look at it, too. A year's subscription is only \$39.95 sent to the *duPont Registry*, 1802 Industrial Highway, Harlan, Iowa 51537. And for that, you'll receive a slick monthly magazine chock-full of dream machines just waiting for your open wallet.



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A wide-angle photograph of a baseball stadium at night, filled with spectators. The field is illuminated, and a large, three-dimensional red "J&B" logo is positioned on the grass near the pitcher's mound. The sky is dark with some clouds, and the stadium lights are visible along the top edge of the seating bowl.

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